


UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

VOL. XIII.—1914-1915

BRITISH EDITORIAL BOARD.

J. SUTHERLAND BLACK, LL.D., London.
The Rev. JAMES DRUMMOND, LL.D., Litt.D., Oxford.
Professor PERCY GARDNER, Litt.D., F.B.A., Oxford.
Professor Sir HENRY JONES, LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Glasgow.
Rev. The Hon. E. LYTTTELTON, Headmaster of Eton.
Principal Sir OLIVER LODGE, D.Sc., F.R.S., Birmingham.
The Rev. Professor JAS. MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt., Glasgow.
Professor J. H. MUIRHEAD, M.A., Birmingham.
Rev. Canon H. RASHDALL, D.D., Oxford.
Sir EDWARD RUSSELL, Liverpool.
Professor JAMES WARD, LL.D., F.B.A., Cambridge.

AMERICAN EDITORIAL BOARD.

Professor B. W. BACON, D.D., Professor of New Testament Criticism and Exegesis, Yale.
Professor WM. ADAMS BROWN, Roosevelt Professor of Systematic Theology, Union Theological Seminary.
President E. B. CRAIGHEAD, President of the Tulane University of Louisiana.
The Rev. Dr SAMUEL A. ELIOT, President of the American Unitarian Association.
Professor G. H. HOWISON, Emeritus Professor of Philosophy, University of California.
Professor C. J. KEYSER, Adrain Professor of Mathematics, Columbia University.
Professor A. O. LOVEJOY, Professor of Philosophy, Johns Hopkins University.
Professor A. C. M'GIFFERT, Professor of Church History, Union Theological Seminary.
Professor JOSIAH ROYCE, LL.D., Professor of Philosophy, Harvard.
Professor GEORGE E. VINCENT, President of the University of Minnesota.
Dr R. S. WOODWARD, President of the Carnegie Institution, Washington.

THE
HIBBERT JOURNAL

A QUARTERLY REVIEW OF
RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND
PHILOSOPHY

EDITED BY

L. P. JACKS, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

AND

G. DAWES HICKS, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D.

VOLUME XIII

OCTOBER 1914—JULY 1915

139648
27/9/16.

LONDON
WILLIAMS AND NORGATE
1915

BL

1

HS

U.13



L. F. JACKS, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

G. DAWES HICKS, M.A., B.D., LL.D.

VOLUME XIII

OCTOBER-1911

LONDON

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE

1912

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

THE SUPREME DUTY OF THE CITIZEN AT THE PRESENT CRISIS.

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G., ETC.

THERE is but one duty for the British citizen at the present time—men and women, young and old, rich and poor, all alike must place everything at the service of the State. Nothing must be kept back—time, energy, money, talents, even life itself, must be freely offered in this supreme crisis.

While many will admit this proposition without reserve, there may be others who will ask, “Could not this war have been avoided? Was it really necessary for seven European nations, Christian communities, and most of them highly developed, to embark on such a tremendous conflict? Who is really responsible for this stupendous crime against humanity, civilisation, and progress?”

These questions demand an answer, and it is presumably because I said to my countrymen, “Arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand,” that I am given this opportunity of explaining in the pages of the HIBBERT JOURNAL the causes of the war and the duty of the British citizen in the present crisis.

I maintain unreservedly that the conflict has been forced
VOL. XIII.—No. 1. 1 1

upon us by the action of the Pan-German advisers of the German Emperor. The whole resources of the German nation, naval, military, financial, political, journalistic, and educational, have been prepared with Teutonic thoroughness for this struggle.

The German Navy, which scarcely existed in 1900, has been increased with feverish haste, and at times with borrowed money, until it has become so formidable in the North Sea that we have been compelled to concentrate practically all our battleships in home waters, and to entrust our naval interests in the Mediterranean almost entirely to the care of the French Navy.

The German Army was increased in 1912, and again in 1913, to such an extent that the peace strength expanded from about 650,000 in 1911 to 822,000 in 1913; and it is a fact worthy of note that this addition of 170,000 men to the numbers with the colours—an addition just equal to our Expeditionary Force—was made almost immediately after the Morocco crisis of 1911, when the British Government had shown its determination to stand by the side of France against any attempt of German aggression.

Financial preparations included such steps as the increase of the money in the war-chest at Spandau from six to eighteen million pounds sterling, for the immediate expenses of mobilisation, and the raising of over fifty million pounds by a special levy on the purses of the well-to-do in 1913. The latter sum was demanded as the initial expenditure required for the increase of the peace strength under the law of 1913, but the whole transaction looked much more like a levy for funds needed for a war in immediate prospect than the ordinary provision by a peaceably inclined nation against a war that might be forced upon it at some future date. At anyrate, the fact remains that this sum of fifty millions, though ready for collection, was not actually gathered in by the tax-collectors at the moment when the present war commenced, and was therefore immediately available for war purposes.

The White Paper (Cd. 7595) which appeared early in September, describing an "official German organisation for influencing the Press of other countries," gives some idea of the efforts made by Germany in the way of journalistic preparations for her great campaign against the peace of Europe. As regards educational efforts leading up to the same object readers of the HIBBERT JOURNAL are probably better informed than myself. It is merely necessary to refer to the names of such writers and speakers as the historian von Sybel, Herr von Heydebrandt, leader of the Agrarian Party, and Herr Bassermann, leader of the National Liberals, of Professor Theodor Schiemann, of Nietzsche, of General von Bernhardt, and of Treitschke.

The political preparations have been as active, but hardly as successful, as the others. One thread runs through these political operations—the desire to upset the balance of power, to break up the present grouping of the Great Powers, to sever Great Britain from France and from Russia.

The Entente Cordiale was established between France and England in 1904: in the following year Germany made an attempt to break up this good understanding. This attempt was foiled, for at the Conference of Algeciras the German representatives found the Great Powers of the world, the United States included, ranged against them.

In 1907 the *entente* between England and France was extended to Russia, the ally of France. In 1908 there appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* the report of an interview accorded by the Kaiser to an American journalist. The text of this interview was, I believe, drawn up in the Foreign Office at Berlin. In it the Kaiser was made to give emphatic testimony to the existence of a widespread feeling of hostility in Germany towards the English people, and other subjects were dealt with. But the main object of the interview was to drive a splitting wedge into the good understanding then recently established between Russia, France, and England. For the world was informed that, at the most critical period of the South African War, "the

German Government had been invited by the Governments of France and Russia to join with them in calling upon England to put an end to the war. The moment had come, they said, not only to save the Boer Republics, but also to humiliate England to the dust."

A still more formidable attempt to break up the Entente Cordiale was yet to come. It took place in 1911, and its events are so recent that it is unnecessary to do more than mention the Agadir crisis. But while the events themselves are well known, it is not, I think, generally recognised that the Pan-Germanists considered that the Morocco question remained an open one, and that the position of Germany in Morocco under the last treaty was a better position than it had been under the Treaty of Algeciras.

But the important point to be borne in mind is that the action of Germany in 1911 was another attempt to test the strength of the cord which united France and England, another effort to see whether England would stand loyally by France in a quarrel which seemed to affect France and Germany alone. It fell, as we all remember, to the lot of Mr Lloyd George to tell the German diplomatists that England would stand by her engagements and would help France if war was forced upon her by a policy of German aggression.

Baffled for the time, the Germans, with an energy and determination which extort our unwilling admiration, set to work again, determined, as it would seem, to carry through by force what they had failed to gain by diplomatic methods. The German Army was rapidly and largely increased, and the world at last sees the purpose for which this great increase of military force was made. The final effort to sever Britain and France came when the German Imperial Chancellor, who had just returned to Berlin from Potsdam, made the "strong bid for British neutrality" described so clearly in Sir Edward Goschen's despatch of 29th July last. Like all the other efforts, it failed because Britain elected to remain true to her word: she had

“sworn unto her neighbour and she would not disappoint him.” We cannot be too proud of the spirit which prompted the Cabinet to fling back, without counting the cost of refusal, the cynically brutal suggestion of the German Imperial Chancellor that we should stand idly by while a small nation was crushed and France violently attacked without just cause.

But while it is easy to trace the steps taken by the aggressive leaders of Germany to prepare for this war and to force it on at the first favourable opportunity, it is important to remember that war itself is regarded by German leaders of thought from a view-point absolutely different from that held by British and American people generally. In the United States, as in the United Kingdom, war is looked upon as a last resort, to be used only when every other means of settling a dispute has failed. But the Germans have been taught otherwise. They have been led to look upon peace itself as merely a pause in the life of a nation, a pause which should be applied mainly to preparation for the next war. The clearest exponent of this point of view is General von Bernhardi, whose book, translated into English and published three years ago, is only now being generally read by English people. No less than one-third of his book, *Germany and the Next War*, is devoted to the philosophy and ethics of war. It is written in a moderate and temperate style; its tone is judicial; it is marked by evident candour and sincerity. But the burden of it is a praise of war: war, not as an accident, but as a law of nature; not as a necessary evil, but as the source of all moral good.

Bernhardi maintains that Germany has an imperative need of new markets for her industry and of new territory for her rapidly expanding population. Germany, again, is put forward as the apostle of universal culture, as the champion of civilisation. He realises that the assertion of her claims involves the establishment of German supremacy, and naturally such supremacy cannot be attained so long as the balance of power in Europe remains undisturbed.

The General sees clearly that other nations will not accept German supremacy without a struggle, and this again leads him back to the necessity for enforcing German claims by a ruthless war, "a war to the knife." He admits that France is peaceably inclined, but endeavours to prove that England is determined to attack Germany and to destroy her trade; he even goes so far as to suggest that the supremacy of the British at sea is a threat to the independence of nations generally.

The fact that the next war cannot be confined to two countries only, does not deter General von Bernhardi; he foresees that it will not be a humane war, that it will be a long war, and that it will mean political annihilation to one or other side. But the prospect of all these horrors does not deter him: it only makes him all the more resolved to see that his country deliberately prepares to wage this war and carry it to a successful issue.

It is necessary to understand this German view of war, of the use of force as justified in order to establish German supremacy, before we can realise that the present war was deliberately forced upon Europe. Nor must it be imagined that General von Bernhardi's views are his alone: they are obviously founded upon the views of Clausewitz, Treitschke, Nietzsche, and many others. I will merely quote the opinions of the last named, as summarised by an English admirer, Mr Chatterton Hill: "Nietzsche tells us that the great man is not he who is in sympathy with his fellows, but he who is capable of inflicting the cruellest suffering without heeding the cries of his victim. . . . You say a good cause sanctifies every war, but I say a good war sanctifies every cause. The great man of the future . . . must necessarily be a criminal, a man who is the scourge of humanity; who in order to realise the expansion of his personality . . . needs great hecatombs in order to attain his object."

This heady doctrine has been preached for years to the German people, who were already suffering from the pride

engendered by sudden prosperity. When we realise these facts, we are able to understand the careful preparation for the present war, and the diabolical severity with which it is being carried on.

The diplomatic negotiations which immediately preceded the war are clearly set out in the Parliamentary Papers, Cd. 7467, "Correspondence respecting the European Crisis," and Cd. 7445, Sir Edward Goschen's account of the rupture of diplomatic negotiations.

But it is possible that in some quarters the steps which led to the present grouping of the Great Powers of Europe have been lost sight of. I will endeavour, therefore, as shortly as possible to recapitulate those steps.

We must go back for a quarter of a century, and recall the fact that in 1877-78 Russia engaged in a fierce struggle against Turkey. In the course of this war close on half a million of Russian troops were thrown across the Danube, and some of them, under General Radetzky, actually reached the lines of Tchataldja, so famous in the recent Balkan War.

The power thus shown by Russia appears to have alarmed Germany and Austria-Hungary, for in the following year the two countries named formed an alliance against Russia, in which it was stipulated that, if one of the two empires were attacked by Russia, Austria and Germany were bound to stand by each other with the whole of the armed forces of their empires.

Bismarck's next step was to try to secure the adhesion of Italy, and he succeeded in this by encouraging France to establish herself in Tunis. Tunis stands not twenty miles from the site of the ancient Carthage, and this action on the part of the French naturally caused alarm to Italy. She therefore, no doubt with some reluctance, became the third member of the Triple Alliance.

France and Russia replied by forming the Dual Alliance in 1896, but Great Britain, strong in the possession of un-

challenged naval supremacy, remained in a state of "splendid isolation." This lasted until the events of the Boer War revealed to our statesmen that we had not a friend in Europe. We discovered at the same time that the military forces obtainable under the voluntary system of enlistment were severely strained by a struggle with two small Dutch States in South Africa. It was within a week after the war had begun that the Kaiser's cry went up, "We Germans are in bitter need of a strong Navy"; and since then the German Navy estimates have increased from nine and a half millions in 1901 to twenty-three millions in recent years.

When Germany, already the possessor of an immensely powerful Army, set to work to build up a Navy "of such a strength that a war, even against the mightiest naval Power, would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that Power," British statesmen were naturally alarmed. They had not only this action to alarm them, but they had discovered, as I have already said, that our military forces were inadequate and that we had not a friend among European nations. It was evidently time to reconsider our policy of "splendid isolation."

The agreements between Great Britain and France were signed in London on 8th April 1904 by Lord Lansdowne and M. Paul Cambon, and this adjustment of difficulties with a neighbouring Power received the cordial approval of politicians of both the great parties in England. Two years later, when the present Government came into power, our foreign policy was consigned to the capable hands of Sir Edward Grey. He not only confirmed and continued the policy of the Entente Cordiale with France, but extended it by entering into a similar agreement with Russia, the ally of France.

This good understanding between Great Britain, France, and Russia was completed in 1907, and it was then hoped that a proper balance of power had been established in Europe, for these three Powers of the Triple Entente appeared to form

a good counterpoise to Germany, Italy, and Austria-Hungary, the three Powers of the Triple Alliance.


This grouping of the Powers was, on the side of the Triple Entente Powers at least, an earnest attempt to ensure peace. To impartial students of recent events it is clear that France has not, for many years past, contemplated any war either for revenge or glory, and she certainly did not look for expansion of territory in Europe. Great Britain had all the territory she needed; her obvious need was peace in which she and her Daughter Nations should have leisure to develop the resources of the vast territories they already possessed. Her refusal to add a man to her army, while Russia, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and other Powers made large additions to their military resources, showed clearly that she did not contemplate or desire war.

Russia, who had stretched her hands out too far, had suffered loss of prestige in the Manchurian war, and had settled down to the development of the resources of Siberia, and to the institution of political reforms. But this very grouping of the Powers, designed for the preservation of peace, seems only to have helped to drag the nations of Europe one after the other into war. For when Austria delivered an impossible ultimatum to Servia, Russia felt bound to defend Servia against extinction by her more powerful neighbour. As soon as Russia mobilised, Germany, acting on the treaty of 1879, took her stand by the side of Austria. France was then brought into the orbit of the conflict, for by the terms of the Dual Alliance she had to stand by Russia. When France was drawn in, we became involved, for, owing to the great strength of the German Navy, concentrated in the North Sea, we had been obliged to withdraw our battleships from the Mediterranean, entrusting the defence of our interests in that sea to the care of the French Fleets. As soon as she was menaced with a German attack, France appealed to Great Britain, and the French Ambassador received from Sir Edward Grey an assurance that if the German Fleet came into the Channel, or

through the North Sea, to undertake hostile operations against the French coast or shipping, the British Fleet would give all the protection in its power. The British Government could do no less, for, trusting to the good understanding between ourselves and the French, the latter had placed practically the whole of their Fleet in the Mediterranean.

But the actual cause of our declaration of war against Germany was the violation by Germany of the neutrality of Belgium, although Prussia, together with France, Russia, and ourselves, had actually signed in 1839 the Treaty of London, which guaranteed the integrity and the neutrality of that little kingdom. Nothing illustrates the attitude of German thought towards war better than the extraordinary speech of the German Imperial Chancellor in the Reichstag on 4th August. In it he said: "We were compelled to override the just protest of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. The wrong—I speak openly—that we are committing we will endeavour to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached."

He obviously considered that the attainment of military ends justified a flagrant breach of international law. This was no slip; it was clearly the ingrained attitude of the Imperial Chancellor's mind as to what was permissible in war, for when Sir Edward Goschen went to see him before leaving Berlin he was subjected to a scolding which lasted for twenty minutes. In his harangue Herr Bethmann-Hollweg spoke of "neutrality" as a word which was "often disregarded in war-time," and asked whether, for "a scrap of paper," Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired to be friends with her. It is not necessary to go in detail through the letters and telegrams, one hundred and sixty in number, which make up the "Correspondence respecting the European Crisis." An excellent summary of these documents appears in the September issue of the *Arbitrator*, the official journal of the Arbitration League. A careful reading of these documents, we are told, justified these conclusions:—



1. The Austro-Hungarian ultimatum to Servia was framed so as to make its acceptance as difficult as possible—indeed, practically impossible for an independent State.
2. That Sir Edward Grey was prompt and full of resources in his efforts to find a peaceful solution. His early suggestion of a Conference of the Powers provided an honourable way out for both Austria and Russia.
3. Germany held the key of the situation all the time, and the refusal of the Kaiser's Government to use the collective machinery of the Powers is the cause of the war. Sir Edward Grey succeeded with Italy, France, and Russia, but failed at Berlin.
4. It is clear that the violation of the neutrality of Belgium was in the original plan of the German Government; and, though they were willing to give assurance as to the ultimate integrity of Belgium, they meant at all costs to march troops through it.

When the Committee of a Society such as the International Arbitration League are forced to give public utterance to such conclusions as the above, the case against Germany seems proved.

As to our own reasons for going to war, they were given officially by the Foreign Office in the following terms:—

“Owing to the summary rejection by the German Government of the request made by His Majesty's Government for assurance that the neutrality of Belgium would be respected . . . His Majesty's Government has declared to the German Government that a state of war exists between Great Britain and Germany as from 11 p.m. on August 4th.”

The Prime Minister on August 6th explained in the clearest terms our reasons for going to war. “If I am asked,” he said, “what we are fighting for, I can reply in two sentences. In the first place, to fulfil an honourable obli-

gation. . . . Secondly, we are fighting to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith, by the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering Power." No nation which has been constrained to draw the sword could wish for a better cause than is here set down. How proud a thing it is for a nation to stand up as defender of its own faith and as a champion of the oppressed, especially when there is the clearest proof that those responsible for its foreign policy made every conceivable effort to secure a peaceful solution of the difficulties which had arisen!

These, then, are the spiritual ideas which underlie this terrible conflict, and they should lead every British citizen to devote all his means, energy, and even life itself, to bring the war to a successful conclusion.

These aspects of the war, strong in themselves, are reinforced by material considerations. The struggle, commenced in support of high ideals of honourable obligation, of a noble resolve to succour and protect a brave but feeble State, has resolved itself into a struggle for self-preservation. For let there be no mistake on this head: if Germany wins in this war, it means the downfall of the British Empire. For the present struggle, renewed in different shape at the commencement of the twentieth century, is but a revival of struggles waged by England towards the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century under Queen Elizabeth. This struggle began again in the early years of the eighteenth century, when British armies fought for twelve years on the Continent under Marlborough. It was revived at the end of the eighteenth century, and continued until June 1815, when it was brought to an end by the decisive battle of Waterloo.

This struggle has always the same underlying motive—viz. the determination on the part of England that no single State shall be allowed to upset the balance of power and to dominate the western half of Europe. As soon as any State attempts this, and then gains possession of, or tries to estab-

lish itself in, the Low Countries, then England is compelled to take up arms.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign Spain was the powerful and aggressive nation of Western Europe, and she was established in the Netherlands; and when the Great Armada sailed the chief design of the whole operation was that this powerful fleet should gain command of the English Channel, pick up the Duke of Parma's trained veterans in the Low Countries, and escort them to the English coast. The real menace to England lay in the fact that Spanish power was established in the Low Countries. The main purpose of Marlborough's famous campaigns was to check the ambitious designs of the French under Louis XIV., and the great battles of Ramilies, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde were fought in the Low Countries.

The war against the French Republic was undertaken because the French had seized the mouths of the Scheldt: the fighting began in Flanders in 1793, and ended at Waterloo, a few miles south of Brussels, in 1815.

At the beginning of the twentieth century we find ourselves engaged in a colossal struggle against Germany, for she is now the strong and aggressive Power which seeks to dominate the western half of Europe, and has, we hope only for a time, established herself in Belgium.

If Germany succeeds in maintaining her hold on Belgium, Holland and Denmark will pass under her sway. Then her seaboard will extend in one unbroken line from Memel, along the southern shore of the Baltic, round Denmark, and then by Holland and Belgium to the shores of the English Channel itself. In Holland and Belgium she will find great naval bases close to our own shores. The hardy sailors and fishermen of Denmark and Holland—seamen little, if at all, inferior to our own—will be taken to man the war-ships of the German Navy, and the naval competition between Germany and ourselves will become many times more severe than it is at present.

It is conceivable that on such terms the preponderance of naval power might pass from ourselves to Germany, and then our enemy would be able to pass soldiers over the English Channel with the same ease as we have sent troops to France, almost from the day that war began.

In short, the success of Germany, which necessarily involves the crushing of France, would compel us either to undertake naval and military burdens which would soon become intolerable, or else, refusing such burdens, we should sink to the level of a third-rate Power, trembling at the Kaiser's nod.

And for the United States of America what would the triumph of Germany mean? What would be the naval burden thrown on the United States if the Kaiser became in stern reality what he once styled himself in an irrepressible outburst of vanity—the Admiral of the Atlantic?

But the destruction of the proud position of England, the loss of her naval supremacy, would lead to the disruption of the British Empire.

For the British Isles are the heart of the Empire, parts of which are scattered all over the face of the globe. These scattered portions of the Empire, though sundered by the Seven Seas, are kept together by the British Navy, which guards those seas. Naval supremacy is therefore absolutely necessary for us if we are to maintain the Empire; but naval supremacy we cannot have if France is overcome, and if the naval resources of Denmark, Holland, and Belgium pass into the hands of Germany. As Lord Milner has said: "If Western Europe, with all its ports, its harbours, its arsenals, and its resources, were to fall under the domination of a single will, no efforts of ours would be sufficient to retain the command of the sea. It is a balance of power on the Continent which alone makes it possible for us to retain it. Thus the maintenance of that balance of power is vital to our superiority at sea, which again is vital to the security of the British Empire. But, in order to help to maintain that balance, we require an Army, and no puny Army."

These words were written by Lord Milner in an article entitled "A Civilian View of National Service," and they were part of a powerful plea for universal military training for home defence, which he, like myself and many others, advocated. And we pleaded for it because we saw no other means of getting a sufficient number of our young manhood trained for war in times of peace.

We pleaded in vain, and the war has come upon us, and with it the call for a million more soldiers. This, therefore, is no time for urging the need of universal training; what we have now to do is to respond to Lord Kitchener's appeals for men to be trained *now*. The brave and generous hearts of our young men, who now see the danger which I failed to make them understand, have responded nobly: half a million men have come forward in a few weeks; it is now the supreme duty of every citizen to see that the second half-million of men is furnished with equal promptitude.

There may be some faint hearts which sink when they contemplate the enormous task which we Britons have undertaken in assuming control of one-fifth of the earth's surface and the care of one in five of all the inhabitants of the world. The Germans, indeed, have made it one of the grounds of their attack on us that we have failed to make the right use of our power. "You are," they say, "like Atlas grown weary of his load. We will snatch the trident from Britannia's grasp and show you how a young and virile nation can rule the waves and the best portions of the habitable globe." The accusation that we Britons are not fitted to continue our Imperial work is absolutely without foundation. Nowhere in the world are there more pushing, more thriving, more virile communities than the self-governing Dominions of Overseas Britain; nowhere in the world is there greater freedom of speech and thought, more democratic government, greater religious toleration, than in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

Wherever Britons overseas have been given a free hand

and power to rule themselves, the best traditions of good government have been, and are being, upheld.

In India, which is to some extent under the control of the British Parliament, such good work has been done for the development of the country, there is such security for life and property, such respect and toleration for the religious and social customs of the people, that impartial observers of all nations have united in a chorus of unstinted praise of British rule in India. Russian, French, and German writers who have been in India have in turn paid tribute to the sympathy, tolerance, prudence, and benevolence of our rule, and loudest of all in praise has been that gifted observer from the United States of America, Mr Price Collier.

Nor is there any sign that British administrators are tiring of their task, or likely to fail in bearing "the white man's burden." In each new dependency which comes under our care, young men, fresh from the public schools of Britain, come eagerly forward to carry on the high traditions of Imperial Britain. We have only to look at the work done recently in Nigeria, in the Sudan, in Rhodesia, and in British East Africa, to see that as a race the British are, if anything, more capable than ever of carrying on the work of Empire.

This work is performed by those Britons who leave the country, who go into voluntary exile, in order that the "Pax Britannica" and the benefits which accompany it shall be extended throughout the world. Is it not, then, the duty of those Britons who stay at home to fight with all their might in order that the British Isles, the heart of the Empire, may be kept sound and uninjured? Shall we not show to the world that we are worthy to carry on our work, and prove that we are no degenerate descendants of those who, a century ago, "saved England by their exertions and Europe by their example"?

The events of the past few weeks furnish a ready reply. From every corner of the earth where the Union Jack waves come promises of support, demonstrations of loyalty, gifts of

horses, food, and other supplies, and, best of all, of stout sons and retainers of Britannia, armed and ready to help in the great fight. What better proof of our fitness as an Imperial race can be produced than the exuberant loyalty of the independent Indian princes and the truly Oriental munificence of their gifts at this time of the Empire's need? Who among us is not proud at this moment when Boer and Briton, so lately opposed in bitter warfare, are taking the field together against the very people who accuse us of being unfit for our great task of Empire?

In this great struggle, therefore, we are fighting as men determined to uphold the obligations of honour, as stout champions of small nationalities, and as a people resolved to carry on a great task committed to us by Providence. If all these considerations fail to reach the conscience and the mind of any Briton, I have yet one more plea to urge, viz. that in this great conflict democracy is on its trial. This is a war between the ideals of political progress and those of reaction. If any man doubt this, let him study the Prussian electoral system, under which it is possible for two brothers in one electoral division in Berlin to elect twice the number of representatives chosen by the 571 electors of the third class.

But not only is this a fight between the systems of rule of the people by the people and rule of the masses by a higher caste: it is also the first opportunity given to the British democracy of showing that it possesses the resolution, the will-power, to fight and to win a great struggle for its existence. The working classes of the United Kingdom have only recently gained their power; the great question at this crisis is: How will they use it? In the titanic struggle against the French Republic and against Napoleon our soldiers fought under the cold shade of the aristocracy, and, though great mistakes were made, yet through the whole of that long-drawn-out struggle the will to conquer never failed. I appeal, therefore, to the working men of this country to show themselves worthy of the power which

they hold; and I, who have so often had the privilege of addressing mass meetings of the working classes in our great centres of population, make this appeal with every confidence in the result.

But while I reiterate my appeal for the supreme self-sacrifice required of men who will go and face the foe in the stricken field, I would also ask my fellow-countrymen to accept certain warnings as to what they should *not* do at this crisis.

I would ask them not to be led away by those who say that the end of this great struggle is to be the end of war, and that it is bound to lead to a great reduction of armaments. There is nothing in the history of the world to justify any such conclusion. Nor is it consonant with ordinary common sense. For who would recommend the breaking up of a fire brigade which had justified its existence by the prompt extinction of a dangerous fire? Who would plead for the disbandment of a police force which had just shown its efficiency by capturing and bringing to justice a dangerous gang of burglars? When our Navy and our Army have helped to extinguish the flames of a war set alight by the evil advisers of the German Emperor, when they have brought to justice the German forces which have been used for a burglarious attack on Belgium and France, surely it would be folly seriously to reduce their strength simply because they have nobly fulfilled their dangerous tasks.

Do not let us pay any attention to the foolish prattle of those who talk of this war as the "doom of conscription." If the system of universal service has placed a powerful weapon in the hands of the Kaiser and his advisers, and they have made a bad use of it, we must also remember that a similar system has enabled Republican France to speak with her enemies in the gate, and the Czar of Russia to summon his hosts even from the borders of Mongolia. It is true that the German "nation in arms," founded for the noble purpose of freeing Prussia from the yoke of Napoleon, has been grossly

misused. But the remedy for that is not so much the destruction of a just and honourable institution, as the reform of the political system of Prussia, and the transference of more power to the Prussian people.

Let us not underestimate the power of the great nation of sixty-six million German people who have entered upon this war in the firm belief that they are bound to win. I cannot help thinking that the great task of subduing that nation will begin when we, with our French, Russian, and Belgian allies, have driven the German armies into the heart of their own territory.

The German recruiting statistics for 1912 show that, after taking 300,000 men for the Army and Navy, the Germans had nearly a million men between the ages of twenty and twenty-two who were left untouched and remained in reserve. It has, indeed, been stated that since the war began over a million fresh men have been enrolled for military service in Germany. May I give a word of caution to my countrymen against the unsportsmanlike practice of abusing one's enemies? Let us avoid what Mr Kipling, during the Boer War, described as "killing Kruger with your mouth." Let us rather devote all our energies to defeating our foemen by the superior fighting of adequate numbers of British soldiers in the open field. With regard to "adequate numbers," I would urge all Britons to read General Sir John French's report of the terrible fighting in the days August 23rd to 26th last. It is a plain, unvarnished tale of days of hard fighting, when disaster was only staved off by splendid exertions of disciplined valour. Early in that despatch is a sentence beginning with the words: "In the absence of my Third Army Corps, I desired to keep the Cavalry Division as much as possible as a reserve to act on my outer flank or move in support of any threatened part of the line." Every Briton should ask himself why, at a most critical moment, the commander of the British forces in the field had only two army corps at his disposal instead of the three corps which make up our full Expeditionary Force?

We may feel sure that those of our countrymen who actually do take the field will maintain the high standard of conduct as well as of valour which our gallant soldiers have set. At the close of my share of the work in the South African War I said that our men had behaved like heroes on the battlefield, and like gentlemen everywhere. This estimate of our soldiers has been fully borne out by their recent deeds; and we may rely on it that this fine example will be followed not only by the Britons who go from this country or from India to the Continent, but also by the soldiers of the Native Army of India. These latter will assuredly reflect credit on their British officers alike by their bravery and by their humanity. We may claim, on behalf of the British Army, that it has the wonderful faculty of fighting its antagonists without making enemies. It may, indeed, be maintained that British soldiers fight in such a noble way that the enemies whom they vanquish become their friends. Let me give examples to illustrate my meaning. When I went to India in 1852, three years only had elapsed since our last campaign against the Sikhs; when the Mutiny broke out only five years later, the Sikhs fought on our side against the mutineers. In 1885, the Afghans, against whom we had fought hard only five years earlier, were ready to take the field with us against the Russians. The Dutch in South Africa, headed by generals who fought against us quite recently, are now fighting on our side.

When we read charges against the German troops, let us remember that gross charges, absolutely untrue, were brought against our own brave soldiers fighting in South Africa. But whether the charges are true or not, let us keep our own hands clean, and let us fight against the Germans in such a way as to earn their liking as well as their respect.

I will conclude with an appeal that we should go on with this struggle as we have begun it. Let us put aside all else—our party feelings, our private quarrels—and unite under the leadership of our Government. That Government has brought

credit to the name of Briton throughout the world because it rejected with scorn the base proposals made that it should abjure its plighted word and stand idly by while its friends were beaten and robbed.

The just indignation displayed by the British Government in reply to these "infamous proposals" has been echoed by Britons throughout the world. The knowledge that we have gone into this war with clean hands, without any idea of enriching ourselves, without any motive but that of standing by our bond, and of defending the right of the weak to exist, has stirred chords of deep feeling throughout the country. The enrolment of nearly half a million men for active service in the space of a few weeks is conclusive evidence that the men of Great Britain are ready at need to help their King and Country. This war may yet prove a blessing rather than a curse if through it our people learn that the State is not something from which we are all to get as much as we can grab by the unscrupulous use of our votes, but represents rather ideals for which we are ready, if need be, to sacrifice our very lives.

But the appeal has again gone forth for men—more men. Another half-million soldiers are yet needed before we can hope, even at a late hour, to place in the field forces at all corresponding to the resources of the Empire.

Two years ago, at a crowded meeting in Manchester, I said to my fellow-countrymen: "Arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal is at hand." I claim a hearing therefore when I say to-day: "Arm and prepare to quit yourselves like men, for the time of your ordeal has come."

ROBERTS,
F.-M.

THE ETHICS OF WAR.

THE RIGHT REV. J. W. DIGGLE, D.D.,

Lord Bishop of Carlisle.

NEW Testament Christians can scarcely doubt that war, both in its roots and fruits, is essentially evil. "Whence," asks St James, "come wars and fightings amongst you? Come they not even of your envyings and lusts? Ye desire to have and cannot obtain: therefore ye fight and war and kill." This is the verdict of Christian inspiration on the causes of war. And as its founts are evil, so also are its streams: the desolation of peaceful hearths and homes, the turning of fruitful fields into barren wastes, the contagion of blood-madness, the infliction of measureless suffering and sorrow, of agonising wounds and excruciating deaths, racial hatreds, the annulment of national goodwill, the weakening and obscuring, though not indeed the destruction, of the noble Christian ideals of peace and love.

No doubt a broad line of distinction can be drawn between defensive and aggressive wars. Purely defensive wars may be morally defensible; but seeing that they are caused by the attacks of selfish aggression, and selfish aggression is immoral, therefore, in their primal origin, even defensive wars are immoral also. No doubt, too, great good, both for nations and individuals, has been at times the result of war. The wars of Charles Martel and King Alfred, some of the Crusades, some of our own civil wars, the wars in the Netherlands, and the civil war in America, with many others,

are convincing evidence of this. Force, we know, is no remedy: yet physical force is sometimes the only means by which a moral remedy can be secured. It is an inexplicable and yet most encouraging fact that, under the moral government of the world, even evil can be compelled to bring forth good. Yet, however inexplicable, the fact is indisputable that not always, yet sometimes, pain produces patience, and patience perfection; that suffering results in sympathy and sainthood; that physical infirmities are a source of moral strength, and the crushing of worldly hopes is the forerunner of spiritual blessings. Biological science affirms that in the animal world the highest types have been evolved out of pitiless struggles. Similarly with martyrdoms in the moral world. The murder of Telemachus ended the horrors of the gladiatorial butcheries. And the unparalleled crime of the Crucifixion is still leading humanity forward towards its final redemption.

These facts are very strange and deep. The human intellect has no plumb wherewith to reach their bottom. But despite their unintelligibility they are reassuring. They show that even now evil is not omnipotent, but must be under some control, otherwise it would not, even indirectly, be productive of good. Of its own nature evil is hostile to good. There must, therefore, be some stronger power which compels it to minister to the good it hates. Moreover, there is abundant evidence in many directions that the strength and supremacy of evil in the world have already been much curtailed. Things which once were regarded as natural and innocent are now regarded as criminal and against nature. The butcheries of the arena, the traffic in slaves, the horrors of the inquisition, capital punishment for petty larcenies, can never again win a foothold in the civilised world. The moral sense of mankind is surely, though slowly, developing into a new type of higher power: which of itself is both a cause and an effect of the shrinkage of the power of evil. And future generations will probably look upon our toleration and practice of war with much the same marvel with which we regard

the barbaric customs of our ancestors. In the upward march of the ages war will vanish as a glory and descend to a shame. Formerly no one dreamed of apologising for war. Multitudes exulted in it. But already war has come down to this low estate, that it has to apologise for its existence. For who now, except those militarists whose glory is their shame and those rare writers whose super-man is little better than a brute, thinks of war otherwise than as essentially evil—necessary, it may be, for a time as a counter-irritant to other evils, or as a poisonous microbe injected into the frame of things to devour other microbes still more poisonous, yet none the less radically evil? A great advance in moral evolution has manifestly been made when, as now, conscience, erect and august, with the voice of resistless command, summons war to its bar to vindicate itself; instead of lying, as once it lay, prostrate and dumb under its Juggernaut wheels.

In the Psalter we find depicted in striking contradiction both the historic actual and the prophetic ideal concerning war. When the Psalms were written the historic actual was, "God teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight"; at the same time the prophetic ideal was, "God shall scatter the peoples that delight in war." These contradictions in Scripture are profoundly interesting. From their clash, as F. W. Robertson, one of the most in-seeing and far-seeing of religious teachers, incessantly proclaimed, break sparks of light which illumine the secret depths of the world's unfolding mysteries. In the childhood of the human race men could honestly pray that God would teach their hands to war, because their concept of God was a concept of power and might. But the prophets saw through the bloody veil of the transient actual into the blessed developments of the approaching future, when God would be revealed and known to the higher conscience of humanity as the God of peace and love—the God who maketh wars to cease in all the world.

This gradual evolution of conscience, which makes possible the great advance in our concepts of God; this moral capacity

in men to mount on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, a capacity assumed in the progressive revelations of God's libraries and confirmed by human history, is a most consoling and stimulating fact. It is the interpreter of man's moral past, and the promise of his moral future. It marks a wide distinction between the physical and moral development of man. Mr Darwin and his fellow-workers have done wonders in enlarging our perceptions of the millennial developments of man's body. The physiological panorama of the past which they have spread before our mental gaze is truly awe-inspiring. But in the physical world evolution is a process which has now apparently stopped. History knows nothing of any new and higher developments in the organs of the mammal creation or of man. *That* process ended before the morning twilight of history began to dawn. As far as we can see, the ascent of man, regarded merely as an animal, is finished. There is no prospect of his ever becoming a better and finer animal than he has been before, and, in his healthiest condition, yet continues to be.

But it is far otherwise, nay, quite the contrary, with the evolution of man regarded as an intellectual, moral, and spiritual being. Here the process is still in its infancy. The morals of the present are but protoplasmic compared with the morals which yet shall be. In the teachings of Jesus Christ we possess a splendid and majestic vision of the goals towards which morals are evidently, even though slowly, pressing:—the goals of peace and love, of universal brotherhood founded on God's Fatherhood. That vision is like the morning star in man's moral sky, shining through the darkness and heralding the day. Christ is indeed the Light of the world, although the world as yet neither lives nor walks in the meridian of His light. The truly Christian era has scarcely yet begun. We have had nineteen centuries of Christianity, and they have been worth something. They have not been altogether in vain and spent for nought. But one century of the Christ, whenever it comes—one century in which mankind loves and

ministers to the Ascended Christ as the Christ on earth loved and ministered to mankind—will prove worth more than all the centuries of Christianity which have preceded it.

The Christ, the Christ formed in each individual conscience and all collective societies—that, and that alone, is the hope of human glory; the summit of our morals, the crown of our faith. And unless Christ be a deceiver, this height of man's moral development is no fiction; this prize of universal brotherhood, peace, and love is no dream. They are, at once, the most priceless and most practical of human ambitions. It is a long time since the erudite Sanhedrin wrote down the enthusiasm of fisher folk as drunkenness, and Agrippa said to Paul, as he reasoned of righteousness, self-control, and judgment to come, "Thou art beside thyself." The pundits of the Jewish Church and the rulers of the Roman Empire deemed Christ and His Apostles wild and mischievous fanatics. The practical materialists of the time considered these divinely inspired teachers as dangerous and impracticable fools. But the fools of God were wiser than the sages of the world. Where is the Sanhedrin now? Where the Roman Empire? They have gone down to the abyss whither all hypocrisies, and selfish arrogance, and despisers of ideal truth and universal love shall eventually follow them.

It is in the light of this great fact of moral evolution, in the steadfast faith in the ultimate overthrow of evil and the final conquest of good, that we best can find strength to stand with courage and without dismay amid the tumults and perils of war. The ethics of war are replete with antithesis. Like the throes and travail of birth they display both sorrow and hope, agony and joy. At their root and in their essence wars are immoral; but many wars have marked fresh stages in moral advance. As terrific shocks have been known to shake open the eyes of the blind, so the miseries and the horrors of war make men vividly see, as no other teachings can, its inherent iniquity and wrong. War is wicked; and when it is raging through seas of innocent blood and flames

of avenging fire, even those who have not the high moral sense to hate its wickedness learn to condemn it for its woes.

It will be so, I cannot doubt, with the present war. That the origin of this tremendous war lies in insatiable ambition and ruthless envy and contempt of international treaties is unanswerably clear from the evidence open to the world. But the very vastness of the war contains a pledge of the future unfolding of its sin. From this day forward the world will see war in a burning light which will pierce the conscience of humanity as it has never been pierced before. A tremendous fire of illumination of the moral sense of mankind will be lighted by this tremendous war—a fire that can never be put out; a fire of vengeance on the immoralities of militarist glory and dynastic greed. From this fire will come a voice which will ask in tones that cannot be silenced: “Who are you, ye clique of voracious and merciless plotters, throned in power, bursting with vanity, that at your bidding the civilised world should be drenched in blood, and innocent multitudes should suffer and perish that you should survive in the meretricious splendour of militarist prestige and tyrannical victory?” This war, though red in tooth and claw, is yet rich in the promise of a brighter world in which peace shall reign among men of good will. It is the herald of a new rising of the Star of Bethlehem to the music of the angels’ song: even though Herod, in his rage and dread, slaughter the innocents in indiscriminate massacre, and cause innumerable weepings in empty, darkened homes. It is the final ringing out of the Herods and a fresh ringing in of the Christ. It is the agony of the womb of the morning: of a new moral birth of mankind to a life of higher truth and nobler liberty.

As it has been with slavery, so will it be with war. So long as the trade in slaves was profitable to a few, a few were its defenders; but when it had been destroyed by the moral sense of the many, even the few ceased to defend it. Then, too, there were soft gleams amid the hard wrongs of slavery. The vices of the system were sometimes obscured by the virtues of

its administrators. Similarly with war. So long as it is a trade, those who profit by it, whether in glory or gain, will defend it; but when it is no longer profitable, it will be no longer defended. The horrors of war are now sometimes obscured by the heroism of warriors; and the soldier's profession is, in some of its aspects, attractive. It is a splendid illustration of the value and glory of vicarious suffering—that mystery of all mysteries which reached its redemptive climax in the Cross of Christ. But we know that although God highly exalted the crucified Christ to be a Prince and Saviour, yet the hands that slew Him were wicked hands. So likewise the heroism of warriors does not take away the wickedness of war, nor the vicarious sacrifice of the soldier make the trade in war less anti-Christian. That good at times accompanies evil, or even springs from it, is no evidence that evil is good; albeit it is an evidence that, amid all evils, God is God, that evil is being slowly brought into submission to His will, and shall finally be vanquished and put under His feet.

J. W. CARLIOL.

MECHANISM, DIABOLISM, AND THE WAR.

THE EDITOR.

I.

EVERYONE who reflects on the present state of Europe must feel that he is in the presence of something anomalous, self-contradictory, and absurd. We see the forces of civilisation employed in an enterprise which the spirit of civilisation condemns. We find ourselves committed to courses opposed to everything we most desire. The will of the nations, whether singly or together, is for peace. Against their wills they are at war. The thing they "would not" is the thing they are doing. The absurd and the horrible have joined forces.

The same horrible absurdity repeats itself when we consider the matter in detail. The separate "gains" of civilisation are being put to uses contradictory of the ideals they severally represent. Science, always fostered as the benefactress of man, has become the handmaid of destruction. With the help of secrets won from Nature by devoted minds men are making the earth into a shambles. Social organisation, achieved at immense cost by generations of humanitarian effort, is a means to the concentration of stupendous forces on the most inhuman of ends. Intellect, trained for the discovery of truth by elaborate systems of education, takes service under the Father of Lies, calls itself "diplomacy," and lures nations to ruin. Knowledge of human nature, knowledge of history, knowledge of the laws which govern society, are so many

weapons ready to the hands of world-wide conspirators; they are tools for the construction of enormous ambushades.

The impression left on the mind is that the will of humanity is being thwarted and mocked. It is as though another will, not human, had wrested the control of man's affairs from the hands of man and set him at variance with himself; a malign will, which asserts its mastery by forcing civilisation to use the choicest fruits of the ages as weapons of offence against humanity.

Our first feeling is one of penetrating discouragement. It would seem as if civilisation had no alternative but to acknowledge defeat. The ages have laboured for naught, and for less than naught. Were it not better, we ask, that man should win no gains of knowledge and social order, than that, having won them, he should be forced to turn them into instruments for his ruin? Of what avail are the works of the good will if the bad will can capture and prostitute them all? The forces of civilisation are out of hand; we cannot control them for our own ends; they are at the disposal of any power sufficiently astute, to make what use of them it will. All things turn out contrary to desire and expectation. Our plans for human good fail to produce the effects we anticipate; as often as not they produce the contrary. We enrich God's world only to make it fatter prey to the devil. We design benefits on the scale of the nation or the city; then suddenly forces with a wider sweep of operation catch us in their net and hurl our works into the abyss.

Perhaps history, which so often throws light on seemingly irrational situations, may help us to understand these things.

For three centuries Europe has been building up a type of civilisation which, in many of its features, is *artificial*, and therefore out of harmony with the essential demands of life, whether of nations or individuals. In the period which preceded the birth of modern science it happened, by what M. Bergson calls an historical accident, that the

culture of Europe received a twist, the effect of which was to make intellect supreme among the faculties of man. Astonished by the early conquests of science, and misreading their significance, the cultured races devoted themselves more and more to the development of their intellectual powers, sometimes at ruinous expense to the conscience, the social instincts, and the common sense of mankind. Hence arose a distinct type of mind and culture, and a form of civilisation to correspond. Stores of knowledge were accumulated; the inventive powers were liberated; the thinking, planning, contriving faculties grew more skilful and alert; the mind's capacity for artifice was enlarged. The mind itself came to be regarded as a mechanism, to be perfected as such, to be exploited as such. And society was but a larger instance of the same mechanism; a thing contrived out of an argument and requiring only to be perfectly organised, as one would organise the parts of a complicated machine, in order to yield perfect results. The outcome of it all is an artificial civilisation founded on the cult of mechanism and power, a civilisation whose works continually run counter to the deeper will of the race, and this for the simple reason that the principle at its root wrongly interprets the nature of man. Man is not a machine, neither in his body nor his mind.

The nations engaged in the enterprise seldom paused to inquire *what kind* of a machine the culture they were fostering would call into being. Enough that mind, reduced to intellect, was some sort of tool which, as it became more refined, would prove itself ever more "useful" to the purpose of man. Nor did they greatly concern themselves as to what "the purpose of man" might be.

But now history is beginning to disillusion, perhaps to enlighten, on both these points. We are waking to the discovery that this useful tool is also the deadliest of weapons; and that it can be used, and often is used, for a purpose which is not man's but the devil's. The cult of mechanism is revealing its true nature by its works. Its

fruits are *Realpolitik*, with the ideal of civilised society as a vast human machine controlled by a central lever in Berlin—*Realpolitik* and its necessary sequel military despotism, which at this moment is creating hell upon earth.

The mechanical abstraction, once installed as a guiding principle in the culture of nations, is bound to issue at last in the appeal to force, based on the doctrine that might is right. Of all principles mechanism is the most directly opposed to the recognition of a common interest in the races who people the earth. Its spirit divides but cannot unite; and the more skilful the intellect becomes in reasoning under its direction, the further will thought diverge from the moral instincts of mankind. Never will the achievements of mechanism be more brilliant or imposing than when offering proof that mercy and justice are illusions. By arguments that seem overwhelming it will exalt the potency of big battalions and of wealth. Conceiving power in physical terms, it will treat the community as a system of reciprocating engines and contrive all sorts of refinements for organising the wills of men on principles of economy and effectiveness; and when the wheels are adjusted and the distribution of power theoretically perfect it will go forth on its errand, to hack a way through right and wrong.

All this may be studied, both as a whole and in detail, in the pages of the late Professor Cramb. His remarkable book, *Germany and England*, shows the German mind engaged, with its customary "vigour and rigour," in *designing* the destiny of the German nation, as though it were laying down the lines of a battleship. Treitschke supplies the theory, Bernhardi the applications; and the combined effort results in the manufacture of a vast scheme of world-dominion exactly fitted to the aspirations of the German genius, which have been previously reduced to a diagram by the same method. The fates are harnessed to formulæ; the gods are taught their drill; "culture" and "religion" are auxiliary forces at the disposal of the plotting strategist, and the whole group, after

due correlation with the physical factors, is put through its paces and manœuvred with the precision of an army corps on the field of battle. Our first impression is that we are in the presence of something portentous and irresistible. The spectacle is certainly magnificent, and on some minds it exercises a kind of spell, to which Professor Cramb himself had evidently fallen a victim. But a second reading of these formidable works will correct our first impression. We shall see that elementary considerations have been overlooked, as they always are by this type of mind. It seems never to have occurred to those great thinkers—and in some respects they are really great—that the whole method of their reasoning is being applied in a sphere where its relevance is secondary. The destiny of a nation is precisely that which cannot be manufactured, least of all in this spirit or by this method. The more refined the method and the more subtle the spirit, the less applicable do they become to the facts with which they deal. This is a case in which crudity is less fatal than refinement. It is the characteristic of German culture in 1914 to think the contrary.

No greater illusion was ever suffered to obsess the human mind. At every point it distorts or falsifies essential truth, leads to the grossest miscalculations, and comes into conflict with the fundamental needs, instincts, and intuitions of humanity. That is precisely what is happening now.

But the wills of the peoples are more deeply involved in this matter than seems at first sight. They are striving to throw off the yoke of the evil genius into whose power they have been betrayed. Deeply aware of their common interest, they yet find themselves in the grip of a principle which denies it. Prepared to accept each other as partners in the task of civilisation, they have yet suffered their energies to be governed by abstractions which cleave them asunder and set them at variance. All have sinned, some more, some less; and the joint effect has brought things to such a pass that no escape is possible save at the cost of agony and blood. The

mechanical ideal has come to its trial, and the tribunal is one which its own methods have created—the tribunal of force. Life is at war with mechanism, soul with intellect, spirit with matter. The common interest of the nations is being asserted against the principle of self-assertion; the vital forces of Europe are in arms against an immoral abstraction. They will ultimately triumph.

II.

The world rocks and the hidden foundations are laid bare. The principles beneath our social life and the vital forces which sustain it from hour to hour arise from the underworld of our consciousness, where, in less disturbing times, they lie half forgotten. The screens of sophistry which a one-sided culture has drawn over the essential tasks of civilisation are dismantled; the moral forces assert themselves as primary; we see first what previously we saw last; the blind spot becomes the centre of vision.

An impartial observer visiting England a few weeks ago would have said that we were on the verge of social disintegration. Instead of a united community he would have found a collection of "groups" each of which was engaged in cajoling or cudgelling the State into subservience to its own particular aim. He would have been tempted to summarise our political morality into the rule, "Whatever you want, belabour the community until you get it." And he would have seen that the State, to its own discredit, was submitting to the treatment, like any patient ass. Naturally we were all at sixes and sevens, and our only hope for the survival of social order was that, in the general scramble to capture the machinery of the commonwealth for sectional interests, the various competing groups would somehow destroy one another. We were in the midst of these enterprises when the war, bursting like a thunderbolt, brought us to our senses. Instantly the conception of the State, which we had turned upside down, seemed to right itself: it ceased to be thought of as the tool of our interests and assumed its

true character as the object of our service. "What can we give?" took the place of "What can we get?" The change in the form of the question acted like magic on the mind of the nation. We were no longer a collection of predatory groups. We had become a united community.

The whole nation is gripped, almost startled, by the sense of its solidarity. We have a sudden vision of the depth of the trust we unconsciously repose in one another. We feel the soundness of the hearts that are beating around us; we walk among our neighbours with a triumphant assurance of their good-will to ourselves and to each other; we speak to the casual stranger as though he were an old friend. The spectacle of our countrymen as we see them in crowds, or pass them by in the street, is reassuring. These are the people, we reflect, on whom we can depend; these are the people who depend on us; the bond between us is a living thing. A thousand jealousies and suspicions have vanished. As men on whom we can rely in the hour of need we do not discriminate between Sir Edward Carson and Mr Redmond; it were hardly too much to say they do not discriminate between themselves. Every man discovers that his neighbour is juster, fairer, more right-minded than he previously thought him to be. An atmosphere is around us which we do not breathe in ordinary times. It is the atmosphere of a "common will"; the ethos of a united family. What we feel is not the absence of division; it is the presence of unity.

Our confidence in one another is reflected, and greatly reinforced, by our attitude to the leaders of the democracy and by theirs to us. Irrespective of party we trust them—not alone for the ability and zeal of their measures for the defence of the land, but for the whole-heartedness of their care for the people. We recognise their high sense of public duty; we believe that they are doing their best for the common weal; their good faith is beyond all question; they are true men, and we feel ourselves as safe in their hands as honesty of purpose on their part can make us.

This is the "self-consciousness of a nation." How often does history record its uprising in the presence of danger to the State; how often also do we read of its decline under the influence of long-continued peace! Will this alternation be again repeated? Must we acquiesce in the prospect that when once the danger has passed, loyalty to the State and to one another will yield to a fresh outburst of the sophisticating spirit? Can we not retain this better mind, with something of its present vigour, as a motive power for ampler use than that of war? We can at least bend our thought to the subject in the certainty that reflection on these matters will help to liberate us from the illusions of mechanism, and thereby leave a mark for good on our future conduct as citizens. We can remind ourselves that the sense of unity, now so vivid, is the most powerful of all the influences that purify religion, enlighten philosophy, and promote the arts. We can strengthen each other with the assurance, so abundantly confirmed by history, that a nation which realises its solidarity is ready for great achievement in many forms. We can study the effect on our internal controversies and, while not flattering ourselves that these will disappear, can learn how the chances of a right solution for every one would be increased by some retention of the present spirit. We can think of the difference that would be made if any of them, say the conflict between Labour and Capital, became henceforth a conflict between parties who had confidence in each other's good faith. We can note the gains that would accrue to literature and to all the arts. We can prophesy the happy decease of that decadent strain in modern writing which hunts for abuses, accentuates weakness, makes capital out of folly, exaggerates wrong-doing, exhibits evil out of relation to good, makes man contemptible in the eyes of his neighbour, discredits society in its own esteem, and leaves us finally in the dark as to how we may help one another to better things. This is the work of a culture which has degenerated into cleverness, creating an atmosphere in which the arts cannot flourish and the best type

of social reform is continually discouraged. It would pass like an evil dream and leave scarce a trace behind, if the spirit which now prevails could be retained for a generation.

What is the force that unites us? The sense of common danger, the call of common duty, the certainty of common suffering, the memory of a common past—each plays a part. But behind them all there is *the consciousness of a nation which has kept its word*. “Representation” was never more perfect than when the decision was uttered, by the spokesmen of democracy, that, come what may, England would stand to her promise. By that decision expression was given to the first principle of human solidarity and a band of steel drawn round the Empire. Conscious that it has kept its word, the community stands together as one man. Had it been otherwise, had our leaders inconceivably laid upon us the shame of a broken pledge, our solidarity, already menaced by internal causes, would have been split and riven by great fissures, divided counsels would have rushed to fatal issues, we should have “crumbled like a wall built with untempered mortar.” No refinements of social mechanism can unite a nation which has broken its faith. A promise betrayed means a people divided. Confidence being undermined at the moral centre, every one of the internal problems of the community assumes a new gravity and new hopelessness. Parties face one another in mutual contempt. Industrial war becomes more bitter and the efforts of the peacemaker are foiled by the fear of false play. Contracts are weakened, promises distrusted, honourable agreements infected with doubt. We can never be too thankful that in the hour of temptation our statesmen, acting in the people’s name, refused to betray the elementary obligations of the State. That decision will affect even greater issues than those involved in the war, or the conduct of the war. Its influence will be felt through every nerve of our life. It will strengthen us for the vaster works of peace that lie beyond—and it will strengthen us for all time.

III.

For a long time prior to the war we were breathing an atmosphere of distrust and misgiving. Internally there was the fear of revolution in many forms; we were none too sure of the social rightmindedness of our fellow-citizens. Externally the prospect of a great war was haunting us; we knew that a treacherous, subtle, unscrupulous spirit was at work among the nations. A sense of insecurity due to one or both of these causes was poisoning our common life. Industry, art, politics, philosophy, religion had all been checked and blighted by the feeling that treachery and aggression were in the air.

If civilisation is to resume its course, this atmosphere must not be suffered to return. Let the moral forces of Europe take a leaf out of the book of their opposites, and mobilise themselves betimes in that determination. Is it a foolish dream that each nation will emerge from the trial, shattered it may be as to the artificial mechanism of its social life, but made whole in spirit by the healing of internal divisions and by a new birth of confidence between man and man? And may we not hope that when the time of settlement comes some great and generous mind will gain control of the situation—perhaps the mind of England or of a statesman who can interpret the soul of its people—and base the terms of peace on the mutual respect of nations for each other's rights? What a victory for civilisation that would be! This at all events is what we should keep in mind and work for, *even in the day of wrath*: nothing less will compensate the world for the awful price it has to pay. Should it be attained—and there is no reason why it should not be—a new era will dawn, marked by the passing away of that dark cloud of misgiving and fear, the influence of which on all that contributes to the worth of life has wrought so fatally in modern civilisation—how fatally we shall never know until it has gone for ever and made place for its opposite. There is nothing to guarantee such a result: at the same time there is nothing to render it impossible.

Meanwhile let us examine the task that lies before us.

IV.

There is no such thing as "absolute" security for human life; nor can I persuade myself that the attempt to find it, made in all ages, springs from what is noblest in man. Whatever be the "absolute" guarantee that is offered to us, we have always to face the possibility that our belief in it may be mistaken, for we are not infallible.

But a working sense of security is essential to the progress of mankind. Civilisation cannot arise until there is a certain degree of confidence in the order of the world; it is in this respect that the difference between the civilised man and the savage is most pronounced. To the savage the world is demonic, a storehouse of trickery; the gods are many; there is no concert, no principle, in their actions; nor is the single god or demon always consistent with himself. The savage knows not which of the gods will take the next turn with him; while he is placating the spirits of his ancestors a demon in the woods may be laying a trap. Even the magic rites in which he trusts are of no avail against a fit of bad temper in the deity addressed. Hence he knows not what a day may bring forth, and counts himself happy if the hour is unmarked by the disastrous inrush of the unknowable. In Nature everything is liable to play him false.

In the presence of such fears organised effort for improvement is impossible; it is not even thought of, and if thought of would not appear worth while. There can be no progress, no development of the arts of life, until man is assured that the fruit of his efforts is not at the mercy of a demonic element in the world.

In spite of pessimism and all its works, in spite of all that has been said or secretly thought about the cruelty or indifference of Nature, the cultured races have overcome those fundamental misgivings about the world which paralyse primitive man. Whatever else Nature may do to us, we know, or believe, that she will never play us false. She may overwhelm us with

disasters or desolate us with plagues, and in the long run may crush out all life from the planet under the pressure of her mighty forces; but she will do so by methods we can understand and under laws whose workings we can anticipate. Huxley, who represents Nature as opposed to the ethical ideals of man, does not accuse her of *treachery*. His famous comparison of human life to a game of chess, played by man against cosmic powers which are out to beat him, leaves us with this consolation—that the cosmic powers will never cheat. They play the game. Their behaviour may be hostile, but it is at least consistent with itself, and we know the method of working. This makes an enormous difference. Armed, as we might conceivably be, with certain knowledge that the course of evolution is indifferent to our moral interests or even bent upon their destruction, we should yet be in a far stronger position than if Nature were thought of as vacillating or capricious in her attitude to man, being possibly hostile to-day, indifferent to-morrow, and friendly the day after, but with no indication given whereby we might predict the one attitude or the other. That we are able to give the name “evolution” to the process which opposes us (or is said to do so) shows that the enemy we have to deal with is consistent. No doubt “evolution” suggests also the *magnitude* of the enemy’s forces, and may on that account give some uneasiness to the timid. But man is a courageous animal, and so long as his enemy fights in the open, and adopts an intelligible strategy, he can meet the opposition even of the gods without quailing.

But another story remains to be told.

In all discussion of the Reign of Law and of the benefits which accrue to man from the knowledge that the world he lives in is law-abiding, our attention is apt to dwell on Nature considered apart from humanity, or what Kant called “the system of physical necessity.” When we speak of the confidence of man in the presence of Nature, we are thinking of such things as the laws of gravitation, or of chemical

affinity, which "never fail." But these laws cover only one part or aspect of the world in which we live. The rest is covered by the wills of our fellow-men. Do these never fail? Are these incapable of playing false? As a suggestion of formidable possibilities the forty million deities of the Hindu pantheon are a small affair when placed side by side with that unknown element represented by the wills of the far more numerous millions of men who inhabit this planet. The forty million deities, at all events, are not always interfering with mundane interests. They have concerns of their own to look after in their various heavens, or hells, and, preoccupied with these, they often leave mankind alone for long periods. It is only when they have nothing else to do that gods and demons interfere with men. But man is always meddling in his neighbour's affairs. And as the form of society grows more complex the degree of interference increases at every point.

V.

The attempt has been made by thinkers of the highest ability to extend the "reign of law" over the whole area covered by the interaction of human wills. These thinkers see clearly that the individual who believes in the uniformity of Nature, but does not believe in the uniformity of the human element in his environment, has no effective belief in uniformity at all, and is in the same "bondage to fear" which characterises the savage mind. Hence their endeavour is to exhibit society, otherwise a mere mass or assemblage of interacting wills, as a *system*, whose principles may be ascertained and counted upon in action, just as we ascertain and count upon the principles or laws of the natural world.

All this may be true. But knowledge, we know to our cost, has a diversity of applications. An issue of the *Times* which contained an account of the saving of a ship's crew by wireless telegraphy described another application of the same process, by which a single person, on moving a finger, can blow the souls out of thousands of men. This diversity of applica-

tion is often overlooked by those who pin their faith to the advance of *social science*. They fail to warn us that knowledge, even in the form of political philosophy or social psychology, is susceptible of a range of applications in which the aims of the bad citizen have their chance along with the aims of the good. Man has so far failed to discover a form of knowledge which cannot be abused. Social psychology, like wireless telegraphy, may become a weapon of offence when a Napoleon or a Bismarck takes up the study. The great tyrants, oppressors, or traitors of history have often been men who knew more and not less about these things than the mass of their fellows, and were for that very reason the sooner able to work their evil will on mankind. They made themselves acquainted with the "common will," not with a view to furthering its interest, but that they might cause it to grind the mills of their selfish ambitions. They studied "human nature in politics" that they might turn it to their own account. The work that goes on in psychological laboratories resembles the work that goes on in the chemical laboratories attached to the establishments of Maxim or Krupp—in this respect, at least, that we have no guarantee of the uses to which it will be put. Armed with knowledge, individual cunning has often proved itself more than a match for the collective wisdom of the State.

Intellectual culture, even if it were to issue in an established system of social science or political philosophy, could do no more than provide principles, schemes, and machinery; it could never ensure the good-will which gives these things their right application, nor guard them from capture by astute conspirators. Those who think otherwise do not seem to have sufficiently considered the dangerous reactions to which the teachings of philosophy are exposed when they come into contact with mean, treacherous, self-seeking, or even limited minds. It is but a short step from the "morality of Nietzsche" to the Massacre of Louvain. Philosophy has its tragedies as well as life; and the most

poignant of them all is that which arises when the conquests of universal truth are traded away in the service of narrow aims. How often has this been done! Great ideals of liberty have been perverted into sanctions for lawlessness and made to foster the animosity of classes. Principles which are valid only in their widest application to humanity have been applied in narrow spheres where they are entirely invalid, and used to justify conduct which is anti-social in the deepest sense. Trusts and syndicates, led by trained intelligence, have raced one another for the first pull on the lever of the State. Groups, enlightened by theorists, have adopted policies which, if thoroughly carried out, would amount to social betrayal. Women, emancipated by education, have openly professed distrust of men—and even preached it as a gospel—indicating a state of mind which, once it became general, would destroy the innermost nerve of our common life. Much has happened to raise doubts as to the *bona fides* of our partners in the social enterprise.

And behind all this there has been a feeling that we are in the grip of forces whose action we cannot control; a profound sense of the instability not of our nation-state alone but of mankind at large; a perception that the whole human fabric, with which our individual and national interests are inter-bound, has grown unmanageably complex, overwhelmingly big, incalculably capricious, and dangerously explosive. Bolts out of the blue have long been our daily portion, and we have had so many of them that we are not at ease in the sunniest weather.

VI.

The extent to which the conquests of philosophy and science are susceptible of capture by sinister interests is abundantly illustrated by the recent chauvinist literature of Germany. The most conspicuous example is the work of General Friedrich von Bernhardi, now well known in England—*Germany and the Next War*. Let us do this book the justice it deserves. The intellectual skill of the author is

amazing. The trained mind speaks in every page; and the training has been in the highest fields. Bernhardt is thoroughly versed in the Philosophy of the State, and his discussion of the duties the State imposes on the individual is derived from the best teachers of his country. His knowledge of history, of ethnology, of social psychology, of economic science is vast. His ideals of education, even of religious education, command respect. He is fully alive to the dangers of a narrow dogmatism in dealing with human affairs, and (in the detail of his argument) is no doctrinaire. The book abounds in passages which should be taken to heart by every social reformer. The treatment of morals has at times a certain dignity of tone. Bernhardt speaks with enthusiasm of Kant's ideal of devotion to duty for duty's sake, and recommends it to every German. The cardinal virtues are exalted and enforced. Religion is described as an inward experience, and formalism treated with reprobation. The method with which the author marshals his knowledge is admirable. The arguments are not heated and the statements are seldom extravagant. An immense multitude of considerations is swept into the net of his synthesis, and relevant contingencies are reckoned with. We may say, in short, that up to a certain point this book is an exemplar of what is required from a thinker who handles a great question of human destiny. Were we engaged in contriving a scheme of education for fitting men to become benefactors of the race, our curriculum would include all the science and the training which Bernhardt displays. Would that all the lovers of mankind were equally well equipped with judgment, knowledge, and philosophy, and with the power of applying these acquisitions to the problems of society!

And therein lies the tragedy. The whole sum of these vast spiritual resources is placed at the mercy, and at the service, of an immoral obsession. They are the tools of a twisted conscience, of a bad will. Behind it all lurks the conception of civilised society as a system of forces which,

just because it is intelligible, can be captured, exploited, and made to serve the selfish ambitions of a single nation. Humanity is treated as though it were mere *prey* to that section of the race which can prove itself the most violent and the most astute. This is the mind of Mephistopheles.

We do not understand the drama of human life until we see it in the light of its extreme possibilities both of good and of evil. Here it is the extreme possibilities of evil that seem to be realised. A bad purpose takes possession, and that which in detail is borrowed from wisdom and morality becomes in the organised total an outbreak of pure diabolism.

VII.

In presence of a tragedy so extreme it would almost seem as if the human mind were at the end of its resources. If all the gains which man has won by the training of his powers through the ages can thus be turned into weapons of offence, what reason can we have for believing that higher culture or wider knowledge would share a better fate? In vain do we propose some new form of teaching, some new conception of society, some new form of idealism. So long as the bad will hovers on the frontiers of civilisation all these may become in due course what their predecessors have already become—means for enlarging the scope of the devil's designs, for giving attractiveness to his adventures, and for adding a finer subtlety to the arguments which recommend them. If good teaching could save the world, the world would have been saved long ago. A crisis has arisen which proclaims in unmistakable language that, for the time being, salvation is not to be found in that direction.

But one resource still remains to us. The good-will of civilisation is unexhausted, and the hour has struck when it must rouse itself for a supreme effort. This is a time for *action*. The better mind of Europe must summon its energies, its daring, its power of endurance, and no matter at what cost must assert its mastery over the evil thing

which menaces the world. The bad will must be crushed. In the conflict between good and evil as in the conflict of nations there come moments when the parley breaks off and negotiations cease. The present is such a moment. Evil has delivered its ultimatum and the challenge must be fully met. In no other way can a working sense of security be restored. In no other way can we recover confidence in ourselves or in the society to which we belong, and avoid an utter breakdown of our faith in the moral order of the world. In no other way can civilisation maintain belief in the rightness of its own purpose and shake off the present load of misgivings and fears. The proof that the world is not demonic must be given by *action*, and the action must spring from the whole people. When that has been done, moral idealism, silenced for the moment, may again lift up its voice with the assurance that 'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.'

VIII.

This outbreak of methodical diabolism is sufficiently appalling if considered merely as an illustration of European morals. It betokens a deep-seated depravity of will of which we may be well assured the cultured races of the East will not be slow to mark the significance. Too intelligent to suppose that it represents the true spirit of Christian Europe, or of Christian Germany, they will yet ask themselves whether Western Civilisation has any moral force sufficiently resolute to hold it in check and defeat its ambitions. The course of the present conflict will supply them with the answer. The whole credit of European civilisation, with its alleged basis in the Christian religion, is at stake. Unless the moral forces of Europe can show themselves able to meet the challenge, not only will Christianity lose the respect of the non-Christian races, but it will cease to believe in itself. The time has come when the nations of the West, long bemused by the notion of automatic progress, must be roused to the true character

of the demonic element which, under protection of this very illusion, has been gathering head in their midst. But these exhortations will be unavailing except in so far as they nerve our wills to meet the present onslaught. Nothing is gained, but much may be lost, by merely speculating on the meaning of it all; and no idealism can be good for us save that which helps us to concentrate our energies in resistance unto death. The supreme task on which all exhortation needs to be focussed is that of convincing every able man that duty requires him to take his life in hand and offer it in the service of the common cause. Let there be no mistake, no disguise, as to the extent of the demand. We must be ready and willing for the supreme sacrifice. We may live long, but neither we nor our children after us will ever be faced with a greater moral crisis. Few and rare are the occasions in the life of individuals or nations when duty calls for the last proof of good citizenship. But such an occasion is actually present, and those who are deaf to the call of duty *now* may be rightly judged incapable of hearing it under any circumstances whatsoever. The hour of sacrifice is come.

Many admirable exhortations have been addressed to the public within the last few weeks. Humanitarians, moralists, and men of religion have from their several points of view enforced upon us the need of calm judgment, charity, self-recollection, prayer, Christian patience and faith in God. Excellent reasons have been given why we should not allow the appalling evils of the time to shake the foundations of the spiritual life. In the spirit of the loftiest piety we have been bidden to meet the challenge of evil with all the resources of a Christian culture, so that, like the martyr tortured in the flames, we may still proclaim the name of Christ and sing the praises of God. This, most assuredly, is the right attitude of mind, and we need to be reminded of it and exhorted to attain it in the hour of trial. But yet something is lacking. Much of this pleading fails to reach the point of application, which is, that the faith required of us

must be attested by our immediate and absolute self-sacrifice to the State. The piety which stops short of this cannot be genuine. The challenge addressed to our will by this crisis is so tremendous that the merely contemplative spirit, however loftily instructed, breaks down. It can save itself from utter disaster only by the active resolution to resist unto death. In conjunction with that resolution the appeals of piety recover, nay redouble, their force. Otherwise they are worse than vain. Unless the spiritual ideal is immediately translated into an all-embracing act of self-surrender it has no relevance to the facts, and we should be better off morally if it were not mentioned at all. The only effect of mentioning it, apart from its application, will be to produce a feeble and affected complacency of which the forces of evil, often wiser in these things than the children of light, will take a swift advantage, so that, in the upshot, faith and civilisation will perish together.

IX.

Having regard to all the circumstances under which this war has been forced upon us, I cannot doubt that it may be converted into a great moral opportunity. All evils are ideally capable of being so converted; but how to effect this is not always easy to see. In the present case, however, the mind passes readily to the thought of a greater good beyond. If the nation plays its part in a spirit of thorough-going self-devotion, the evils of the war will not indeed be diminished, but they will become its secondary feature. The primary feature will be the reawakening of the moral consciousness of the people. That the character of the British people will be profoundly affected no one can doubt. It rests with us who are now alive to determine what the influence shall be. Our duty is so to meet this trial that the memory of it will nerve the moral forces of our posterity for all time to come. This, I confidently believe, is what will happen. We shall develop a new seriousness. Our social

life will emerge into a better climate. Luxury, frivolity, and class selfishness will receive a check. An atmosphere will arise which the disloyal spirit cannot breathe. Stern necessities will have taught us that the State is an object of service for all, and not an instrument of gain for sectional interests. We shall have a deeper faith in the good-will of our fellows, and the sense of security, of late so fatally undermined, will be established on a firmer basis. We shall attach less importance to mere organisation and more to the great instincts which are the foundations of society. There will be more confidence of man in man, and of nation in nation; even those who are now enemies may become friends through the heroism of either side. A thousand sophistries will have withered; the audience of the mountebank will be thinned, quacks will find a slacker market for their wares, and many paid agitators will be out of work. We shall all know better than before what it is to have a man's part to play in the world. Our intelligence will be broadened, and that to a degree which no "system of education" could ever compass; we shall have learnt the things that matter. Our religion also will be less voluble and more sincere; we shall have seen something of the terrors of the Lord.

L. P. JACKS.

WHY WE ARE FIGHTING.

SIR HENRY JONES.

I THINK that the present war, like every war that was ever waged, is wrong, and that nothing can make it right. But I must add—and in doing so I am far from indulging in the pettiness of paradox—that I doubt if the British people has ever given to its citizens or to the world at large a better reason for just pride and profound gratitude for its strength than when it entered into this war. Such an attitude of mind is manifestly self-contradictory. But I believe it is defensible, and that an honest and unflinching interpretation of the situation in which the British nation now finds itself can admit of no other. I believe that neither of these opposing convictions can be refuted without sophistry, nor yielded without moral loss. To soften down the contradiction or to blunt its edge would be a real injury to the national character; for it cannot be done without confusing the nation's judgment of moral issues. And to confuse the moral judgment of a people is the gravest of disasters; it is, indeed, the main and ultimate cause of the unspeakably tragical situation in which Europe finds itself at the present moment.

I must endeavour to justify my view. That it is not desirable, that in fact it is both intellectually false and morally wrong, to think lightly of war or to enter upon it for a slight or selfish cause, would be admitted by everyone: except, perhaps, by the German militarists, and even they regard it as an *instrument*, rather than the end, of "culture." But, on the other hand, there

are many men who believe that, in certain circumstances, war is not only inevitable but right, and that the opposite opinion is as fantastical from the point of view of morals as it is impracticable in the present condition of the world. Circumstances, it is said, alter cases. The rightness or wrongness of an action, like the truth or falsity of a statement, depends upon its context. Not to take account of the relations in which an action or a statement stands is the unmistakable mark of intellectual and moral crudeness. Abstract opinions are always false, and the "stricter" the justice the more certain it is to be wrong. An action must be judged not by some of its constitutive elements only, but, so far as that is possible, in all its compass and complexity. We must have regard to the consequences as well as to the intention, to the means as well as to the motive; for all these things enter into the structure and are parts of the deed.

Hence it is asked, "If we take account of the situation as a whole, in which the British nation is now placed, avoiding one-sidedness of mind and narrowness of spirit no less than a lax generosity of view, must it not be admitted that, however guilty other nations may be, our own part in this war is altogether right? Our motives are clean, and they are weighty—weighty enough to sustain the responsibility for the innumerable and inexpiable wrongs which we are about to commit! We seek no territorial nor any other material gain; our action is unselfish. We have been stung by no insult and we are not moved by false pride. On the contrary, so far as we can read our own hearts, we believe that we have taken our stand at the side of the righteousness that 'keeps the stars from wrong.' Without counting the cost, we are striving to follow the ancient and simple ways of loyalty in our friendships and of faithfulness to our obligations. We prefer to spill lives like water to the adoption of 'infamous proposals,' and do not wish to repudiate 'the scrap of paper that bears our signature.'"

Now, all this can be admitted, and not without a measure

of stern joy. The case for our country is very strong and very simple. *This war has come upon us as a Duty*, and duty leaves no loose options either to a good man or to an honourable nation. Its commands, once their meaning is understood, are categorical, and not to obey them leaves us no shred of self-respect. Nor in the case of this war did there seem to be any difficulty in interpreting the voice of duty, or any doubt as to what was demanded of us. The mind of the British people was in doubt only until they were told the facts of the case. From that moment, believing the statement made to be just and temperate far beyond the wont of men, not in any spirit of levity, nor as the victims of national prejudice, or of a shallow and garish military excitement, but with an unclouded sense of the brutal unreasonableness of war—we have unsheathed the sword. The British people as a whole—if one is ever entitled to speak of them as a whole—have gone forth into this struggle with an open brow and a clear conscience. And, in my opinion, their right to go forth in that spirit is irrefragable. Our country can clothe itself in the splendid strength of the rectitude of its cause, and it will put the stern might of conscience into its strokes.

But not even all this can make the war *right*. No context of circumstance, no compulsion of conscience, no sense of the imperative nature of duty can turn the waging of war into either a natural or a moral good. The moral world does not admit of such conversions as will turn what is wrong into what is right, or such compensations and compromises as will make up for committing it. Forgiveness does not delete; old wounds *will* ache; the nature of things has an invincible memory. No wrong was ever done but, had it been possible, it were better not to have been. The evil is never “null or nought, or silence implying sound”: it is rather that which enters into the world-music giving to it the tragic grandeur of the minor mood. It is not well that this truth should be forgotten, or that we should find it easy to admit that it is possible to make up for wrongs. Indeed, the too facile

justification of the wrongs of war by the German educated classes is no small part of the cause of the present situation. Right things and wrong things, once done, remain. The fates are helpless as against the past, and *what is past does not die*.

Thus, the present situation is tragical in the strict and full sense of the word. We are going forth in the name of duty to commit deeds of violence which will never have any other character. The share which we are taking in letting havoc loose will not be absorbed or transmuted into any form of good, or in any jot or tittle be deleted. Ask the sufferers else, and seek out the survivors! Penetrate through the language of war to the facts, and see whether any of them, or which, can be called good. Are the lusty and joyous young restored to life, or does the sorrow lift from the mother's heart, and are children not left fatherless? Call it not "good" under any circumstance, nor "right" for any cause to destroy humble and innocent lives, spent very often in the close neighbourhood of want and grief, and at the best so brief and futile.

"But it is our duty!" you insist. "Granted with all my heart," I reply. But that does not alter the facts, nor take away their meaning. On the contrary, it adds to the pathos of the situation. For what situation is more pathetic than that a nation should be bound by the ultimate obligation of duty to go forth to shed blood? It is precisely this contradiction between "duty" and "rightness" that we must try not to obscure. The situation of the European world is at present in the last degree tragical, just because it leaves to an honourable and unselfish people as its highest duty, a duty for which all the felicitous ways of peace have to be abandoned, to put its own citizens to the slaughter, and, if it can gain its ends at no lower cost, to "bleed a great country white"! Tragedy consists in just such a confusion in the moral world, and contradiction between its elements. This tragedy of the nations differs from others in no way except in its awful magnitude. Just in so far as a people respects its own character, makes moral issues

its supreme concern, refuses to betray its trust and destroy the conditions of international good faith, will it use the weapons of destruction. But just so far also will it rue the deeds it has to perform, value and pity the lives it must take away. But it has no escape. *There is no right thing left in the world for it to do. Its very best, its duty, is the tragical choice between two great evils.* So much wrong has been committed by some one in the past, the sway of folly has been so wide, the growth of the wickedness of men has been so rank, and their affairs are now so entangled, that the way of righteousness, in which the simple walk without erring, is no longer open. The powers of the moral world have been challenged, and their messengers, the Divine Avengers, have come.

Now, there are two questions which, above all others in these circumstances, it behoves us to ask. The first is: How has the present condition of affairs been brought about? What causes in the past, whether in our circumstances or in our behaviour, have so conspired together as to bring this country to the pass that it must either forsake the paths of peace or prove itself insensitive to the obligations of honour and betray the very peace it would preserve? The second question is: What can we do to prevent the recurrence of the present situation? What external circumstances can be changed, or what modes of thinking must be set aside and new manner of behaviour acquired, in order that the sorrowful legacy which has fallen to us may not be transmitted to the generations that are to follow? How can the awful wrongs of war be rendered obsolete in the world, instead of going on reverberating down the ages?

We cannot answer these questions fully. Indeed, it were well were it more clearly recognised that no full or final answer can be found to any such questions in the region of human conduct. To represent single events or persons as turning-points and original causes in history, and to make the fate of

nations hang upon petty incidents, may be a picturesque way of writing the annals of mankind, but it is misleading. Single facts are not causes, or rather, facts are not single, or particular or simple. The "facts" of history are so rooted in one another and in the wills of men, that it is not possible to say where one begins and another ends. Right and wrong echo and re-echo in the world of conduct, passion summons passion, deeds call one another into being, and events become so linked together that it is impossible to fix the amount of responsibility, or to assign the guilt or the folly of men, or of nations, or of an age with any degree of exactness. The attempt to lay the blame for the war upon a particular action, or person, or people yields at best unsatisfactory and insecure conclusions: it leads, in fact, to controversies that, on account of the linkage of things, must be interminable. We may say that *without* the *Entente*; or were it *not* for our present methods of diplomacy; or had we *not* loved France so well or Germany so little; or had our ministers *not* committed the nation first and consulted Parliament afterwards; or had the Germans *not* so little internal liberty, or *not* so little political genius, or *not* a Hohenzollern for an Emperor, and so forth—the war would not have occurred. All this may be true. Every particular *is* necessary to the whole, and the unity of the world of conduct is so intense that any particular may be said, not without some truth, to bear the weight of the whole. Nevertheless, this method of procedure is both misleading and unprofitable; and instead of helping us to find what concerns us most to know, namely, our own part and responsibility in the matter, it leads to international recriminations.

But, it will be asked, have we had any part in bringing about this war? Did the British nation not find itself in the power of a necessity which could not be turned aside except at the cost of what is worse than war? Has it not been admitted that we are seeking merely to do our duty? I would answer that, however true it is that it was our paramount duty to go to war, and that we found the war inevit-

able *only on that account*, it does not follow that we have no responsibility for the conditions which made the war inevitable. I do not think we can claim that, while other nations were entangling one another's ways through the conflict of low aims and the clash of their material ambitions, doing and suffering wrong, our own nation stood aloof in the "splendid isolation" of innocence. On the contrary, it has taken all the nations of Europe in the past to make the war inevitable, and it will take them all in the future to make it impossible.

Isolated excellence, exclusive salvation, is a fiction both for nations and for individuals. The moral world is One. Nations, like men, share one another's spiritual destiny, and they contribute to one another's guilt, as well as bear one another's punishment.

If, therefore, in attempting to find the cause of the present war we are driven to turn the light of inquiry mainly upon another people, it is not because our own hands are spotless. It was not by converting the heathen that we acquired their lands, nor for the sake of "the ends of civilisation" that we drove the savages out of their hunting-grounds. We may say, with much truth, that our conquests have followed our trade, and that what we now possess has come "in the way of business." But at what time in our history were our business ways with crude peoples honourable; or how often has the right of the savage to his wigwam been respected? We have been as ruthless, and we have been as ready to plead "the rights of a higher civilisation over a lower," as the German people are to-day. At the very best we are only just emerging from that materialistic imperialism which, fortunately for the world, had not a Hohenzollern Emperor for its main exponent. What right have we, it may be asked, to condemn the German nation? What they have done is to reduce our ways to a theory, in disregard of ordinary views of morals, and to seek to apply it in their thorough way to ourselves.

I answer that our right, such as it is, springs from the fact

that *we are emerging*. We are learning to respect the rights of small nations and seeking, little by little, to nurse into liberty all the peoples over whom we rule. Helped most of all at first by the American Revolutionists and the portentous stupidity of George the Third and his ministers, we have come to believe it possible that the strongest bonds of Empire are forged by freedom, and that there is a liberty which makes men loyal. We are not the inventors of the ideal, nor is our trust in it complete. But I should call this conception the greatest discovery made in political practice since the Greeks evolved the civic state. It is still new to the world, its power for good is unmeasurable, and we will apply it even to Ireland, by and by.

We have had a long and troubled political experience, and all its lessons point in one direction. It shows that the ways of violence are costly and the methods of compulsion ineffective. "Half the embroglios of this world," says Professor William Wallace, "arise from the substitution of mechanical for moral suasion." Recourse to that method, we are beginning to believe, has left the world poorer as a rule, and availed little even to the victors.

This argument, that war does not pay, has been pressed in recent years. It is expected to convince the practical man. If it does, the world will be the better for it, for the practical man and his business methods have their use, and not a few of these are in need of conversion. Nevertheless, it is not to him and his methods that the world, so far, has looked for great discoveries either in the world of nature or that of spirit; and hitherto his methods have been more effective in causing than in stopping wars. The economic region is the sphere of struggle, and has itself to fall within the State and be kept under its control. I do not therefore expect that the disarmament of the nations and universal peace can come from the knowledge that war does not pay.

The truth is that the problems of international relationship, like those of individual men, are moral, and that everything

depends upon the recognition of this fact. It is the failure of the moral powers which has made the present appeal to physical force necessary. "So long as mere force is in any way influential in human life, so long we are not civilised or moral." Diplomacy having proved fruitless, the rational powers of the world which are ranked behind diplomacy having proved too feeble, and there being certain things, as, for instance, fidelity to international engagements, which one people cannot barter even for peace, while another is willing to subordinate them to what it deems prior necessities, nothing further remained except that the dispute should be conducted on the level of unreason. On this account it has been held, not without truth, that a state of war is equivalent to "the suspension of morality." The situation is infra-human. It cannot be justified except on the ground that it is inevitable. But that is not *moral* justification. It means that the very principle of morality, namely, the free choice of an end conceived as good, is not operative. The operative motives are in the service of impulses analogous to those of brute beasts, and the ends of civilisation are postponed.

As it is the failure of morality which has brought war, so it is the restoration of the authority of the moral powers, and that alone, which can bring peace. The peace that is permanent and universal, for which all good men yearn, can come at no less cost than that change of mind on the part of the nations which is the most difficult as well as the most significant of all revolutions. To persuade mankind that wars do not pay in any material sense, even if it were possible, were not adequate: some nations, like some men, would go on trusting to force and fraud, and new wars would arise from some new adventures in greed. The world must so learn to value moral ends that, in contrast with them, nothing else can count, and all computation is absurd. Its will must be moralised, and there is no short cut to this goal. The world will not be at peace until it deserves peace; that is, until it has extruded the motives of self-assertion and felt the attraction of wider

ends even than those of the nation. And this change must be universal. It is not enough that some only of the great nations should cast out greed, and ennoble their international relations by making them just. Although it is not for any nation to try to play the part of the world's Providence, and meddle with the inner life of others, nevertheless it cannot find peace itself until the moral conditions of peace are established everywhere: so intimately interrelated are the wills and the destinies of men, and so great is the store set by "the nature of things" upon the moralisation of the whole of mankind.

Now, I admit at once that these considerations are both obvious and commonplace. But what makes the present situation unique is precisely the fact that they have been put to the question. With a frankness to which history offers no parallel in modern times, except, perhaps, when Frederick the Great with blasphemous cynicism invited Austria and Russia "to communicate and partake of the body of Poland," a strong and overmastering Power has claimed the right to postpone the obligations of international rectitude to its own private ends. We are fighting to restore the due rank and proportion of human motives. We would vindicate, in their old sense, those moral principles upon which, as we believe, the peace and welfare of mankind will always rest. We would help Germany itself to escape out of the power of the illusion that *Might—its might—is right*. I cannot pretend that we are altogether working to fight for such a cause, but I am certain that no other has moved the British nation to gird on its sword. It has concluded, and most unwillingly, that Germany, so far as its purpose and aim are concerned, has for many years been at war with the world. The national ends to which in the main it has devoted its intelligence and will have been such as could not be realised without war, and Germany knew this and prepared for it. There was naught lacking save the opportunity to strike and the proximate certainty of victory, and Germany was on the watch for these. This, it is believed, is the only interpretation which the

methodical, persistent, and resolute increase of its fighting powers on land and sea admits. It is, in fact, the interpretation proffered directly or indirectly by themselves. There is no evidence that they have been arming themselves in self-defence or from fear of other nations: they would scorn such an admission. Their purpose has been frankly aggressive. They believed that there was not sufficient room for them "in the sun," and it has seemed to them to follow as a matter of course, not that they must be content without it or make room for themselves by the relatively peaceful ways of trade and commerce and the service of mankind, but that someone else must be ousted by force, and even that it was right to do so.

It is only the strange collusion of national character and external circumstance that could thus blind the judgment of a great nation.

For the real cause of the war is undoubtedly the misapprehension of moral facts, and confusion of judgment as to the relative place and value of material and moral principles. And this confusion has come not upon the rulers or nobility and war-lords only, but upon the German people as a whole. Such is the give and take of men in the matters of mind and will that the leaders of a people are also its products, and the exponents of its mind are its disciples. The Germans have deserved their Emperor and their Nietzsche. Even the common people are, in their degree, responsible through their guilty passivity and slight love of internal freedom for the present carnage. It is the nation that has willed the war; and we must expect that the strength of the nation in every fibre will be strained to make it successful. Thorough in this as in other matters, the German people as a whole—statesmen and generals, scientific men and philosophers, merchants and working men—have little by little but year by year educated one another into the belief that while the Slavs are barbarous, and the French are shallow and frivolous, and the British people effete, they, themselves, in

the heyday of their national strength, stand for the highest civilisation yet attained by the human race, and have not only the right but the duty of imposing it, if necessary by force, upon mankind.

No doubt there are many men, especially in rural districts, whose fear of the Russians is a dominant motive and whose patriotism is otherwise altogether legitimate. All the same, the substantial truth is that the German people regards itself as a nation with a mission, and we will do well to remember that *its* conscience also is in the war. In the service of a cause which is primarily national, and only secondarily human and universal, it deems itself entitled to be reckless in other than merely physical ways. There are necessities which it deems to be prior to the ordinary obligations of individuals to one another within society; the analogy of private and public ethics is not to hold, and "the minor moralities" must give way. It is not through material objects only that they must "hack their way," but solemn international engagements must count no more than sounds and "scraps of paper."

It is, I believe, one of the strangest ethical phenomena that has ever been thrown to the surface by the mysterious powers which work beneath and through the history of mankind. For it is no barbaric impulse for slaughter and plunder, or the ruthless disregard or ignorance of the rights of civilisation, that we are called upon to witness and withstand. It is something much worse. It is the *reasoned* belief in territorial brigandage and in the methods of barbarism, provided they are employed by and for the sake of the German nation. It is the moral perversion which subjugates and even dedicates the higher, the things of the spirit, to the service of the lower and material. The pathos of the situation is overwhelming.

The historian could show us how naturally and gradually and with what seeming inevitableness it has arisen. By a series of steps, every one of them in turn taken in pursuit of ends which in the circumstances seemed wise and right, the

conception of the German State has become for the German people a Moloch, on whose altars the immemorial rights of other nations may be sacrificed.

Only yesterday, as the annals of world-history go, "Germany was no longer a State, but a constituted anarchy." The Holy Roman Empire had sunk into the shadow of a great name. Every petty province was so strongly entrenched within its own "rights," that the general power of the State was annihilated. The imperial army was a theme for jest, for every contributor tried to contribute as little as possible; imperial justice was a mockery, for a suit in the courts of the Empire never came to an end. "Only the memory of the former bond," said Hegel, "preserves yet a semblance of union, as fallen fruits may be known to have belonged to the tree because they lie beneath it, though its shadow neither protects them from corruption nor from the power of the elements to which they now belong."¹ Was he wrong in calling for the renewal of the imperial authority, or in believing that force was needed to suppress the selfish opposition of the several provinces? "In words that are somewhat prophetic—though the prophecy was long of accomplishment—he calls for a hero, to realise by 'blood and iron,' the political generation of Germany." Such results, he contended, are "never the fruit of deliberation, but always of force. . . . The common mass of the German nation with their provincial estates . . . must be gathered into one by the violence of a conqueror."²

The influence of metaphysics, for good and for evil, upon a nation's mind and therefore on its history is far greater than the practical man dreams; but Hegel deserves neither the credit nor the blame of what followed. The pamphlet quoted was not published, and ruthless as he always was, whether in philosophical criticism or in politics, it cannot be said of the greatest Idealist of the modern world that he subjected life to mechanism, or the spiritual to the material. His later writings show that he did not regard war as an "absolute

¹ Edward Caird's *Hegel*, p. 84.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 85, 86.

evil, or a mere irrational contingency.”¹ It was “like the wind that sets the waves of the sea in motion, preserving it from stagnancy and corruption.” But, on the other hand, neither did he regard it as good. He magnified greatly the significance of the National State, regarding it, indeed, in spite of all its imperfections, as “the kingdom of heaven upon earth”; nor would he hesitate to arm it with ample weapons of defence and destruction. But he had not one State only before his mind. He knew that in the end all the independent and sovereign States must stand at the bar of the World-Spirit, and account for their actions and receive their reward. Their destinies and deeds, in their mutual relation, are, after all, only the dialectical play of that Spirit whose “Law alone is supreme.”² It is the history of the world which is the ultimate tribunal.

But if we consider how rapidly they emerged from their fragmentariness, obscurity, and impotence into a place amongst the foremost nations of the world in all things that the world values, it is no wonder that the German people should forget the boundaries that none may cross, and constitute their State into a judge in its own cause, and its good the absolute arbiter. It is, in any case, some finite particular that always demands to be respected as a duty to be done, and in that sense *stands for the Absolute*. Such is the structure of the moral world that something of the authority and the splendour of the Absolute belongs to every deed rightly done; the giving of a cup of cold water may be the service of the Most High, and, in its context, the supremely right thing to do, the one demand of “the nature of things.” But the nation as organised into a political State is the highest moral being in the world, harmonising, however imperfectly, wider and more various forms of good than any other. It is the worst sinner and the most heroic saint; and, for the individual, it stands most frequently of all and most fully for the moral Absolute. It is on this account that the good of the State can so rarely be post-

¹ See *Rechtsphilosophie*, pp. 410, 411.

² *Ibid.*, p. 423

poned, and that, in the words of Mr Asquith, "The one supreme and overriding interest of every State, great or small, which is worthy of the name, is the preservation of her integrity and her national life." It was for this reason too that the crime of Germany against Belgium was so immitigable, and that "our obligations were plain and paramount to assert and maintain the independence of a small and neutral State."

It is not an error to magnify the significance of the political State. It is verily, once more to quote Mr Asquith, "the well-spring of civilisation and progress." Moreover, it was particularly necessary, at the period of which we are speaking, to reaffirm its rights against the individualistic dogmatism set on foot by the French Revolution and the unlimited rights of the natural man. The error lay in the perversion of this truth: in forgetting that in certain fundamental respects the rights of all States, even little ones, are equal because paramount, and above all in confusing between a nation's rights and the power to enforce them by armed strength. And an error it remains. That the unrestrained patriotism of the German people was in some respects generous and natural does not relieve, but rather deepens the tragedy.

Not less natural has been the growth of the reliance of the German nation on the courage and power of its armed forces: it is questionable if any nation has ever possessed such magnificent machinery for war. History shows quite clearly, from the time of the Great Elector until the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, that it was the momentum of its assaults upon its neighbours which gave to Prussia first, and then to the German Empire, its wide and compact territory. What could be more evident than that, however men might condemn their aggressive methods, from the point of view of "the minor morals," the policy of blood and iron stood acquitted and approved by the judgment of history? It is, perhaps, plain enough *now* that judgment has not yet been pronounced, and that Germany and Europe are awaiting the sentence.

But in the past the illusion was easy, as in the present its consequences are tragical beyond tears.

Many other considerations point to the same conclusion, as, for instance, how impotent, in comparison, the German people was during the period of the splendid Idealism of Lessing and Kant, and Goethe and Fichte and Hegel, which yielded them "nothing," as Heine said, "except the empire of the air"; how in the place of this Idealism and its cosmopolitan aspirations there was brought to them the starving spiritual diet of physical science and mechanical invention; how the Materialism which ensued went hand in hand with militarism, and the drill-sergeant took the place of the poet; how, owing to the discoveries and inventions of science and the territorial conquests, the industrial and commercial interests of the nation expanded, and its power over the world of men as well as over the elements of nature grew; how the philosophic interpreter of his times concluded anew, what is always true, that the enlightened will of man is the master element in the world, the most potent for both good and evil; and how the moralist then inferred and taught the people that to evolve this power is the highest end both of individuals and nations.

Now, during the time when the German people were thus discovering themselves and becoming all too conscious of the range and might of the national will, the control of religious faith with its wider hopes and fears was being loosened in another way, and its restraints were being taken down. The criticism of the literature of the Bible and the rationalisation of the history of the Israelitish people, instead of liberating the spiritual elements of the Christian faith from the superstitious dross which clings to it, and instead of showing how superbly rational and safe and independent of mere dogmatism its ethical doctrine is, went hand in hand with the Materialism which now called itself "Naturalism," and resulted in thorough and, amongst the educated classes, general religious scepticism. "*Deus est delendus*," was the cry; the conception of a Deity

had served its turn in the infancy of the world and was now a hindrance.

Moreover, the ethical doctrine of Christianity was found to be defective, suited only to the time when man was not man as yet, but a being who dared not stand erect. There must be another morality than that of humility and self-sacrifice and service. He whom men are henceforth to call "Lord and Master" will compel the world to wash *his* feet. He is an *Ueberschensch*.

In these and many other ways the illusion spread, and the confusion deepened, until the German people regarded itself as an *Ueberschensch* amongst the nations—most powerful in arms, and highest in culture, without a religion except the worship of Might, and with a new morality. And what is to be especially noticed in all these things is that there is not one of the elements of the illusion but has within it the dangerous power of a truth perverted. There is truth in the view that external law must be cancelled—it must be made a law within. There is truth in the view that man in his progress evolves the moral world, and makes its ideals real: and that truth easily falls into a condemnation of all "fixed law" as fettering human freedom. With God, according to Nietzsche, must disappear other obstacles to human development. "Foremost amongst these drags is the dogma of the eternity and immutability of moral rules and of particular moral ideals. . . . There is nothing in even the most sacred observances and institutions of human life which has not, when tested by history, a tentative and provisional character. *Nichts ist wahr: alles ist erlaubt.*"

Moreover, the doctrine of self-assertion, or in our more familiar language, the view that "morality is self-realisation" rather than self-sacrifice, the devotion and the emancipation of our powers rather than their extinction or repression, is not mere error. On the contrary. Morality is self-assertion: it is *infinite self-assertion*. But it is *self-assertion on the basis of a self-negation which knows no limit*. It is a dangerous experi-

ment to lay the world at the feet of the natural man: it is safe at the feet of the spiritual. Let man once devote and dedicate his passions, his intelligence, his will, his very self, identifying it thereby with the good that is working in the world, and is the *common good*—and particularly the good of the weak and the humble—he may then affirm himself, or rather the God that is with him and within him, to the uttermost. Such a devoted will has the right to challenge all the powers. It has done so in all ages of the world. For it is “persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate it from the love of God.”

Corruptio optimi pessima is the refrain that returns again and again to the mind as we contemplate the fate of this great people. It is the most sorrow-laden music in the history of mankind. Our neighbours, through their very strength and excellence, have been tempted to challenge the ancient self-forgetting ways of the servants of the good. They have taken the sacred things of the moral law, the vessels of the temple, and drunk wine in them; they have subdued the things of the spirit to the service of material ends, and enthroned the will-to-power in the place of Charity—“praising the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know.” The righteousness which is like the everlasting mountains has taken up the challenge, and we are even now witnessing the coming of judgment.

HENRY JONES.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

THOUGHTS ON THE WAR.

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY.

I. "NOT much news: Great Britain has declared war on Austria." The words fell quite simply, and with no intention of irony, from the lips of a friend of mine who picked up the newspaper on the day when I began to write down these thoughts, 13th August. So amazingly had the world changed since the 4th. And it has changed even more by the time when I revise the proofs.

During the month of July and earlier, English politics were by no means dull. For my own part, my mind was profoundly occupied with a number of public questions and causes: the whole maintenance of law and democratic government seemed to be threatened, not to speak of social reform and the great self-redeeming movements of the working-class. In the forefront came anxiety for Home Rule and the Parliament Act, and a growing indignation against various classes of "wreckers"; those reactionaries who seemed to be playing with rebellion, playing with militarism, recklessly inflaming the party spirit of the rich so as to make parliamentary government impossible; those revolutionaries who were openly preaching the Class War and urging the working man to mistrust his own leaders and representatives and believe in nothing but some helpless gospel of hate.

And now that is all swept away. We think no more of our great causes, and we think no more of our mutual hatreds. Good and evil come together. Our higher ideals are forgotten, but we are a band of brothers standing side by side.

This is a great thing. The fine instinctive generosity with which the House of Commons, from Mr Bonar Law to Mr Redmond, rose to the crisis has spread an impulse over the country. There is a bond of fellowship between Englishmen who before had no meeting ground. In time past I have sometimes envied the working men who can simply hail a stranger as "mate": we dons and men of letters seem in ordinary times to have no "mates" and no gift for getting them. But the ice between man and man is broken now.

I think, too, that the feeling between different classes must have softened. Rich business men, whom I can remember a short time ago bitterly and tediously eloquent on the vices of Trades-Unionists and of the working classes in general, are now instantly and without hesitation making large sacrifices and facing heavy risks to see that as few men as possible shall be thrown out of work and that no women and children shall starve. And working men who have not money to give are giving more than money, and giving it without question or grudge. Thank God, we did not hate each other as much as we imagined; or else, while the hatred was real enough on the surface, at the back of our minds we loved each other more.

And the band of brothers is greater and wider than any of us dared to believe. Many English hearts must have swelled with almost incredulous gratitude to hear of the messages and the gifts which come flooding in from all the dominions overseas: the gold, the grain, the sugar, the tobacco; its special produce coming from each state, and from all of them throngs of young men offering their strength and their life-blood. And India above all! One who has cared much about India and has friends among Indian Nationalists cannot read with dry eyes the messages that come from all races and creeds of India, from Hindu and Moslem societies, from princes and holy men and even political exiles. . . . We have not always been sympathetic in our government of India; we have not always been wise. But we have tried to be just; and we have given to India the best work of our best men.

It would have been hard on us if India had shown no loyalty at all; but she has given us more than we deserved, more than we should have dared to claim. Neither Indian nor Englishman can forget it.

II. And there is something else. Travellers who have returned from France or Belgium—or Germany for that matter—tell us of the unhesitating heroism with which the ordinary men and women are giving themselves to the cause of their nation. A friend of mine heard the words of one Frenchwoman to another who was seeing her husband's train off to the front: "*Ne pleurez pas, il vous voit encore.*" When he was out of sight the tears might come! . . . Not thousands but millions of women are saying words like that to themselves, and millions of men going out to face death.

We in England have not yet been put to the same test as France and Belgium. We are in the flush of our first emotion; we have not yet had our nerves shaken by advancing armies, or our endurance ground down by financial distress. But, as far as I can judge of the feelings of people whom I meet, they seem to me to be ready to answer any call that comes. We ask for 200,000 recruits and receive 300,000. We ask for more still, and the recruiting offices are overflowing. They cannot cope with the crowds of young men who cheerfully wait their turn at the office doors or on the pavement, while fierce old gentlemen continue to scold them in the newspapers. Certainly we are a quaint people.

And in the field! A non-combatant stands humbled before the wonderful story of the retreat from Mons—the gallantry, the splendid skill, the mutual confidence of all ranks, the absolute faithfulness. One hardly dares praise such deeds; one admires them in silence. And it is not the worshippers of war who have done this; it is we, the good-natured, un-militarist, ultra-liberal people, the nation of humanitarians and shopkeepers.

Our army, indeed, is a professional army. What the French and the Belgians have done is an even more signifi-

cant fact for civilisation. It shows that the cultured, progressive, easy-living, peace-loving nations of Western Europe are not corrupted, at least as far as courage goes. The world has just seen them, bourgeois and working men, clerks, schoolmasters, musicians, grocers, ready in a moment when the call came ; able to march and fight for long hours under a scorching sun ; willing, if need be, to die for their homes and countries, with no panic, no softening of the fibre . . . resolute to face death and to kill.

III. For there is that side of it too. We have now not only to strain every nerve to help our friend—we must strain every nerve also to injure our enemy. This is horrible, but we must try to face the truth. For my own part, I find that I do desperately desire to hear of German dreadnoughts sunk in the North Sea. Mines are treacherous engines of death ; but I should be only too glad to help in laying a mine for them. When I see one day that 20,000 Germans have been killed in such-and-such an engagement, and next day that it was only 2000, I am sorry.

That is where we are. We are fighting for that which we love, whatever we call it. It is the Right, but it is something even more than the Right. For our lives, for England, for the liberty of Western Europe, for the possibility of peace and friendship between nations ; for something which we should rather die than lose. And lose it we shall unless we can beat the Germans.

IV. Yet I have scarcely met a single person who seems to hate the Germans. We abominate their dishonest Government, their unscrupulous and arrogant diplomacy, the whole spirit of " blood-and-iron " ambition which seems to have spread from Prussia through a great part of the nation. But not the people in general. They too, by whatever criminal folly they were led into war, are fighting now for what they call " the Right." For their lives and homes and their national pride, for that strange " Culture," that idol of blood and clay and true gold, which they have built up with so many tears.

They have been trebly deceived : deceived by their Government, deceived by their own idolatry, deceived by their sheer terror. They are ringed about by enemies ; their one ally is broken ; they hear the thunder of Cossack hoofs in the east coming ever closer ; and hordes of stupid moujiks behind them, innumerable, clumsy, barbarous, as they imagine in their shuddering dread, treading down the beloved Fatherland as they come. . . . What do Germans care for punctilios and neutrality treaties in the face of such a horror as that ?

No : we cannot hate or blame the people in general. And certainly not the individual Germans whom we know. I have just by me a letter from young Fritz Hackmann, who was in Oxford last term and brought me an introduction from a Greek scholar in Berlin : a charming letter, full of gratitude for the very small friendlinesses I had been able to show him. I remember his sunny smile and his bow with a click of the heels. He is now fighting us. . . . And there is Paul Maass, too, a young Doctor of Philosophy, recently married. He sent me a short time back the photograph of his baby, Ulf, and we exchanged small jokes about Ulf's look of wisdom and his knowledge of Greek and his imperious habits. And now of course Maass is with his regiment, and we are doing our best to kill him and after that to starve Ulf and Ulf's mother.

It is well for us to remember what war means when reduced to terms of private human life. Doubtless we have most of us met disagreeable Germans and been angry with them ; but I doubt if we ever wanted to cut their throats or blow them to pieces with lyddite. And many thousands of us have German friends, or have come across good straight Germans in business, or have carried on smiling and incompetent conversations with kindly German peasants on walking tours. We must remember such things as these, and not hate the Germans.

“ A little later it may be different. In a few weeks English and Germans will have done each other cruel and irreparable wrongs. The blood of those we love will lie between us. We

shall hear stories of horrible suffering. Atrocities will be committed by a few bad or stupid people on both sides, and will be published and distorted and magnified. It will be hard to avoid hatred then; so it is well to try to think things out while our minds are still clear, while we still hate the war and not the enemy."

So I wrote three weeks ago. By the time I revise these lines the prophecy has been more than fulfilled. No one had anticipated then that the nightmare doctrines of Bismarck and Nietzsche and Bernhardi would be actually enforced by official orders. "Cause to non-combatants the maximum of suffering: leave the women and children nothing but their eyes to weep with. . . ." We thought they said these things just to startle and shock us; and it now appears that some of them meant what they said. . . . Still we must not hate the German people. Who knows how many secret acts of mercy, mercy at risk of life and against orders, were done at Louvain and Dinant? Germans are not demons; they are naturally fine and good people. And they will wake from their evil dream.

V. "Never again!" I see that a well-known imperialist writes to the papers saying that these words should be embroidered on the kit-bags of the Royal Navy and painted on the knapsacks of all our soldiers. The aspiration is perhaps too bold, for "Never" is a very large word; but I believe it is the real aspiration of most civilised men, certainly of most Englishmen. We are fighting for our national life, for our ideals of freedom and honest government and fair dealing between nations: but most men, if asked what they would like to attain at the end of this war, if it is successful, would probably agree in their answer. We seek no territory, no aggrandisement, no revenge; we only want to be safe from the recurrence of this present horror. We want permanent peace for Europe and freedom for each nation.

What is the way to attain it? The writer whom I have quoted goes on: "The war must not end until German warships are sunk, her fortresses razed to the ground, her

army disbanded, her munitions destroyed, and the military and civil bureaucrats responsible for opening hell gates are shot or exiled." As if that would bring us any nearer to a permanent peace! Crushing Germany would do no good. It would point straight towards a war of revenge. It is not Germany, it is a system, that needs crushing. Other nations before Germany have menaced the peace of Europe, and other nations will do so again after Germany, if the system remains the same.

VI. It is interesting to look back at the records of the Congress of Vienna in 1815, at the end of the last great war of allied Europe against a military despotism.

It was hoped then, a standard historian tells us, "that so great an opportunity would not be lost, but that the statesmen would initiate such measures of international disarmament as would perpetuate the blessings of that peace which Europe was enjoying after twenty years of warfare." Certain Powers wished to use the occasion for crushing and humiliating France; but fortunately they did not carry the Congress with them. Talleyrand persuaded the Congress to accept the view that the recent wars had not been wars of nations but of principles. It had not been Austria, Russia, Prussia, England, against France; it had been the principle of legitimacy against all that was illegitimate, treaty-breaking, revolution, usurpation. Bonapartism was to be destroyed; France was not to be injured.

Castlereagh, the English representative, concentrated his efforts upon two great objects. The first, which he just failed to obtain, owing chiefly to difficulties about Turkey, was a really effective and fully armed Concert of Europe. He wished for a united guarantee from all the Powers that they would accept the settlement made by the Congress and would, in future, wage collective war against the first breaker of the peace. The second object, which he succeeded in gaining, was, curiously enough, an international declaration of the abolition of the slave trade.

The principle of legitimacy—of ordinary law and right and custom—as against lawless ambition: a concert of Powers pledged by collective treaty to maintain and enforce peace; and the abolition of the slave trade! It sounds like the scheme of some new Utopia, and it was really a main part of the political programme of the leaders of the Congress of Vienna—of Castlereagh, Metternich, Talleyrand, Alexander of Russia, and Frederick William of Prussia. . . . They are not names to rouse enthusiasm nowadays. All except Talleyrand were confessed enemies of freedom and enlightenment and almost everything that we regard as progressive; and Talleyrand, though occasionally on the right side in such matters, was not a person to inspire confidence. Yet, after all, they were more or less reasonable human beings, and a bitter experience had educated them. Doubtless they blundered; they went on all kinds of wrong principles; they based their partition of Europe on what they called “legitimacy,” a perfectly artificial and false legitimacy, rather than nationality; they loathed and dreaded popular movements; they could not quite keep their hands from a certain amount of picking and stealing. Yet, on the whole, we find these men at the end of the Great War fixing their minds not on glory and prestige and revenge, not on conventions and shams, but on ideals so great and true and humane and simple that most Englishmen in ordinary life are ashamed of mentioning them; trying hard to make peace permanent on the basis of what was recognised as “legitimate” or fair; and, amid many differences, agreeing at least in the universal abolition of the slave trade.

VII. Our next conference of Europe ought to do far better if only we can be sure that it will meet in the same high spirit. Instead of Castlereagh, we shall send from England someone like Mr Asquith or Sir Edward Grey, with ten times more progressive and liberal feeling and ten times more insight and understanding. Even suppose we send a Conservative, Mr Balfour or Lord Lansdowne, the improvement on Castlereagh will be almost as great. Instead

of Talleyrand, France will send one of her many able republican leaders, from Clémenceau to Delcassé, certainly more honest and humane than Talleyrand. And Germany, who can say? Except that it may be someone very different from these militarist schemers who have brought their country to ruin. In any case it is likely to be a wiser man than Frederick William, just as Russia is bound to send a wiser man than Alexander.

And behind these representatives there will be a deeper and far more intelligent feeling in the various peoples. In 1815 the nations were sick of war after long fighting. I doubt if there was any widespread conviction that war was in itself an abomination and an outrage on humanity. Philosophers felt it, some inarticulate women and peasants and workmen felt it. But now such a feeling is almost universal. It commands a majority in any third-class railway carriage; it is expressed almost as a matter of course in the average newspaper.

Between Waterloo and the present day there has passed one of the greatest and most swiftly progressive centuries of all human history, and the heart of Europe is really changed. I do not say we shall not have Jingo crowds or that our own hearts will not thrill with the various emotions of war, whether base or noble. But there is a change. Ideas that once belonged to a few philosophers have sunk into common men's minds; Tolstoy has taught us, the intimate records of modern wars have taught us, free intercourse with foreigners has educated us, even the illustrated papers have made us realise things. In 1914 it is not that we happen to be sick of war; it is that we mean to extirpate war out of the normal possibilities of civilised life, as we have extirpated leprosy and typhus.

VIII. What kind of settlement can we hope to attain at the end of it all?

The question is still far off, and may have assumed astonishingly different shapes by the time we reach it, but

it is perhaps well to try, now while we are calm and unhurt, to think out what we would most desire.

First of all, no revenge, no deliberate humiliation of any enemy, no picking and stealing.

Next, a drastic resettlement of all these burning problems which carry in them the seeds of European war, especially the problems of territory. Many of the details will be very difficult; some may prove insoluble. But in general we must try to arrange, even at considerable cost, that territory goes with nationality. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine has disturbed the west of Europe for forty years; the wrong distributions of territory in the Balkan peninsula have kept the spark of war constantly alive in the East, and have not been fully corrected by the last Balkan settlement. Every nation which sees a slice of itself cut off and held under foreign rule is a danger to peace, and so is every nation that holds by force or fraud an alien province. At this moment, if Austria had not annexed some millions of Servians in Bosnia and Herzegovina she would have had no quarrel with Servia. Any large rearrangement of this sort will probably involve the break-up of Austria, a larger Italy, a larger Servia, a larger Germany—which, however, may be a federation rather than an empire,—and a larger Russia. But it is not big nations that are a menace to peace; it is nations with a grievance or nations who know that others have a grievance against them.

And shall we try again to achieve Castlereagh's and Alexander's ideal of a permanent Concert, pledged to make collective war upon the peace-breaker? Surely we must. We must at all costs and in spite of all difficulties, because the alternative means such unspeakable failure. We must learn to agree, we civilised nations of Europe, or else we must perish. I believe that the chief counsel of wisdom here is to be sure to go far enough. We need a permanent Concert, perhaps a permanent Common Council, in which every awkward problem can be dealt with before it has time to grow dangerous, and in which outvoted minorities must accustom themselves

to giving way. If we examine the failures of the European concert in recent years we shall find them generally due to two large causes. Either some Powers came into the council with unclean hands, determined to grab alien territory or fatally compromised because they had grabbed it in the past; or else they met too late, when the air was full of mistrust and not to yield had become a point of honour. Once make certain of good faith and a clean start, and surely there is in the great Powers of Europe sufficient unity of view and feeling about fundamental matters to make it possible for them to work honestly together—at any rate, when the alternative is hell. . . . It is well to remember that in this matter, from Alexander I. onward, Russia has steadily done her best to lead the way.

And the abolition of the slave trade! It is wonderful to think that that was not only talked about but really achieved; the greatest abomination in the world definitely killed, finished and buried, never to return, as a result of the meeting of the Powers at the end of the Great War. What can we hope for to equal that? The limitation of armaments seems almost small in comparison.

We saw in the first week of the war what a nation and a government can do when the need or the opportunity comes. Armies and fleets mobilised, war risks assured, railways taken over, prices fixed . . . things that seemed almost impossible accomplished successfully in a few days. One sentence in Mr Lloyd George's speech on the financial situation ran thus, if I remember the words: "This part of the subject presents some peculiar difficulties, but I have no doubt they will be surmounted with the utmost ease." That is the spirit in which our Government has risen to its crisis, a spirit not of shallow optimism but of that active and hard-thinking confidence which creates its own fulfilment. The power of man over circumstance is now—even now in the midst of this one terrific failure—immeasurably greater than it has ever yet been in history. Every year that passes has shown its increase.

When the next settling day comes the real will of reasonable man should be able to assert itself and achieve its end with a completeness not conceivable in 1815.

IX. This is not the time to make any definite proposals. Civilisation has still many slave trades to abolish. The trade in armaments is perhaps the most oppressive of all, but there are others also, slave trades social and intimate and international; no one can tell yet which ones and how many it may be possible to overthrow. But there is one thing that we must see. This war and the national aspiration behind the war must not be allowed to fall into the hands of the militarists. That is the danger. It is the danger in every war. In time of war every interest, every passion, tends to be concentrated on the mere fighting, the gaining of advantages, the brutal and persistent use of cunning and force as well as self-sacrifice and heroism. An atmosphere tends to grow up in which the militarist and the schemer are at home and the liberal and democrat homeless.

There are many thousands of social reformers and radicals in this country who instinctively loathe war, and have only been convinced with the utmost reluctance, if at all, of the necessity of our fighting. The danger is that these people, containing among them some of our best guides and most helpful political thinkers, may from disgust and discouragement fall into the background and leave public opinion to the mercy of our own von Tirpitzes and Bernhardis. That would be the last culminating disaster. It would mean that the war had ceased to be a war for free Europe against militarism, and had become merely one of the ordinary sordid and bloody struggles of nation against nation, one link in the insane chain of wrongs that lead ever to worse wrongs.

One may thank heaven that both here and in France we have in power not only a very able ministry but a strongly liberal and peace-loving ministry. In the first place, it unites the country far more effectively than any ministry which could be suspected of Jingoism. In the second place, it gives

us a chance of a permanent settlement, based on wisdom and not on greed. It is fortunate also that in Russia, on the whole, the more liberal elements in the government seem to be predominant. Some English liberals seem to be sorry and half ashamed that we have Russia as an ally; for my own part I am glad and proud. Not only because of her splendid military achievements, but because, so far as I can read the signs of such things, there is in Russia, more than in other nations, a vast untapped reservoir of spiritual power, of idealism, of striving for a nobler life. And that is what Europe will most need at the end of this bitter material struggle. I am proud to think that the liberal and progressive elements in Russia are looking towards England and feeling strengthened by English friendship. "This is for us," said a great Russian Liberal to me some days ago, "this is for us a *Befreiungskrieg* (war of deliverance). After this, reaction is impossible." We are fighting not only to defend Russian governors and Russian peasants against German invasion, but also, and perhaps even more profoundly, to enable the Russia of Turgeneff and Tolstoy, the Russia of many artists and many martyrs, to work out its destiny and its freedom. If the true Russia has a powerful voice in the final settlement it will be a great thing for humanity.

Of course, all these hopes may be shattered and made ridiculous before the settlement comes. They would be shattered, probably, by a German victory; not because Germans are wicked, but because a German victory at the present time would mean a victory for blood-and-iron. They would be shattered, certainly, if in each separate country the liberal forces abandoned the situation to the reactionaries, and stood aside while the nation fell into that embitterment and brutalisation of feeling which is the natural consequence of a long war.

To prevent the first of these perils is the work of our armies and navies; to prevent the second should be the work of all thoughtful non-combatants. It may be a difficult task, but at

least it is not hideous ; and some of the work that we must do is. So hideous, indeed, that at times it seems strange that we can carry it out at all—this war of civilised men against civilised men, against our intellectual teachers, our brothers in art and science and healing medicine, and so large a part of all that makes life beautiful. When we remember all this it makes us feel lost and heavy-hearted, like men struggling and unable to move in an evil dream. . . . So, it seems, for the time being we must forget it. We are accustomed by the needs of life to this division of feelings. In every war, in every competition almost, there is something of the same difficulty, and we have learned to keep the two sides of our mind apart. We must fight our hardest, indomitably, gallantly, even joyously, forgetting all else while we have to fight. When the fight is over we must remember.

GILBERT MURRAY.

OXFORD.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS IN MODERN GERMANY.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

IT is reported in the Press that Gerhart Hauptmann, so long the chief intellectual centre of resistance to Prussian officialism and militarism, has lately come into line with the dominant feeling, and has endorsed, though in no very drastic terms, the accustomed protest against the English alliance with "Muscovites and Mongols" for the destruction of German culture. That alliance, of which we are not in the least ashamed, would never have been formed, or at least would never have been directed against Germany, if Germans of the type of Hauptmann had had any real influence in the affairs of their own land. "Hauptmann?" said a highly placed official in Germany to a friend of the present writer's who happened to refer to the poet's attitude of revolt; "who is Hauptmann? My dear sir, we don't read Hauptmann, we never think about Hauptmann; whatever fuss you may make over him abroad, that sort of person counts for absolutely nothing in Germany." He was perfectly right. Yet it is equally true, as we so often hear nowadays, that the megalomania of Germany, or more strictly of Prussia, which is now forcing such terrible issues on Europe, her towering ambitions, her attitude of cynical disregard of every national or individual right which might stand in the way of these ambitions or clog their flight towards the goal of world-power, have been fostered under the wings of philosophy and

literature. As Professor J. H. Morgan has lately expressed it, the very phrases of German chauvinism have been coined in the class-rooms of the universities.

To understand these contradictions in the aspect of thought and literature in modern Germany, we must realise that in that country a deep cleft, wholly unknown in England or in France, runs between two classes of the world of letters. On one side are the official representatives of learning and letters; on the other, the unofficial, creative writers, the poets, the novelists, the dramatists—all those who are summed up in the convenient German word *Dichter*. The line is drawn with extreme sharpness, and it extends not only to the character of the respective literary output of these two classes, but to their social relations also—it is an affair of the drawing-room as well as of the study. The universities, it must be noted, are in the closest touch with the whole educational system of the country, primary and secondary, and have thus an extraordinary power of stamping on the mind of the people any national conception with which they themselves are pervaded. This fact to a great extent explains the wonderful solidarity with which, as so many excellent observers have testified, the whole German people is backing the Kaiser and the war. How it works in practice may be discerned from a recent German novel of ability, *Aus zwei Quellen*, where the crisis of the story is the dismissal of a teacher because, as a Jew, he is considered incapable of presenting to his pupils certain episodes in the national life of Germany in the correct, *i.e.* the official, light. Controlling the schools, the universities themselves are strictly controlled by the State. Independent thought upon history and public affairs is there as sternly repressed as science and philosophy in a university under the rule of the Vatican. Even such devoted champions of Prussia and Prussian ideas as Sybel and Treitschke were rudely pulled up when they showed signs of a tendency to think outside the lines prescribed for them—Treitschke, the historiographer royal of Prussia, was threatened with denial of access to the

Prussian archives ! Moreover, the universities absorb almost everything in the way of learning and research in Germany. Germans never cease to wonder at the position of men in England like Darwin in science, or Carlyle, Hodgkin, Lecky in history, who, without any public or official position, have from their studies or laboratories informed and swayed the mind of the nation. Germany affords no parallel to this free scholarly and scientific activity, though it is true that official fetters are not seriously felt save in those branches of learning which are closely associated with the social or political development of the German people.

Yet a free intellectual activity does exist in circles outside of court or official influence, and here lies the hope of the future, the open door towards the humane and liberal conception of life and politics for which Europe is at this moment doing battle. Art and imagination cannot, in spite of all the efforts of the German Kaiser, be controlled by any despot or any bureaucracy. They can perhaps be extinguished ; but the flame, if it burn at all, must burn under the open skies, in the plenteous oxygen of a free atmosphere. And when we pass from the university lecture-hall to the open air of imagination, of creative literature — when we read the poets, novelists, dramatists, satirists, of modern Germany—we find ourselves in an altogether different world. The proud national consciousness which was the best feature—however we must be dismayed at some of its manifestations—in the work of the official publicists, is here curiously absent. Instead, we find the German *Dichter* gazing at the German *Reich* in a spirit highly critical, mistrustful, even captious, when not absolutely hostile. It was not Bismarck alone who called a united Germany into being. It had existed long ago in the minds of the dreamers, the poets, who had sent the idea in fiery pulses through the nation's heart and created the conception which blood and iron alone would never have been able to realise. Thus 1870 might have been expected to produce a triumphant outburst of national poetry such as Greece witnessed after the Persian wars, or

England in the days of Elizabeth. But it did nothing of the kind. The most distinguished figure in German literature at that time was Gottfried Keller. The star of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer was already showing its serene light above the horizon. These great writers hold their supremacy still. And it is to be noted that neither of them was politically a German—both were citizens of Switzerland by birth and residence. Except for the war-lyrics of Detlev von Liliencron, who never had any popular success in his lifetime, 1870 has been in the realms of the imagination a singularly sterile victory. The truth is that the prophetic soul of Germany, “dreaming of things to come,” has been profoundly discouraged by the reality which has taken the place of its dreams.

One writer of titanic strength Germany certainly has produced since the founding of the *Reich*—the only one of whom it can be said that he has been a force of the calibre of Tolstoi or Ibsen in lands outside Germany. I speak of course of Friedrich Nietzsche. But Nietzsche liked to fancy himself a Slav, and loathed the very name of Germany. It is true that he preached the law of the sword, denounced compassion and the altruistic and social instincts as the worst of vices, and that the monstrous doings in Belgium in the name of a military necessity (which had never arisen) might find support in his doctrine that to despise legality is a sign of wholesome strength, and in his glorification of “the magnificent blond brute, avidly rampant for spoil and victory.” But looking deeper we shall soon see that no ideal could be more unlike Nietzsche’s than that which the Germans have followed for forty years. His message to mankind: “Live dangerously!” meant the very antithesis of that minute bureaucratic despotism—so different from the organic, voluntary associative efforts of free countries—which Prussia has imposed on itself and on the rest of Germany. Nietzsche’s social philosophy was that of a violent individualism—the subordination of the individual to the interests of a vast political machine was one of the many things he detested in his native country.

Still, Nietzsche at any rate is now read and is a power: his thought has gone far and wide in Germany, and such of his ideas as were at all consonant with the programme of German imperialism have been eagerly assimilated, while the rest have been quietly left out of sight. Other German *Dichter* have each his following, his circle of admirers; and writers like Dehmel, Ricarda Huch, R. M. Rilke, Clara Viebig—to mention but a few prominent names—are certainly worthy of large followings and of much more attention in England than they have ever received. But which of them can be said really to speak to the German nation as a whole? The fact is that to attract attention in modern Germany one must thunder at its ear in the voice of the drill-sergeant. The enormous sale of a novel like *Der Tunnel* is a significant symptom. Its artistic method is precisely that of a German attack in battle. It deals with colossal magnitudes; it is the *Massenangriff* in literature. At every cardinal point in the story, as in the episode of the gas explosion in the sub-Atlantic tunnel, sensation is heaped on sensation until the reader is stunned by the terrific onslaught on his nerves. And this kind of thing—which, be it observed, is quite well done in its way—sells a hundred thousand copies within a few weeks of publication. Now take the other extreme. How many English readers of these pages have ever heard of the romances and incomparable short stories of Rudolf Lindau? I fancy, very few. But if they were Germans they would have to make just the same answer. Yet here is a narrative talent of the first and finest order—here is some of the most beautiful and distinguished prose written in our day! Critics of the highest class in Germany, as, for instance, Eduard Engel, appreciate Lindau, and write with enthusiasm of the sweet and noble cadences of his style, of the reserve, the unobtrusive strength, of his portrayals of life and passion, and the true *samurai* note, illuminating and fortifying, which runs through his social philosophy and ethics. But the German reading public scarcely knows his name—it is far better

acquainted with his journalistic brother Paul, who has written nothing but trivial feuilletons, and I have even met large and painstaking histories of modern German literature in which the name of Rudolf Lindau is never mentioned! Can one of the reasons be that Lindau draws English characters with special liking and discernment?

But no—the real truth is that the literary class in Germany—except so far as it is in State harness—is out of touch with the dominant sentiment of the nation. This fact was strikingly illustrated last year, when Hauptmann, as the foremost German dramatist, was commissioned to write a *Festspiel* or commemorative drama for the celebration of the centenary of the battle of Leipzig. He did so: the play was performed at Breslau in Hauptmann's native Silesia, but it proved in its treatment of the historic events so little consonant with official ideas that at the instance of the Crown Prince it was taken off the boards. The whole situation has been so penetratingly analysed by the well-known critic and novelist Kurt Martens that, though I have elsewhere¹ dealt at some length with his views, I cannot refrain from again referring to them here. What, he asks in effect, has Germany gained since 1870? A great deal, no doubt; but she has paid with something more precious than any of her gains. Before 1870, he writes,

"It is true that in politics and economics there was but little to swagger about, but swaggering was not then in any case a German trait. . . . The ringing trichord made up by the voices of the drill-sergeant, the petty official, and the commercial traveller had not then become, as it has since gradually done, the *fanfare* of the new German nation. We had then an aristocracy of culture, who understood the temperate enjoyment of life. In Germany, culture was then indigenous, Germany had style. Now Germany is an arsenal, a stock-exchange, a madhouse, a monster hotel."

And through this world of crude and violent forces, the poet who ought to be its sweetener, its humaniser, its redeemer, wanders hardly noticed in the rush for power and wealth:

¹ *The Quarterly Review*, July 1914, pp. 48, 49. The title of Martens' very interesting book is *Literatur in Deutschland*.

"No longer does the poet (*Dichter*) go among the people with the rhetoric of the thirst for freedom on his lips, but with scrutinising eyes, reticent or merely questioning, very critical and at first analytic rather than synthetic, fastidious in his taste, often obscure in expression. . . . Suspected by officialism because it cannot understand him, hated for his individualism by the aristocracies both of money and of birth, feared by the bourgeoisie like a pike in a carp-pond, ignored almost entirely by the artisan and totally by the peasant—there stands the German poet, insulated from all personal relations with every section of the nation from which he sprang, and to influence which is the very end of his being."

Yet after all he does exist—the German poet; he has never bowed his knee to the bureaucratic Baal; he cherishes a conception of Germany somewhat different from that of Treitschke, the prophet of the present era, who wanted to see his country a mere "expansion of Prussia." His weakness is that his conception is not as yet definite and forceful like Treitschke's; it expresses itself rather in the form of a restless dissatisfaction with the existing scheme of things than in any vision whereby it might be "remoulded nearer to the heart's desire." But that will come. When the vast tidal wave of Prussian ambition which has flung itself on Europe has retired, shattered, as it will retire, as the Napoleonic wave retired a hundred years ago, it will be for German literature to find the place and power now denied it, and to remake the German nation. For this task it will find in the heart of the nation, in traditional habits of thought and life, material of the very finest quality—how fine no one can know who has not lived long among the German people, learned to know them from the noble to the peasant, read their literature and studied their history. The day of the true Germany will surely come. The war of 1870 made a new and a nobler France. The war of to-day—unless Germany and Europe should suffer the calamity of a German victory—will do as much for Germany. And then it may be hoped that many a voice now drowned in the clangour of "Deutschland über Alles" will gain a hearing for a humbler yet a loftier strain.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY AND THE PRESENT CRISIS.

PROFESSOR G. DAWES HICKS.

THE story of the rebirth and regeneration of Germany after the bitter experience that preceded and followed the battle of Jena is one of the most inspiring chapters in the history of mankind, "Germany," to quote the words of Lord Haldane, written only a few months ago, "was weak and poor, and she had no Frederick the Great to raise her. But she had a possession that, even from a material standpoint, was to prove of far greater importance to her in the long run. Since the best days of ancient Greece there had been no such galaxy of profound thinkers as those who were to be found in Berlin, and Weimar, and Jena, gazing on the smoking ruins which Napoleon had left behind him. Beaten soldiers and second-rate politicians gave place to some of the greatest philosophers and poets that the world has seen for two thousand years. These men refashioned the conception of the State, and through their disciples there penetrated to the public the thought that the life of the State, with its controlling power for good, was as real and as great as the life of the individual."

When Fichte returned to Berlin in August 1807, after a six months' residence in Königsberg, the fortunes of Prussia were at their lowest ebb. The calamities of Jena and Auerstädt had shattered the Prussian army at a single stroke, and Berlin was itself at the mercy of the conqueror. The title of an anonymous pamphlet, published at the time,

“Deutschland in seiner tiefen Erniedrigung,” summed up tersely and concisely the actual condition of affairs. Fichte, wise and honest patriot as he was, discerned with clear and discriminative insight the causes of the country’s downfall. Germany had proved herself unfaithful to the tradition of her own past—the glorious tradition of intellectual and religious freedom; she had ceased to play the part which history had designed for her in the family of nations. The moral character of her people had in consequence deteriorated, and no worthy ideal animated individual thought and conduct. With fearless courage, Fichte hastened to make the attempt to awaken in his countrymen a sense of their high vocation. On successive Sunday evenings, from 13th December 1807 to 20th March 1808, he delivered in the great Aula of the Academy of Sciences, where not seldom his voice was drowned by the shouts of Napoleon’s soldiers, those impassioned *Reden an die deutsche Nation*, in which Germans were spoken to as they had not been spoken to since the time of Luther, and which soon found an echo in every corner of the Fatherland. Never were a people exhorted to undertake a nobler mission, and never was such an appeal framed in more dignified and manly tones. Not to vain military conquest or display, but to the task of carrying forward the great spirit of civilisation, did Fichte summon his countrymen. In bold, broad outlines he sketched for them the details of a plan of national education, the subsequent adoption of which, long prior to the adoption of any similarly comprehensive scheme by other countries, has been of such inestimable value in furthering the progress of the German people. And then, in earnest prophetic eloquence, he sought to disentangle and to exhibit the principles involved in the conception of nationality and to show the grounds on which, as it seemed to him, the German nation had a unique function to discharge not for its own members alone but for humanity. “Strive not,” he urged, “to conquer with bodily weapons, but stand before your opponents firm and erect in spiritual dignity. Yours is the greater destiny—to found an

empire of mind and reason,—to destroy the dominion of rude physical power as the ruler of the world.”

His claim for the uniqueness of German nationality Fichte based no doubt upon extravagant assumptions. It seemed to him that not only the people of Germany but the people of all countries stood in need of moral and intellectual regeneration. And such regeneration, he urged, could only emanate from a nation that throughout the devious courses of its history and of its relation with other nations had preserved the stamp of its originality. Only from a race that was pure and unmixed, and whose development had been the development of a single stock, could there arise the spiritual energy capable of, and adequate to, the fulfilment of so arduous an undertaking. With unwearied ingenuity he sought to prove that the Teutonic race was an *Urvolk* of this description—a race absolutely different in that respect from every other. What people, save one possessed of a free and original soul, could have created and carried to its culmination the great idea of the Reformation? What people, save one thus endowed, could have produced the genius for solving the deepest problems of nature and life? He pointed again to the German language in vindication of his contention. It was a living language, an instrument of wonderful plasticity for the expression of every shade of thought and feeling, fitted to the mind that used it, and not adopted, as the Neo-Latin languages had been, from alien sources. Only in virtue of such an indispensable requisite could the edifice of spiritual culture be reared, and the *Urkraft* of humanity be sustained; and it was a requisite which no other people possessed. Nurture, then, cried Fichte, no baseless delusions. “If you sink, Humanity sinks with you, without hope of future restoration.”

Fichte's patriotism may, in this particular, have overreached his calmer judgment, but it had in it nothing of the noisy pomp of political self-esteem. His belief in the power of the German people to devote themselves to the construc-

tion of a spiritual empire was genuine and sincere, and the subsequent history of German *Wissenschaft* shows him to have been no false prophet. He had, of course, before his view the splendid achievement of Kant, and he rightly saw in the Kantian philosophy a foundation laid for intellectual and moral advancement of the most promising kind. Kant, he held, had demonstrated, once for all, the supreme position of Thought or Reason in the structure of experience, both theoretical and practical. An inner want of consistency in the Kantian system as a whole no doubt there was, but by faithful adherence to the fundamental principle of that system the inconsistency could be resolved. Especially in the present connection the principle of the supremacy of reason was all-important, for it provided exactly the ground of Fichte's aspirations. Admittedly man was, in one sense, a part of nature. But Kant had shown him to be, in another sense, infinitely more. As a rational agent man was free. And whatever else that freedom meant, it meant assuredly this—that, although stationed in an environment of physical force, the human soul was not its slave, but in thought, in capacity of resolve, in moral action, was the arbiter of its own destiny, the creator of its own ideals. It meant that by spiritual individuality man was raised above the dominance of mere material power, and could attain a level of independence from which the natural world could be moulded to his ideas and purposes. And on that account the categorical imperative of duty was an absolutely binding demand which is made upon us, or rather which we make upon ourselves, without any previous calculations of expediency or forecasts as to the possibility of realisation. When duty issued its mandate "Thou ought," it was the prerogative of a rational being to be able to remain true to himself, and in the confidence of that selfhood to be justified in replying "I can." Such a rational being was a creature of infinite moral worth, of intrinsic value; and as a member of a "kingdom of ends" he must act at all times so that humanity, whether in his own person, or in the person

of another, would be treated as an end in itself and never merely as a means.

Such, then, was the philosophic basis upon which Fichte framed his conception of "an empire of mind and reason"—a conception with which he desired to be serious, and which he determined to bring into service for alleviating his country's disaster in the conflict with brute force. Kant, looking at history from "a cosmopolitan point of view," had, indeed, himself seen in it a process that was making towards a condition of social life in which obedience to the rule of reason would be universally recognised as obligatory. Mere culture, it was true, he did not think would of itself secure that end. "So long as States spend all their powers in vain and violent efforts at aggrandisement, and thus ceaselessly hinder the slow toil of the education of the inner life of their citizens, nothing of the kind," he had written, "can be expected. All good that is not based on the highest moral principle is nothing but empty illusion and glittering misery."

Kant tended to view the State as a device for promoting the moral and spiritual well-being of its individual citizens. It is characteristic of the Post-Kantian thinkers to have developed a more positive and concrete notion of the State—a notion which has become familiar to English students through the works of those of our own authors who have dealt with society as what they call an "organic unity," which is logically prior to the individual. Hegel, for example, in his stupendous attempt to exhibit the entire realm of empirical fact as the manifestation or expression of absolute thought or intelligence, was naturally led to think of the State as very much more than an aggregate of individuals. The State had a unity of its own; it was, indeed, the activity of reason realising itself consciously in the world, whilst in nature that activity was only unconsciously realised. It was not at the individual's option to be a member of a State as it was at his option to be a member of a civic community. He could not be an individual without being a member of a State; in it alone he had, as

a rational being, real existence and ethical status. "His particular satisfactions, activities, and way of life have in this authenticated substantive principle their origin and result."

The ideal State, Hegel maintained, can only be partially realised historically in the structures of particular states which come into being and pass away. And it has frequently been imagined that, unlike Kant and Fichte, he was desirous of presenting the Prussian bureaucracy as the most complete exemplification of the ideal so far reached. I doubt very much whether this was really his intention. Certainly he often criticised in no measured terms the condition of things he found around him. "One can see," he once remarked, "in the first village of Prussian territory one enters the lifeless and wooden routine which prevails." And when he tried to picture the *Kulturstaat* that might some day come into being, it was to the ancient Greek commonwealths he went for his model. He came, it is true, in his later writings, to the conclusion that in order to allow adequate scope for the free play of individual personality, the unity of the State as conceived by the Greeks needed for the modern world considerable enlargement and extension. But this discovery led him to see that over and above man's relationship to the State, and indeed made possible by it, there must be recognised in human life a relationship of another kind, which in art, science, religion, and the deeper knowledge of the soul, enables the finite self to attain conscious communion with the Infinite and Absolute.

Hegel has been called, and not without justification, "the philosopher of the Restoration." His metaphysical system did not long continue to be characteristic of German speculation, and by going "back to Kant" many distinguished thinkers were assured that they could find a better way and advance along a road more in keeping with the road along which natural science was proceeding. But the theory of the State and of political obligation which Hegel, following in the footsteps of Kant and Fichte, worked out and expounded has been at the root of that which is best and noblest in the

national life. "Men and women were taught to feel," as Lord Haldane puts it, "that in the law and order which could be brought about by the general will alone was freedom in the deepest and truest sense to be found—the freedom which was realised only by those who had accepted whole-heartedly the largest ends in place of particular and selfish aspirations. The State obtained through this teaching a new significance in relation to moral order, and this new significance began gradually to be grasped by the people."

Yes; and for a period the people were faithful to that ideal, and through its inspiration brought about reforms of the highest moment for the national well-being. The splendidly organised method of education, to which I have already alluded, was one of them. But in the course of time other trends of reflection made their influence felt. Soon after Hegel's death a reaction occurred against what seemed to be strained and unscientific in German idealism. The Hegelian metaphysic had little in it to attract the ordinary mind, and the ease with which it could be transformed into an "opposite," capable of being presented in a popular dress, is illustrated, for example, in the writings of Feuerbach. Concrete material things and animate existences could not, Feuerbach argued, find their explanation in terms of thought or reason. Starting, then, with what he took to be unquestionable facts of experience, sensuous things and individual lives, he proposed to regard these as alone real, and to account for the spiritual and universal as appearances of what was in truth corporeal in character, as "negations" of the concrete reality. Instead of nature being the "other" of spirit, spirit was rather the "other" of nature—a mirage, so to speak, to which sense-apprehension in some way gave rise. From a different side, a somewhat similar tendency made itself manifest. Croce may be right in protesting against associating "historical materialism" with metaphysical materialism. But there can be no question that the work of Karl Marx and Engels did presuppose the latter doctrine. Like Feuerbach, Karl Marx insisted upon inverting the Hegelian standpoint. Whereas

for Hegel the ideal was the real world, for Marx the ideal was in truth simply the material world reflected and translated by the human mind. In actual historical development economic processes had been, he contended, the fundamental processes, the determining forces not only of social conditions but likewise of religious and scientific activity. These are but two instances of a strong wave of materialistic speculation that swept over Germany in the middle of the nineteenth century, and which had not spent itself until well towards the century's close. It secured, it is true, no great hold on the universities—although even there it was not without representatives,—but it permeated largely the public mind; and Büchner's crude version of the doctrine in the volume *Kraft und Stoff* speedily found its way into the thought of every section of the community. On the crest of this wave it is not surprising that pessimism should have won ready acceptance, or that Wundt should have declared in 1877 that the philosophy of Schopenhauer and his successors was then more popular than any philosophy had ever been in Germany.

Together with this wave of speculative materialism, there came into German life a materialistic *Tendenz* of an intensely practical kind. The age of Bismarck, says Windelband, produced no great poetry and no adequate philosophy. It would have been surprising indeed if it had done. Windelband characterises the period in question—"die Höhezeit," as he calls it, "unseres politischen Lebens"—as a period of tremendous public activity, in which the inherent capacity of the populace for a vigorous political, economic, and commercial expansion was convincingly demonstrated. An extraordinary outburst of industrial enterprise, he tells us, sprang up as it were in a night, and "it is not," he thinks, "to be wondered at that for the moment we had not time to breathe." The opportunity for inner self-reflection was gone. All this may be true, but it is not the whole truth. The Prussian monarchy had been built up, province by province, on the battlefield, and the organisation it was responsible for was wholly military. When,

through Bismarck's masterful diplomacy, Germany became Prussianised, the military creed and morality gradually penetrated the consciousness of the nation, and began insidiously to warp the judgments even of those who believed themselves to be proof against it. Dazzled by Bismarck's astuteness, by the triumph of the army, and by the rapid strides of material prosperity, the aspect of German society became changed. The old ideal of a *Kulturstaat* sank into the background, and Bismarck's faith in brute force gained more and more the ascendancy. To some of the wisest and deepest minds the demoralisation was only too apparent. "Have a care," cried Mommsen to his constituents at Halle, "lest in this country which has been at once a power in arms and a power in intelligence, the intelligence should vanish, and nothing but the pure military state should remain." "Everything is falling to pieces," wrote the aged Ranke; "no one thinks of anything but commerce and money." These men realised that much, at least, of Bismarck's work had been retrograde and hollow, that, although he had created a huge army and stimulated the rush for wealth, he could not bring back to Germany the days of Kant, of Goethe, of Fichte, and of Hegel.

In the quiet outlying little town of Göttingen there still laboured Lotze—the one remaining link of connection between the great era of speculative thought and the scientific specialism that had supervened. But Lotze's was a solitary voice, and his patient, earnest, and elaborate effort to satisfy the aims of idealism by inquiries conducted in the spirit of realism met with much more recognition in England than in his own country. Often in Lotze's writings one comes across a note of despondency, where he strikes one as a man sadly afraid that the old idealism will turn out to be a dream of youth, but yet too full of the old memories to turn to the pessimism of Schopenhauer or to the materialism of Feuerbach. The time will come, he trustfully predicts, when the faith that "*das Werthvolle allein das wahrhaft Seiende ist*" will prove to be

true, and we shall see nature to be what we were long ago assured that she was. Lotze's ethical idealism was, however, out of touch with the popular sentiment, whilst the voluntarism of Schopenhauer and of his successor von Hartmann was largely in accord with it. Of Bismarck, an English historian asserts "he was one of those men who really live in the exercise of their will, which often, he said, outran his thoughts," and this Bismarckian type of character evinced itself as conspicuously contagious. The gospel of strenuous exertion, of stubborn determination, as the one saving and cardinal virtue, had little difficulty in accommodating itself to the doctrine of a blind Will, to which the predicate "good" was wholly inapplicable, as the essence of reality—of the universe as in truth a power incessantly struggling, at all costs, to live, to throw itself out in endless manifestations—to which the intellect was subordinate, and by which it was fashioned as a means for the attainment of practical ends. Finally, in the writings of Nietzsche, scarcely less popular now than were the writings of Schopenhauer a quarter of a century ago, voluntarism is divorced from morality in a manner which admits of no mistake. "The revaluation of all values," Nietzsche proclaims to be his task, and reckons it as his good fortune to have discovered, after ages of error and confusion, the parting of the ways—the one leading to all that weakens and exhausts, the other to all that strengthens, conserves energy, and justifies the feeling of force. Life, he contends, is Will to Power, and it belongs to the very concept of life that there must be growth, that its power must be widened. The sole objective standard of value is, accordingly, vitality or vigour. Compassion, patience, humility, helpfulness—these are the virtues of the slave, the values of the exhausted. Call them "moral," and Nietzsche, "the immoralist," will labour for "the restoration of the egoism of humanity," for the virtues of the master, typified in the conception of the superman—the virtues, namely, of strength, might, pushfulness, of cunning even, and cruelty. For the goal of

humanity lies not in the mediocre well-being of the multitude, but in the pride and joy of life obtainable by those who hesitate not to be remorseless, without scruple, and to aggrandise themselves to the uttermost.

For the vagaries of Nietzsche's dilettantism the academical representatives of philosophy are, of course, in no way responsible, and many of them have spared no pains to expose its clumsy contradictions and absurdities. There are in the universities of Germany at the present time teachers whose published work is sought after and valued wherever philosophy is seriously studied. Theirs may not be the constructive genius of the great system-builders whose chairs they fill, but, in the spirit of those who preceded them, they are resolutely grappling with the problems which have been and are being forced upon the modern thinker. In every branch of philosophical inquiry — more especially, perhaps, in epistemology and psychology—our debt to contemporary German investigators is incalculable. In England one frequently hears the complaint that the vice of modern German thought is specialism. "It is learning," writes Professor Hobhouse, for example, "divorced from its social purpose, destitute of large and generous ideas, worse than useless as a guide in the problems of national life, smothering the humanities in cartloads of detail, unavoidable, but fatal to the intellect."¹ This condemnation is, I believe, altogether too sweeping. Misdirected ingenuity spent upon finding answers to questions, many of which ought never to be asked and many more of which are not worth answering, is a mode of wasting mental activity which is not a peculiarity of any one nation. But, so far as philosophy is concerned, I am convinced that the scrupulously exact and detailed handling of special problems, in which so many eminent German and Austrian thinkers are now engaged, is the one hopeful method of breaking fresh ground, and of preparing the way for the more comprehensive speculative efforts of the future.

¹ L. T. Hobhouse, *Democracy and Reaction*, p. 83.

If work of this kind furnishes no guide in the ordinary paths of life, the fault lies not with those who are carrying it on. Germany has no lack of able and brilliant men who have sought by every means in their power to revive a general interest, such as used to be felt, in intellectual pursuits and in the results to which they lead. The truth is that Prussian militarism has meant for the German populace the stifling and stagnation of humanistic culture. Hemmed in by the official supervision and control which surround him, the individual citizen is bereft of the freedom and initiative needful for the development of independent reflection. His individuality is crushed out of him by police and soldiery. "We have lost in these days," is the lament of Windelband, "much of the old joy in spiritual creation, much of the old respect for theoretical activity, much of the old love of knowledge for its own sake." In like manner, Eucken has emphasised repeatedly the hindrance which bureaucracy offers to the recognition and respecting of the genuine values in life, the Philistinism it engenders in all spheres of society, the ruthlessness with which it converts the personal and the spiritual into means and tools. "The Germans cannot discontinue their efforts on behalf of a deeper inward culture," he writes, almost in the language of Fichte, "without denying their historical traditions and sacrificing one of the principal elements of their character."

I speak as profoundly sensible of what that sacrifice would imply. Four of the most fruitful years of my own existence were spent at a German university. The kindly helpfulness of its teachers, their unfailing support and encouragement in the work one was attempting to do, their genial hospitality, their continued friendship in after years—these are experiences by which life for me has been immeasurably enriched, and without which it would be an infinitely poorer thing. From that time to this I have been a constant student of German philosophy and literature. I recognise, moreover, to the full that each nation has its own specific traits of thought and character, and that for a foreigner to sit in judgment upon these, is an imperti-

nence of which I trust I may not be accused. But, on the other hand, and in all sincerity, I would plead that no nation liveth to itself alone. The building up of a huge military despotism, having at its disposal a supply of armaments so vast as to give confidence for defying the entire non-Teutonic world, has fostered in Germany, according to her most enlightened minds, a growth of the Chauvinistic temper which has been for years poisoning and deadening the soul of the people.¹ The evil, however, does not end there. As was inevitable, it has fostered indirectly a similar temper in this and other countries—a temper which were it here to become predominant could not fail to be for our people also equally pernicious and soul-destroying. In short, civilisation everywhere is in danger so long as that temper is allowed to spread and propagate itself. If the present war results, as I trust may be the case, in crushing and exterminating it, the real strength and power of Germany will remain unimpaired. Germany will not suffer a second time the disaster that followed the battle of Jena. Of that there is and can be no fear, although she will not be saved from such disaster by the mere might of her battalions. On the contrary, the downfall of Bismarckism will free her from the fetters that bind her and liberate once again her true self. When that day comes, may she find another Fichte to call her to the task she has yet to fulfil for the progress and spiritual well-being of mankind!

G. DAWES HICKS.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

¹ Germans used to pride themselves, Paulsen tells us, upon their "freedom from selfish, arrogant, vain and narrow-minded self-conceit, which the flatterers of popular passion call patriotism." "Have we," he significantly asks, "still the right to boast of such freedom?"

THE PHILOSOPHER OF "THE WILL TO POWER."

NIETZSCHE ON LOVE AND PITY.

WILLIAM MACKINTIRE SALTER.

I.

MAN, more than any other animal, Nietzsche says, is originally altruistic.¹ Two factors co-operate in securing the result. On the one hand social existence requires it, and, on the other, individuals often find compensation for their own sense of unimportance in serving others—mothers their children, slaves their masters, the soldier his commander, even the prince his people, and in general.² Pleasure in the group to which one belongs is really older than pleasure in oneself, and the sly, loveless ego that only seeks its own advantage in the advantage of others, is not the origin of the group but its destruction.³ Altruistic sentiment, however, implies egoism somewhere or to some extent—not as its contrary, but as its complement and condition. If there is service there must be those willing to be served—individuals or the group (as such): altruistic sentiment cannot be universal and all-controlling. In fact, aside from egoistic individuals, the group or community is almost always egoistic, and we all are, as its members, allowing others to serve us, and even, on occasion, to hurt themselves and die on our behalf—giving

¹ The footnotes to this article, containing references to Nietzsche's works, will be found at the end.

them praise for doing so. Many of the great "virtues" are simply practices or qualities that serve this naïve egoism of the community. If the community should itself become altruistic, it might rather sacrifice for individuals than allow them to sacrifice for it. That is, altruism taken as a universal maxim, conducts to an *impasse*. Only as a limit is set to it, is it really possible.⁴ Perhaps some of my readers have found how difficult it is to deal with thoroughly altruistic people: they will scarcely allow us to do anything for them—their wish is to be ever doing for others, and they are not willing to receive. Really they are the most embarrassing people in the world—they frustrate our own virtue! But though, taken universally, altruism is self-contradictory, it makes an excellent, rough, practical rule for great masses of people. The community's instinct of self-preservation is behind the sanction given to it—and most actually do best when they serve others or the community, rather than themselves—the "self," in their case, not being massive or important enough to justify special attention; and where individual distinctions do not stand out, many, not to say all, *are* more important than one.⁵

But there is another way in which egoism is indispensable—egoism now of an active sort. The view appears in sayings like these:—Love your neighbour as yourselves, but first be such as love themselves—loving with a great love and a great contempt⁶ (for looking down on ourselves is a condition of our rising). Granting that benevolence and beneficence make the good man, one must first be benevolent and beneficent to himself—else one is not a good man.⁷ Making oneself into a whole person goes further in the direction of the general advantage than compassion towards others.⁸ Hence there may be a "quite ideal selfishness."⁹ It involves an art—of all arts the finest and the one requiring most patience. In practising it we learn to endure being by ourselves and do not need to be ever roaming about.¹⁰ Even too much reading is to be guarded against, because then we learn to think only by reacting, not spontaneously.¹¹ The broad objection to a

sweeping unegoistic morality is that it easily leads to sins of omission, and just because it has the guise of human friendliness, it seduces the higher, rarer type of man the most.¹² So strong at this point is Nietzsche's feeling, that he is led to the view that the absolute supremacy of altruistic conceptions would be an indication of degeneration—for if all should find the significance of their lives in serving others, it would show that none found value in themselves, did not know how to protect and preserve themselves, had no real self (none worth while), and humanity would be so far on the downward grade.¹³ Deficiency in personality revenges itself everywhere. A weakened, thin, obliterated, self-denying person is useful for no good thing—"selflessness" of this type has no value for either heaven or earth.¹⁴

The egoism thus so strongly preached is, however, regarded for the most part under an ultimately altruistic perspective: it is for use to others, however dimly or impersonally they may be conceived or far off they may be put. But once Nietzsche raises a rather daring question. Why, he asks, is the man better who is useful to others than one who is useful to himself? And the answer comes, that this is true when others are of more value, higher than oneself. But suppose that others are of less value: in such a situation, he who serves himself may be better, even if he does so at the expense of others.¹⁵ The reasoning sounds cold-blooded, yet can hardly be gainsaid—and the underlying point of view conducts to important distinctions. The character of selfishness (if we use the opprobrious word, and Nietzsche, in a half-defiant way, sometimes does) much depends upon who it is that is selfish. When he speaks of the "wild waters and storm-floods of selfishness" in Europe in the sixteenth century, he means ordinary, vulgar selfishness—the selfishness of princes and peoples who were grabbing, among other things, for the possessions of the Catholic Church¹⁶—and this he despises as much as anyone. Once he formally distinguishes two kinds of egoism: a sacred one that forces us to serve what is highest

in us; another, the egoism of the cat, that wants only its life.¹⁷ Both are preservative—the only question is, *of what?* The higher kind of selfishness is so contrasted with the lower that he once refuses to call it by this name: “heroism is no selfishness (Eigennutz), for one perishes of it”¹⁸—this, though he is perfectly aware and expressly says that the higher virtue, so far from being selfless, is that unto which one’s very self goes.¹⁹ The distinction between the two kinds of selfishness and the two kinds of men is not sentimental or arbitrary. It turns on whether the selfishness represents the advancing or the retrogressive line of life—a definite spiritual and biological quantity. To quote: “Selfishness is worth as much as the man is worth physiologically who has it; it can have a very high worth, it can have no worth at all and be despicable.”²⁰ All depends on where the man stands in the biological line. Even so, Nietzsche finds it hard to keep the thought of others out of mind. There are those, he says, who have no notion of giving, and only want to receive and gather in—the weak, needy, sickly in body and mind; when such people say “all for myself,” they are a horror (Grauen) to him. But there are others who get and accumulate only to give out again in love: *their* selfishness, even if it is insatiable in gathering to itself, is sound and holy.²¹

And yet what is love? Somewhat daringly and bluntly Nietzsche puts (finds) at the bottom of it a desire to possess. It is not fundamentally different from, is a kind of spiritual form of, the feeling for property or for what we want to make such.²² The love between the sexes, marriage, is palpably that: each wishes to possess the other, to possess exclusively, indeed—here is the basis of jealousy. In very love one may kill, as Don José does Carmen; if he had not loved her, she might have gone to other men.²³ On other levels, too, love shows its root character—though in subtler form. What is love of truth but desire to get it, to make it our own, to be so far enriched—and what does love of new truth often mean but that, acquainted with and perhaps a little tired of what

we have, we reach out our insatiable hands for more? Is the love of our neighbours quite destitute of the desire to have something of our own in them? And when with sympathetic heart we help and tend those who are suffering or ill, is there not some secret pleasure in thus extending our power over them, in feeling that for the moment they are ours? We may not confess it to ourselves—but suppose that we are told that we are unnecessary, is it not as if something were taken from us? The desire for possession may have very subtle shades.²⁴ Does this, then, mean that there cannot be an unselfish desire to give and bestow? Not at all, but (says Nietzsche in effect) let us analyse what we mean by this. Here, for instance, is a philosopher who wants to give his ideas to the world. In the first place, let us not be too ready to credit him with unselfishness. Very possibly he simply wants to impress himself upon the world, to put his mark on it, and so far make it his world—philosophers generally, especially the great ones, want to rule.²⁵ And yet we can imagine that pure blessing may be the aim — and if philosophers are not frequent instances, there are plenty of instances from other walks in life, parents, for example, or wherever the essentially parental impulse manifests itself.²⁶ But what is the real psychology of this unselfishness? Nietzsche can only answer; the soul is full, over-full, and has to give. For love may be of two kinds: here a soul is empty and wants to be full; there a soul is already overflowing and wants to pour itself out. Both seek an object to satisfy their needs, and really the full soul is as needy and is as much prompted by the sense of need as the empty one—neither is, strictly speaking, unegoistic.²⁷ Some of the supreme passages in Nietzsche are those in which he pictures the great soul giving. When Zarathustra is expostulated with for leaving his high solitudes to come down among men, his answer is, “I love men—I bring to them a gift.”²⁸ When the mountain comes down to the valley and the winds from the heights descend to the levels below, what is the right name for such a

longing? Zarathustra asks, and "bestowing virtue" is the only answer he can give.²⁹ It is a love that does not wait to be thanked, but thanks anyone who will receive it—a love that suffers if it cannot pour itself out.³⁰ Perhaps when we reach this love, if only in imagination, it does not matter much what we call it, egoistic, unegoistic, selfish, unselfish—words, categories, being

"Sound and smoke,
Hiding heaven's glow."

Nietzsche criticises the "golden rule." He considers it first as a dictate of prudence, showing that one's own ends are not necessarily reached in the manner presented, and remarking that one's best actions are marked by a disregard of prudence any way; but secondly and principally in so far as the notion of equality lies behind it. So far as men are equal, it is indeed a reasonable requirement, and the flock instinct, disregarding differences between the members of the flock, is behind it.³¹ But so far as men are unlike, it is without application. What a great man does, that others cannot do to him. "What thou doest, no one can do to thee in return." Moreover, "What I do not wish that you should do to me, why may I not be allowed to do it to you? And, indeed, what I must do to you, just that you could not do to me."³² The thought is that, so far as men are different, their powers and privileges and duties are different.

That, however, Nietzsche was inspired by no lack of consideration and tenderness for others appears in what he says of the treatment of injuries. It is paradoxical in form, and probably at first the reader will be shocked by it. Zarathustra is the speaker, and he says (in substance), "If you have an enemy, do not return his evil with good—that will humiliate him; if he curses you, curse a little back; if he does you a great wrong, do him a few small ones—dreadful to behold is one under the weight of wrong that he has done alone; more humane is a little revenge than absolutely no revenge."³³ Of course, it has to be taken in the spirit

rather than the letter (like the paradoxes of the Sermon on the Mount), but we do not have to attend long to see that an extreme (if you will, fantastical) tenderness breathes through it. A certain great apostle urged returning the evil of an enemy with good, "for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." One can hardly say that tenderness for the wrongdoer inspires *that*; the desire is rather to cover with shame—the subtlest spirit of revenge breathes through it. Which is the truer, or even more Christian spirit, I leave the reader to judge. Nietzsche wanted to spare shame and to purge the world of the spirit of revenge. As he put it, he desired a justice that should be "love with seeing eyes," and would absolve all, save him who judges. At the same time he knew that this was not a height for everybody, but only for those rich in inner wealth, the overflowing.³⁴

The analysis of sacrifice resembles that of "love": on the one hand there is a psychological *Aufklärung*; on the other an assertion of the thing itself, so strong that to many it may seem extreme. It is not unselfish, he once jots down, when I prefer to think about causality rather than about the lawsuit with my publisher; my advantage and my enjoyment lie on the side of knowledge; my tension, unrest, passion, have been longest active just there.³⁵ Hence he finds something hypocritical in the current language about sacrifice. Naturally, he says, in order to accomplish what lies near his heart, he throws much away—much that also lies near his heart; but the throwing away is only consequence, incidental result—the bottom fact is that something else lies nearest his heart.³⁶ And this is why a proposal to reward sacrifice is inept, Nietzsche even demurs at speaking of virtue as its own reward—he dislikes the latter word altogether. When, Zarathustra asks, was a mother heard of who wanted to be repaid for her love? and a man should love his virtue as his child.³⁷

"Who will be paid?
The saleable." ³⁸

"You are too pure for the soil of the words revenge, punishment, reward, requital."³⁹ For all this, "sacrifice" may go far. Virtue, in the great sense, is an arrow of yearning and a willingness to disappear.⁴⁰ To be free in any great way is to be indifferent to hardship, severity, privation, even to life; to be ready to sacrifice men for a cause, oneself not excepted.⁴¹ Nietzsche's mind goes back to ancient customs, and he says, "whoever is the first-born, he is ever sacrificed. Now we are the first-born. But so wills it our kind and species; and I love those who will not hold themselves back."⁴²

With perspectives like these Nietzsche criticises "love of neighbours." Higher than love to those near us is love to those far away. Yes, higher than love to men is love to things (Sachen) and ghosts (Gespenster). "This ghost that follows thee, my brother, is more beautiful than thou; why givest thou not to it thy flesh and thy bones? But thou art afraid and fleest to thy neighbour. . . . Let the future and what is furthest off be the motive of thy to-day."⁴³ More prosaically he puts his idea and demand thus: "to bring beings to existence who shall stand elevated above the whole species 'man'; and to sacrifice ourselves and our neighbours to this end."⁴⁴ The motive is still love, but love with distant instead of near perspectives. He once puts the "new problem" in this way: whether a part of mankind might not by training be developed into a higher race at the expense of the rest.⁴⁵ Sacrifice would thus become a part of a deliberate programme. Undoubtedly to most the thought is repulsive. We may sacrifice ourselves, but how can we exact sacrifice from others? How can we willingly contemplate men suffering, living stunted lives, or dying prematurely—all for an end beyond themselves? But suppose they consented to the sacrifice. Suppose that with some dim sense of a greatness to come they were willing to be used up, and to disappear when they could no longer serve? That were a possibility not ordinarily reckoned with. Indeed, our prevailing methods of thought to-day tend to keep it out of mind. We want to alleviate

men's lot. Our altars are to pity. The idea is abroad that no one *should* suffer or be sacrificed. All have rights to what pleasure and enjoyment can be got out of life, we say—and they, the great mass, are beginning to say so too. Unconsciously we play into their latent instincts of self-assertion, their egoism—not now the egoism that gives, but the egoism that takes and that takes all it can get. Where do we hear nowadays that men might willingly deny themselves or even disappear for a glory possible to mankind? There may be such voices, but I do not hear them. The result is that all classes, “high” and “low” (if there is any essential difference between them), are pervaded by the same greed for near and personal goods. But Nietzsche credits better things of men, of the “low” as well as the “high,” even of those who are no longer of any use in life—all might be guided by the thought of a great end beyond them, willingly enduring hardship and even consenting to die when it was better not to live.⁴⁶

II.

And now I come to that part of my subject about which perhaps more nonsense has been uttered than about any other aspect of this debatable thinker—his view of pity. The current idea seems to be that Nietzsche was a sort of monster. “Close the hospitals, let the weak perish and tend the strong”—this is supposed to be his counsel.⁴⁷ It is a doctrine inciting “the overman ruthlessly to trample under foot the servile herd of the weak, degenerate, and poor in spirit,” according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.⁴⁸ The ironical remark is made that in his last days Nietzsche “had to be cared for by Christian charity—Christian charity, which in health had been the object of his bitterest attack.”⁴⁹ The late Professor William Wallace was one of the few English-speaking writers of distinction to attend carefully enough to Nietzsche's thought to get his real meaning.⁵⁰

The German word is “Mitleid.” “Mitgefühl,” fellow-

feeling in general, is one of Nietzsche's "four virtues."⁵¹ He also uses "Sympathie," where we should say "sympathy" (in the broad sense).⁵² I remember no special criticism of fellow-feeling or sympathy. It is pity that he dissects and estimates. Pity is, even more distinctly in the German word than in ours, suffering—suffering with, really suffering with suffering. It is, of course, a species of fellow-feeling or sympathy, but of this peculiar character.

There was a special occasion for Nietzsche's analysis of pity—an occasion that we in America and England do not easily appreciate. Perhaps in general we are less reflective peoples than the Germans, and some problems that occupy them we hardly feel. Pessimism, *i.e.* the ripe philosophical view, not mere spleen or fits of indigestion, has no hold among us. But it was pessimism, spreading like a contagion through Germany and becoming almost a religion with many, pessimism of the peculiarly seducing type which Schopenhauer represented, that awoke Nietzsche to the necessity of criticising pity. For what is pessimism? Without pretending to a formal definition, I may say that it is a sense of the suffering and wrong in the world so great and so keen, and of suffering and wrong as so bound up with the individual existence which characterises the world, that one is led to renounce the world and life in it. And how does one accomplish this? By pity itself—at least, this is the first step. For in pity, we take others' plight on ourselves, become one with it—and if we go far enough, we may almost cease to feel separately, individual craving and even individual consciousness tending to disappear; in this way, and by mortifying ourselves, if need be, crucifying the instincts that lead to life, we sink at last into Nirvana.⁵³ It is pity in the light of its Schopenhauerian consequences of this description that fixed the attention of Nietzsche, and he looked into it and over it in all its forms and guises.⁵⁴ A similar sentiment, though not carried to the same length, is characteristic of Christianity. Indeed, pity is an under (or over) note in modern socialism and

anarchism, and in the modern democratic movement generally.⁵⁵ To Schopenhauer, pity was the essence of morality itself.

Now, I find no natural hardness of heart in Nietzsche, and, what is stranger, considering the common opinion, no failure to approve pity within limits. He once spoke of it as shameful to eat one's fill while others go hungry.⁵⁶ "I am thinking," he writes in relation to a friend who had had a sad experience, "how I can make a little joy for him, as proof of my great pity."⁵⁷ His sister says as to his experiences as ambulance nurse in the Franco-Prussian war: "What the sympathetic heart of my brother suffered at that time cannot be expressed; months after, he still heard the groans and agonised cries of the wounded. During the first year it was practically impossible for him to speak of these happenings."⁵⁸ Nietzsche himself says in a general way that one who begins by unlearning the love of other people ends by finding nothing worthy of love.⁵⁹ He speaks reverently of Prometheus's pity for men and sacrifice in their behalf.⁶⁰ He calls pity for the humble and suffering a measure of a soul's elevation.⁶¹ Addressing judges, Zarathustra says, "Your putting to death should be an act of pity, not of revenge."⁶² "That you are pitiful I presuppose; to be without pity means to be sick in mind and body"—this though it is added that much mind is needed to dare to be pitiful.⁶³ Nietzsche gratefully recognises what the "spiritual men" of Christianity have done for Europe in giving consolation to the suffering, courage to the oppressed and despairing, however otherwise they may have sinned.⁶⁴ He speaks of the pity of the saint as pity for the soil (*Schmutz*) of the human, all-too-human.⁶⁵ One who says things like these can hardly be said to be without appreciation of pity. He does, indeed, speak of triumphing over it at times—but that presupposes that one has it. His "higher men," called to great tasks of creation and destruction, are usually beings with normal sympathetic feelings—otherwise how could he speak of their *not going to pieces* from the suffering they bring? ⁶⁶

In fact, ordinary sympathetic feeling for those who are

disabled or sick or otherwise unfortunate, such as we show in our homes or as the community shows in public institutions, I see no trace of disapproval of in Nietzsche: he rather comments with implied satisfaction on the immense amount of humanity attained by present-day mankind, though putting on the other side of the balance-sheet the fact of decadence.⁶⁷ He knows that communities as hard-hearted as he is sometimes supposed to have been simply could not hold together or live—and he once mentions the care of the sick and poor as among the natural customs and institutions of society (along with the state, courts of justice, and marriage⁶⁸).

What he has in mind in criticising pity comes out in the saying of Zarathustra, "Not your pity but your bravery has saved hitherto the unhappy";⁶⁹ and again in a remark that where there is the impulse to help, the unpleasant sensation of pity is overcome.⁷⁰ For here pity is taken as feeling simply—and feeling of a somewhat sad and depressing sort.⁷¹ If we become the echo of others' miseries, Nietzsche says in the same vein, we cannot really be helpful or quickening to them.⁷² One day, as Zarathustra is walking along, he comes on a repulsive object which he at last makes out to be a human being; at first pity overcomes him and he is described as sinking down like a falling tree, heavily; though afterwards he arises, and, his face becoming hard, he speaks the truth to him.⁷³ Pity of itself weakens, unnerves—that is the idea. We know that the Greeks, viewing it in this light, classed it along with fear, and, according to Aristotle, the purpose of tragedy was to give, as it were, a vent to these emotions, and so effect a purgation of the soul. So Nietzsche says that if anyone should go about seeking for occasions for pity and holding ever before his mind all the misery he could lay hold of in his neighbourhood, he would become inevitably sick and melancholy. He who wishes to be a physician—a physician in any sense—must accordingly be on his guard, otherwise the depressing feeling may lame him and keep his fine hand from doing its proper work.⁷⁴ A reviewer of one of Mr Gals-

worthy's recent books says: "The spectator in these vignettes . . . is always pensive, always passive, prone to lose himself in what might not unfairly be called an intoxication of pity."⁷⁶ Here is the point of view of a part of Nietzsche's criticism. Pity of this kind tends to leave things as they are—is a kind of sinking and melting before them; one who gives up to it is really taking his first step in the downward Schopenhauerian path.

And yet when pity is active⁷⁶ it may do harm unless it is guided. Much mind, Nietzsche urges, is needed in exercising it. With the sense of the danger connected with it, he once puts the problem thus: "To create circumstances in which everyone can help himself, and he himself decide whether he shall be helped."⁷⁷ Helping, he feels, is a delicate business anyway; he thinks that if the impulse to it were twice as strong as it is, life might become unendurable. Let a man think, he says, of the foolish things he is doing daily and hourly from solicitude for himself, and then what would happen if he became the object of a similar solicitude from others—why, we should always want to flee when a "neighbour" appeared!⁷⁸ What has done more harm than the follies of the compassionate? Zarathustra asks.⁷⁹ Benevolence must be newly appraised, and the limitless injury perceived that is continually worked by benevolent acts—for example, what a subject for irony is the love of mothers!⁸⁰ In short, pity is dangerous; it must be held within limits, intelligence must master it—it must be habitually sifted by reason.⁸¹⁻⁸³

III.

What then are the limits for pity? If one stops to reflect a moment, one sees that an answer to the question depends upon what sort of an ideal one has in his mind; indeed, upon whether one has any kind of an absolute ultimate ideal. Early Christianity, for example, had its ideal—that of the kingdom of heaven. Into that heavenly order (whether to be consummated on this earth or not) were to be

gathered the good, the just, the loving, the merciful, the pure—to the Christian believer *these* were the wheat of the harvests of the world, and they were to be garnered up in the coming order for ever. It is a dream that still has power to charm the heart. But what of those of a different moral character—the chaff or waste of the world, or, to use still other images, the trees that bore no fruit, the salt that had no savour? Was this kind of material, this waste and wreckage of human life, was this all the same to be tenderly regarded, nursed, pitied, allowed to continue and perpetuate its kind? Hardly: we know rather that the chaff was to be burnt up with unquenchable fire, the trees hewn down, the salt cast out and trodden under foot. I use such a consequence not in the slightest as an objection to Christianity. There is the same logic implicit in any affirmation of a great end of life—and something kindred is involved in our most commonplace practical purposes. If we have any good thing in mind, we reject what does not correspond to it. If we set out an orchard, we leave to one side trees that come maimed or broken from the nursery. If we send our apples to market, we exclude those below a certain grade. Well, Nietzsche had an ideal, an *ultima ratio* of human life. It was a wholly earthly (*diesseitige*) ideal, and yet it was of humanity rising to what may relatively be called superhuman heights, of men who should be half like gods—not merely good, but much more, and beings to be feared, revered as well as loved. They should be the consummate fruit of humanity's tree, and, if all could not be such men or supermen themselves, they could at least facilitate them, work for them, fit themselves into a scheme of social existence that would tend that way. Nietzsche conceives that humanity might actually be turned into an organism working to this end—no longer then a disconnected, sprawling mass of atoms (smaller or larger) as at present, but a related, interdependent, organic whole—a whole with an aim, this aim. Hence his principle of selection, and canon for pity. What will fit into an organism of this sort is worth preserving, what will not is not worth preserving. Equal regard for all

material is impossible. What will make itself a part of an ascending humanity, of a process by which the type will be raised and the power and splendour of the species shine forth, what will at last give us "supermen"?—that is the critical question. If the energy of ascending life is in a man, or, if not just that, if he is willing to be *used* for ascending life, if he will do good work, even if only to stand and wait on those who are better than he, such a man is good, and all, high and low, will protect him; but if one is a sponge, a parasite, unfruitful, unproductive—not to say diseased and degenerate—he is bad, and pity to him is misplaced.

Nietzsche once puts the matter in this way: We cannot carry the law of altruism (what commonly passes as altruism) into the field of physiology or concede the right to help and equal treatment of corrupt organs along with sound ones. Rather, when in an organism the least organ is relaxed, even if in small measure, and ceases to keep itself whole and exercise its energy, the organism itself degenerates—and the physiologist demands the removal of the degenerate part, denying solidarity with it and being at the greatest remove from pity for it.⁸⁴ Undoubtedly, it is strong doctrine when socially applied, and two things must at once be said as to what Nietzsche means. First, it is not temporary illness or disability that he has in mind, nor is it mere sickness of the body, but deficiency of life-energy in general. In one place we read that Zarathustra is gentle to the sick and wishes that they may recover and create a higher body for themselves.⁸⁵ It is the hopeless, the incurable, the badly made in the beginning, that Nietzsche has in view. Secondly, he does not mean, as some have understood him, particularly the working class, the poor pecuniarily. Nietzsche has as much honour for the worker with his hands, as much sense of his necessity in an organic humanity, of his indispensableness, as anyone—he even questions if he need be poor as he now commonly is.⁸⁶ He means the defectives, the incapables, the "good-for-nothings" everywhere—men who hate a day's work more than they do vice or

crime, and will live in idleness if they can; and these are not confined to the so-called lower classes in the community.

And yet what do we modern peoples do, what have we been doing for centuries? Somehow we have acquired, Nietzsche thinks largely through Christian influence, the idea that men as such are beings of infinite worth, that all are equal before God, that we must love, cherish, protect, care for anyone who has the human form. And the idea of the individual's importance and of equality, equal rights, has taken political form in democracy and is now taking a still more accentuated form in the socialistic and anarchistic movements. The single person has become so important, so absolute in our eyes, that he can't be sacrificed; the sickly, degenerate, misshapen specimens of the race are, forsooth, ends in themselves along with the rest, and we must minister to them. And so here they are, apparently in accumulating numbers as time goes on, in view (and out of view) in all the great centres of population—so that a recent writer has calculated (let us hope that it is an overestimate) that while in England of "superior men" there are about one to four thousand of the population, of idiots and known imbeciles (not counting those kept out of sight) there are one to four hundred.⁸⁷ The worst of it is that we can't sacrifice these miserable individuals; they think themselves that they can't be sacrificed—they feel that they have as much right to life as others: we have stuffed them up in a sense of their importance—have played, as thoughtless altruism is apt to do, into their egoism. And the "good man"—and this is the terrible thing to Nietzsche—is just the one who takes the side of these miscarriages of humanity; goodness, as it is now commonly conceived, being pre-eminently shown in pitying, caring for, and tending them.⁸⁸

In other words, by following mistaken ideas we have cut athwart the law of selection, which is an inevitable part of the law of development.⁸⁹ We have ourselves acquired a sickly and unnatural sensibility (we can't stand the sight of suffering, we weak creatures of to-day);⁹⁰ we have stimulated the egoism

of the sickly and degenerate, and, by holding fast in life great numbers of misshapen beings, have given to existence itself a gloomy and questionable aspect.⁹¹ And for the result, Nietzsche holds, as I have said, Christianity chiefly responsible. By giving, as it does, an absolute value to the individual, it makes it impossible to sacrifice him. Genuine human love is hard, full of self-conquest, because it needs sacrifice; while this pseudo-humanity that is called Christianity just strives that no one be sacrificed.⁹²

Nietzsche is sometimes said to have been carried away by Darwin—his ideas have been called “Darwinism gone mad.”⁹³ This is superficial (Nietzsche’s attitude to Darwin was in reality a very mixed one),⁹⁴ indeed a bit childish, when one considers the rôle which the idea of selection has played in the world. Emerson, in “The World-Soul,” says:

“He serveth the servant,
The brave he loves amain;
He kills the cripple and the sick,
And straight begins again;
For gods delight in gods,
And thrust the weak aside;
To him who scorns their charities
Their arms fly open wide.”

And this was before Darwin. Indeed, the idea of selection, of acceptance and un pitying rejection, of an immanent struggle for existence in the world, is as old as the Bible—as the prophet Isaiah, with his doctrine of the survival of a remnant. The question is, what is to be selected? Nature does not do so very ill herself, and, in Nietzsche’s estimation, is not to be set down as unmoral because she is without pity for the degenerate;⁹⁵ and yet man with clear vision might do better than Nature, and avoid her enormous waste—he might substitute purposive selection for natural selection and intelligently aim at what she is blindly groping for, or at least making possible.⁹⁶ The aim which Nietzsche suggests is that organic aim, culminating in something transcendent, which I have hinted at. It springs from a love that looks far away,

and conquers and transcends pity. "Spare not thy neighbour. Man [present man] is something that must be surpassed." ⁹⁷

Just how this selective process is to be carried out in detail Nietzsche does not tell us—there is no systematic or special treatment of the subject. He hints at the segregation of undesirable elements.⁹⁸ He tells the story of a saint who recommended a father to kill a misshapen, sickly child, and who, when reproached with cruelty, said, "Is it not more cruel to allow it to live?" ⁹⁹ He urges a new and more sacred conception of marriage. Are you a man, Zarathustra says, who dare wish for himself a child? Are you a victorious one, a self-conqueror, master of your senses, lord of your virtues? Not only onward shall you propagate yourself, but upward. Marriage: so call I the will of two to create one who is more than they who created him.¹⁰⁰ Those with only cattle-like dispositions in their bodies, it is elsewhere stated, should not have the right to marry.¹⁰¹ Stern and exacting as all this sounds, Nietzsche is not conscious of any real inhumanity. While he would not have the higher, stronger types leave their own tasks to tend the sickly, he has so little idea of wishing to put an end to them summarily that he wants them tended by the more spiritual and gifted members of their own class—defining thus the function of the ascetic priest.¹⁰² He would make their lot as easy as possible. Ironical as it may sound—he does not mean it ironically—he would help them to pass away. When something has to fall, it may be a mercy to hasten its falling—such is his feeling.¹⁰³ He puts it as a proposition of human love, his first proposition: the weakly and misshapen should pass away, and we should help them to this end.¹⁰⁴ He also hints that they may come to choose their own passing away, dying then in perhaps greater dignity than they have ever lived, and almost winning the right to life again.¹⁰⁵

Such, then, and so inspired are the limits which Nietzsche would set to pity. Pity of the prevailing, thoughtless kind he calls a crime against life, an extreme immorality—he does not mince his words in speaking of it.¹⁰⁶ Indeed, he goes

further, and in a lofty way would not pity his own disciples. "To the men that concern me, I wish suffering, solitude, illness, mistreatment, disgrace. . . . I have no pity for them, because I wish them the one thing that can prove to-day whether a man has value or not—that he hold his ground."¹⁰⁷

Yet the warnings Nietzsche utters in general against pity are not, he says, for all, but rather for him and his kind, *i.e.* those who rise to his point of view; the implication being that otherwise to renounce pity might be mere callousness and brutality.¹⁰⁸ And how far he is from condemning pity *per se*, is shown in what he says of "our pity," "my pity." It is a pity for the too common lot of the higher, rarer types of men, seeing how easily they go to pieces, what a waste there often is of their capacities.¹⁰⁹ It is a pity over the low averages of human life, over the process of making men smaller, that he thinks is going on under Christian and democratic influence, over the very pity of which we Christians are so proud, which does not see the place and necessity of suffering and sacrifice in the world—so pity, he says, against pity!¹¹⁰ Oh, for a glimpse now and then, he exclaims, of something perfect, wrought out to the end, happy, mighty, triumphant, in which there is still something to fear—of a man who justifies man, a complementary and redeeming instance, in view of whom we dare hold our faith in man! But what he sees has a wearying effect upon him. We modern creatures, indeed, want nothing to fear, we want great men only as they serve us, as they make themselves one with us—no, they must not harm us or the least thing that lives! And yet for Nietzsche to lose the fear of man, is also to lose the love of him, reverence for him, hope in him, yes, the wish for him—it is the way to satiety with the *umana commedia*, to nihilism.¹¹¹

¹ *Will to Power*, § 771 (in citing this work hereafter I shall simply use the initials *W. to "P."*), also *Werke*, XIII. 213, § 500. The English edition of Nietzsche's works contains, aside from *Will to Power* and *Ecce Homo*, only a small part of the eight volumes of *Nachlass* in the German edition—the last eight volumes of the *Werke* (8vo ed.).

² *W. to P.*, §§ 785, 964, *Werke*, XII. 104–105, § 209, XIII. 178, § 406;

cf. what is said in "Schopenhauer as Educator" (beginning of § 6) of the way in which young men may compensate for their felt imperfection.

³ Thus Spake Zarathustra, I., xv. (in citing hereafter I shall simply say Zar.)

⁴ Perhaps the inherent contradictions in altruism, taken as a principle, were never better brought to light than in *Joyful Science*, § 21.

⁵ Cf. *W. to P.*, § 269. ⁶ Zar., III., v. 3. ⁷ *Dawn of Day*, § 516.

⁸ *Human, All-Too-Human*, § 95. ⁹ *Dawn etc.*, § 552.

¹⁰ Zar., III., xi. 2. ¹¹ *Ecce Homo*, II., § 8.

¹² *Beyond Good and Evil*, § 221 (hereafter I shall say *Beyond G. and E.*).

Goethe might be cited as an instance of the legitimate egoism of a great man, that leads him to concentrate himself on his work and refuse the importunities of strangers. Pastor F. Rittelmeyer says happily in this connection, "That Goethe could have committed no greater crime against humanity than to have sacrificed himself to such importunate people, and in this way failed to produce his immortal works, is not thought of" (*Friedrich Nietzsche und die Religion*, 93).

¹³ *Twilight of the Idols*, ix. § 35. ¹⁴ *Dawn etc.*, § 345.

¹⁵ *Werke*, XIV. 63-64, § 123. ¹⁶ *Beyond G. and E.*, § 212.

¹⁷ Letter to Lou Salomé, quoted by D. Halevy, *Vie de Friedrich Nietzsche*, 25; cf. the reference to "cats and wolves," Zar., I., xxii. 2.

¹⁸ *Werke*, XIV. 216, § 245. ¹⁹ Zar., II., v.

²⁰ *Twilight etc.*, ix. § 33.

²¹ Zar., I., xxii. The self-love of the sickly and diseased (Süchtigen) "stinkt" (Zar., III., xi. 2). ²² *Werke*, XII. 104, § 208.

²³ *The Case of Wagner*, § 2. There is the same implication in Yahweh's calling himself a "jealous God."

²⁴ *Joyful Science*, § 14. ²⁵ Cf. *Werke*, XIII. 177, § 406; *W. to P.*, § 874.

²⁶ *Werke*, XII. 253, § 228. ²⁷ *Dawn etc.*, § 145.

²⁸ Zar., Prologue, § 2. ²⁹ *Ibid.*, III., x. 2.

³⁰ *Dionysus Dithyrambs*, "Of the Poverty of the Richest."

³¹ *W. to P.*, § 925. ³² Zar., III., xii. 4; *Werke*, XIV. 303, § 120.

³³ Zar., I., xix. ³⁴ *Ibid.* ³⁵ *Werke*, XIV. 95, § 197.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, 94, § 196; cf. *Beyond G. and E.*, § 220; *Twilight etc.*, ix. § 44; *W. to P.*, §§ 372, 930. ³⁷ Zar., II., v.

³⁸ *Dionysus Dithyrambs*, "Glory and Eternity." ³⁹ Zar., II., v.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, Prologue, § 4. ⁴¹ *Twilight etc.*, ix. § 38.

⁴² Zar., III., xii. 6. ⁴³ *Ibid.*, I., xvi.

⁴⁴ *Werke*, XIV. 262, § 4. ⁴⁵ *Werke*, XII. 121, § 237.

⁴⁶ *Dawn etc.*, § 146; *Twilight etc.*, ix. § 36; cf. Zar., I., xxi.

⁴⁷ So President J. G. Hibben of Princeton University in a sermon, as reported in *Spring field Republican*, January, 1913.

⁴⁸ Art. "Nietzsche."

⁴⁹ By Professor J. M. Warbeke, *Harvard Theological Review*, July 1909, p. 368. Cf. Richard Beyer, *Nietzsche's Versuch einer Umwerthung aller Werthe*, 21, and even H. Scheffauer, art. "Nietzsche the Man," *Quarterly Review*, July, 1913, p. 170.

⁵⁰ *Lectures and Essays on Natural Theology, etc.*, 536-537.

⁵¹ *Beyond G. and E.*, § 284, cf. § 290. ⁵² E.g. in *W. to P.*, § 269.

⁵³ See Nietzsche's own moving description of the saint in the early tribute to Schopenhauer (*Schopenhauer as Educator*, § 5).

⁵⁴ Cf. Preface, §§ 5, 6, to *The Genealogy of Morals* (hereafter I shall simply say *Gen.*); *Beyond G. and E.*, §§ 222, 293; *Dawn etc.*, § 138; *The Antichristian*, § 7; *W. to P.*, § 82; also the comments of Professor Georg Simmel, *Schopenhauer und Nietzsche*, 213-4, and of Professor Hans Vaihinger, *Nietzsche als Philosoph* (3rd ed.), 88.

⁵⁵ Cf. *Dawn etc.*, § 132; *Beyond G. and E.*, § 202.

⁵⁶ I have seen the remark, but cannot now place it, and so must rest here on the authority of Carl Lory, *Nietzsche als Geschichtsphilosoph*, 22.

⁵⁷ *Briefe*, vol. i. p. 379 (letter to von Gersdorff, 26th May, 1876).

⁵⁸ *Das Leben Friedrich Nietzsches*, von Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, vol. ii. p. 682.

⁵⁹ *Dawn etc.*, § 401.

⁶⁰ *Joyful Science*, § 251. In "The Use and Harm of History for Life" honour is given to those who have come "to pity and to help," as well as to other types who pass through life in pride and strength, or in profound meditation. Soft, benevolent, pitiful feelings "are mentioned in *Gen.* iii., § 9, as among the "good things" that were once counted bad (schlimme) things. For a certain class, indeed, e.g. the Hindus who find the aim of all intellectual activity in coming to know human misery, pity is relatively a life-preservative power, since it takes one away from oneself, banishes fear and numbness (*Erstarrung*) and incites to words and actions (*Dawn etc.*, § 136).

⁶¹ *W. to P.*

⁶² *Zar.*, i., vi.

⁶³ *Werke*, xii. 297, § 344.

⁶⁴ *Beyond G. and E.*, § 62.

⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, § 271.

⁶⁶ *Werke*, xiv. 412, § 291.

⁶⁷ *W. to P.*, § 63.

⁶⁸ *The Antichristian*, § 26. Mr A. W. Benn, ordinarily discriminating, misinterprets Nietzsche at this point (*International Journal of Ethics*, October, 1908, pp. 16-17).

⁶⁹ *Zar.*

⁷⁰ *Werke*, xi. 230, § 179.

⁷¹ Cf. Professor H. Höffding's remarks, *Moderne Philosophen*, 149-150, also Professor Wallace's, *op. cit.*, 237; and see *W. to P.*, §§ 44, 368.

⁷² *Dawn etc.*, § 144.

⁷³ *Zar.*, iv., vii.

⁷⁴ *Dawn etc.*, § 134. By way of contrast, the superior man is said to help the unfortunate, not, or scarcely, from pity, but out of his overflowing strength (*Beyond G. and E.*, § 260).

⁷⁵ *The Nation* (New York), 12th December, 1912.

⁷⁶ Nietzsche recognises that this is its normal character. "With alms one maintains the situation that makes the motive to alms. One gives then not from pity, for *this would not wish to continue the situation*" (*Werke*, xi. 227, § 172—italics mine). As to beggars, he would have them done away with; one is annoyed in giving to them, and annoyed in not giving (*Zar.*, ii., iii.; *Dawn etc.*, § 185). Dewey and Tufts are mistaken when they say that Nietzsche overlooks the reaction of sympathy to abolish the source of suffering (*Ethics*, p. 370 n.).

⁷⁷ *Werke*, xiv. 261, § 3.

⁷⁸ *Dawn etc.*, § 143.

⁷⁹ *Zar.*, ii., iii.

⁸⁰ *Werke*, xiii. 212, § 493.

⁸¹⁻⁸³ *W. to P.*, § 928; *Werke*, xi. 270, § 276.

⁸⁴ *W. to P.*, § 52; *Ecce Homo*, iii., iv. 2.

⁸⁵ *Zar.* i., iii.

⁸⁶ Cf. *W. to P.*, § 764.

⁸⁷ Mrs John Martin, *Is Mankind Advancing?* p. 48 n.

⁸⁸ *Ecce Homo*, iv. § 8; cf. *Werke*, xiv. 66-7, § 132; 119, § 252.

⁸⁹ *The Antichristian*, § 7. ⁹⁰ *W. to P.*, § 52; *Beyond G. and E.*, § 202.

⁹¹ *The Antichristian*, § 7; cf. Emerson's view (*Representative Men*, ch. i.): "Enormous populations, if they be beggars, are disgusting, like hills of ants, or of fleas—the more, the worse."

⁹² *W. to P.*, § 246. Emerson, however, says: "The more of these drones perish, the better for the hive" (*The Conduct of Life*, "Fate").

⁹³ Dr Grace N. Dolson quotes a statement of this sort (*The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche*, 100). The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, art. "Ethics," calls Nietzsche "the most orthodox exponent of Darwinian ideas in their application to ethics."

⁹⁴ Cf., e.g., *W. to P.*, §§ 70, 647–652, 684, 685; *Twilight etc.*, ix. § 14. One who wishes a discriminating treatment of the subject cannot do better than read pp. 219–238 of the late Professor Raoul Richter's *Friedrich Nietzsche, Sein Leben und Sein Werk* (2nd ed., 1909)—perhaps the best book for the student of Nietzsche that can be found. Professor Georg Simmel in "Fr. Nietzsche, eine moralphilosophische Silhouette" (*Zeitschrift für Philosophie*, 1906), and Professor Oskar Ewald in *Nietzsche's Lehre in ihren Grundbegriffen*, deny specifically Darwinian elements in the theory of the superman, though Simmel's view appears to be somewhat modified in his *Schopenhauer und Nietzsche* (1907—see p. 5).

⁹⁵ *W. to P.*, § 52. ⁹⁶ *Werke*, xii. 123–4, § 243; 191, § 408.

⁹⁷ *Zar.*, iii., xii. 4, cf. Prologue, 3, also i., x., and *Werke*, xiv. 72, § 140.

⁹⁸ *Dawn etc.*, § 17; *Gen.*, iii. § 26.

⁹⁹ *Joyful Science*, § 73.

¹⁰⁰ *Zar.*, i., xx.

¹⁰¹ *Werke*, xiv. 62, § 119.

¹⁰² *Gen.*, iii. §§ 14, 15.

¹⁰³ *Zar.*, iii., xii. 20.

¹⁰⁴ *The Antichristian*, § 2.

¹⁰⁵ See footnote 46.

¹⁰⁶ *W. to P.*, § 246; cf. § 54.

¹⁰⁷ *Ibid.*, § 910.

¹⁰⁸ *Zar.*, iv., vii. The loftier elevation to which pity does not belong is portrayed in these lines:

"Destined, O star, for radiant path,
No claim on thee the darkness hath!
Roll on in bliss through this, our age!
Its trouble ne'er shall thee engage!
In furthest worlds thy beams shall glow:
Pity, as sin, thou must not know!
Be pure: that duty's all you owe."

[Thomas Common's translation. The lines, entitled "Sternen-Moral," belong to "Scherz, List und Rache," appearing in *Werke*, v. (8vo ed.), vi. (pocket ed.). A similar sentiment is expressed in *Beyond G. and E.*, §§ 271, 284; *W. to P.*, § 985.]

¹⁰⁹ *Beyond G. and E.*, § 269; *W. to P.*, § 367.

¹¹⁰ *Beyond G. and E.*, § 225.

¹¹¹ *Gen.* i. § 12, cf. *Werke*, xiv. 66–7, § 132; *Joyful Science*, §§ 379, 382.

WILLIAM MACKINTIRE SALTER.

SILVER LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MODERN UTOPIANS IN CONFLICT.

J. W. MARRIOTT.

WE may frankly assume that all sane people, and incidentally most mad ones as well, are eager to bring about a perfect state—a New London or New Jerusalem. We may also take for granted that this ideal connotes a city of cleanliness, health, beauty, honesty, and high human achievement; a society of noble-spirited citizens, actuated by the purest motives, and living the finest sort of life, whether domestic, social, political, commercial, ethical, intellectual, or religious. Accepting this visionary city as the goal of every reformer, let us examine some of the methods advocated for its attainment.

The disciples of Ruskin, for instance, would begin by the wholesale use of dynamite.¹ The monotonous lines of sordid streets, the prodigious factories and warehouses, in short, every type of exasperating or depressing ugliness, would be blown into nonentity; but the Gothic churches, art galleries, and museums would be preserved. On the other hand, the Futurists would certainly begin by destroying these churches, art galleries, and museums in order to liberate humanity from the tyranny of tradition. Again, Mr Hilaire Belloc might commence by dismissing Parliament, possibly utilising the building (as Morris suggested) as a riverside storage for manure; but Mr Robert Blatchford might prefer to abolish the religion symbolised by the neighbouring Abbey. Mr Stephen Reynolds would perhaps lead a mob of workers

¹ At least Mr W. H. Mallock infers as much in his *New Republic*.

against the Education Offices ; Dr Clifford, aided and abetted by the Rev. Joseph Hocking, might lead another and more iconoclastic mob against Westminster Cathedral ; Mr Edward Carpenter, in his hatred of usury, might besiege the principal banks, although Mr Norman Angell would probably rush to the rescue, because the banking systems have knit the world into organic unity ; and after effecting their relief, he would attack the Nietzscheans with a cannonade of facts outside the War Office. Then there would be processions of teetotallers, eugenists, philosophical anarchists, as well as innumerable sects representing special theological tenets or political panaceas.

Obviously the road to El Dorado is not yet finally ascertained, and the simple inquirer is bewildered by the chaos and cacophony of so many contradictory instructions. There is all the clamour and dissonance of Babel, but Heaven is as remote as of yore. We may be pardoned, therefore, a rough attempt to analyse the main systems of recent Utopians, and to make a provisional summary which may serve as a working hypothesis.

It will be seen that the multitudinous prescriptions for the realisation of the ideal state may be grouped into four classes, viz. the artistic, the scientific, the political, and the religious. The distinctions are by no means absolute: the artist may work by the inspiration of religious faith, or the scientist through the authority of legislation. Nevertheless, most of our modern teachers approximate broadly to one of the four convenient types we have indicated.

William Morris has minutely described his vision of a perfect city, and one instantly perceives that his dominant theme is artistic beauty. He exults in the wide streets, spacious squares, magnificent architecture, and an all-pervading spirit of loveliness. He annihilates every form of ugliness, and with it vanish poverty, crime, disease, and everything that is repellent to the æsthetic instinct. In his ideal city everyone works for pleasure, financial rewards being neither practised

nor understood. The labour of the community produces sufficient for all its needs, with a bountiful surplus for luxuries. The condition of affairs wherein one individual seizes enough for a thousand comfortable homes, while the remainder toil agonisingly for the barest sustenance, is self-condemned; and for this reason, that it produces a crop of ugliness of which the squalid streets, jerry-built houses, and the rest of the dismal appurtenances of poverty are but the outward and execrable manifestations. In the name of beauty our modern civilisation must be convicted, and by the spell of beauty it must ultimately be saved. To Morris the vision of a glorified London was sufficient motive-power to work this change; and in *News from Nowhere* we have a picture not only of a new city but of a reformed humanity, whose principles are miraculously loftier than those of our own times. Morris's ideal remains a dream—an alluring mirage—having little relationship with the twentieth century. London has seen the glory, but is not transformed into the same image.

The city of serene beauty and static perfection which is depicted by Morris is inevitably recalled by a consideration of Mr Blatchford's *Sorcery Shop*. The reformed Manchester of this vision is essentially an artist's city:—

“It was an orchard plain, a plain of flowering trees, in the midst of which was built a city. The roofs and towers and gables of the town stood up like red and white islands out of a broad sea of blossom. . . . Below ran the chuckling river; above them spread the glistening azure sky; behind them the thrush sang rapturously in the leafy wood. The dew-washed air was sweet with the perfume of blossom and flower, and suffused by the sun with a rosy glow.”

So begins the dream, and one is bound to admit that the appeal is primarily to the sense of beauty throughout. But while Morris left his idyll as a heavenly vision to mock us like the unattainable, Mr Blatchford passionately asserts that his ideal city is literally and entirely practicable. Like Ruskin, he has been compelled to abandon his worship of the beautiful

in order to instruct, denounce, and reform. By adopting the proposals of socialism—the nationalisation of trade and property, the prevention of the private enterpriser from exploiting the labour of his fellows, from monopolising the common gifts of nature, or from intercepting the means of livelihood from the workers, in short, by giving every man free access to the necessities of life in exchange for a reasonable contribution of toil—we shall be able to create that desirable state where comfort, luxury, and beauty are the heritage of all the sons of men. This, Mr Blatchford proclaims, is the direct road to the Utopia to which we all aspire. Let it be noted that the artist has been driven to pamphleteering, to vehement propagandism, and to practical politics.

Recently, too, a famous artist—Mr Henry Holiday—wrote a scathing indictment of our civilised life, and he did it in the name of his art. It must always be so. The man with the vision splendid is brought into antagonism with our commercial system and impelled to seek a remedy. Mr Holiday blames the present-day principle of “buying cheap and selling dear,” and living on the difference. “All crafts have been turned into trades,” he says. “Mostly dishonest trades. Beauty has been stifled, and vulgar finery and tawdry gimcracks are the only substitutes left. We have dedicated our whole industrial system to the service of Mammon, and Beauty, spiritual, material, and social, is trampled under his feet.”

And thus the artist must perforce leave his dream in order to accomplish the ideal by the instruments of politics, science, or religion. The attraction of beauty is not sufficiently powerful to counteract the prevailing gravitations and to draw all men unto itself. This was one of Shelley’s illusions; and it was one of the facts that helped to break the faith of Ruskin. Unfortunately, people are not acutely conscious of the ugliness which surrounds them, for the recognition of ugliness implies an artist’s instinct and imagination. The multitudes regard beauty and ugliness with indifferent eyes, and it is easy for the artist to rail and chide them for their blindness; but

in the present state of affairs this rudimentary faculty is almost a mercy to be prayed for—a sort of spiritual anæsthetic. The impassioned but impotent artist can hardly utter anything more terrible than that.

The scientific Utopia is a very different ideal from that of the artist. Mr H. G. Wells, for instance, sees that the whole sin of modern life is its muddle, and science is the only way of salvation. Mr Bernard Shaw denounces the social and commercial conditions of our age in the name of common sense, which is another way of saying the same thing. As a typical example of the muddle against which the scientist directs his attack, we need only look at the nearest society. We find a mixture of all sorts and conditions of people—drunken, imbecile, diseased, criminal, deformed, as well as decent citizens—all intermingling promiscuously to produce the next generation. It is a kind of hotch-potch, or human hell-broth (with its everlasting refrain of bubble, toil, and trouble), in which the worst ingredients are least likely to be missing. Now to a biologist, or even to a breeder of animals, such a process is stark madness. Hence Mr Shaw suggests a wholesome use of the lethal chamber, and the extermination of the unfit. This deliberate selection and rejection will ensure a healthy race, and its temporary cruelty will prevent incalculable suffering in future years. Mr Wells similarly remarks in his *Anticipations* that the fact of a man's insanity should be the surest reason for his extinction, whereas to-day it is the safest plea for relieving an admitted murderer. In his *Modern Utopia*, however, Mr Wells describes another method of eliminating the morally vicious and physically defective. He would have all hopeless drunkards, for example, exiled to an island where they live out the remainder of their days. They would be permitted a large measure of liberty and a generous share of pleasure; but the State is inexorable about one thing, that these corrupt specimens of humanity shall not reproduce their kind. In this way the worst elements can be weeded out from society. Such an

argument is incontrovertible enough, and by these comparatively simple methods the general level of society would be gradually raised.

Again, in matters of trade, industry, and professional life it is evident that we are living in a state of anarchy. Each individual strives for himself against the rest. The world's work is disorderly, with frequent overlapping and culpable waste. Numbers of capable men are looking for employment while others are doing two men's shares for half pay, to the detriment of work and worker alike. It is irrational that half a dozen milkmen should compete in a little road which a single postman can serve quite unimpeachably. Consequently, in the *Fabian Essays* or *New Worlds for Old*, we get the scientists' denunciation of our industrial system (or lack of it) and a demand for nationalisation or municipalisation of the chief resources of existence. This revolution is recommended, not in the name of sentiment or justice merely, but in the cause of common sanity and the scientific order.

Mr Wells perceives that the triumph of science is by no means an unerring road to a definite Utopia. In *The War in the Air*, he sees civilisation improving and specialising to such an extraordinary pitch that the whole machinery smashes up and society returns to a state of mediæval tranquillity. In *The Time Machine*, we are brought face to face with the widening chasm between ruling and labouring classes, till eventually the latter are subterranean creatures afraid of the light, while the aristocracy becomes mindless and effete. In *When the Sleeper Wakes*, we find the millions practically helpless in the hands of a small autocracy. In *A Modern Utopia*, there is a ruling caste of Samurai, a kind of moral and intellectual priesthood which governs the State with rigid discipline and scientific precision. And in some of his later novels, Mr Wells develops this notion of a superior class which runs the nation on rational lines.

Lastly, *The World Set Free* deserves very serious con-

sideration. It is not a fantasy or speculative romance so much as a study of the great revolutionary forces at work in our midst. Science is moving slowly but irresistibly, and is altering everything it touches. Hitherto its energy has been accumulating, but at any given moment it may be transformed into something seismic and volcanic. The high potential may become suddenly dynamic. Already science has progressed so far that our legal and political organisations seem anachronisms, and may be swept entirely away in one vast catastrophic upheaval. The great war predicted is not unavoidable, but a change as profound and as far-reaching is bound to come: and in an age of scientific thought the whole country must be remodelled on sane and logical principles. William Morris described how his miraculous communism came into being by a fortunate accident; but there is nothing fortuitous about the changes to be wrought by science. A world-kingdom is sooner or later inevitable, and many of our cherished institutions and legal superstitions will be relegated to the limbo along with witchcraft and the worship of pagan gods.

There are two or three points about the scientific Utopia which need discussion. (1) What is the ultimate ambition of the scientist? Granting that the experiments in social engineering are successful, that the state-machine runs smoothly, without hitch or flaw, what is the ulterior motive for which it works? The motors go faster; the aeroplanes become safer and swifter; the streets themselves may be transformed into moving bands propelled by some almighty dynamo; there is speed, and more speed . . . but where does it tend? Will the perfected mechanism minister to the life of all or to the luxury of the dominant minority? Will man emerge into a higher creature or degenerate into a race of lotus-eaters? When humanity has been emancipated from the bondage of incessant labour, what will it do? Will it spend its leisure in reading Wordsworth, as Mill suggested? May it not lose something at once terrible and sublime when the hard battle for existence is over? And in what respect is the new city,

roaring like the loom of Time, superior to the tranquil dream of the artist ?

We grow aware of our bodily organs when there is something wrong ; but a man in perfect health forgets his body in the quest of bigger themes. The same thing must apply collectively. The heart of man will hunger for something outside and beyond the perpetual perfection of terrestrial affairs.

(2) Is the rationality of things their only *raison d'être* ? We are not only rational but mystical beings, and human nature is made up of paradoxes that bewilder the intellect where they most satisfy the heart. Mr Wells would slay dogs, for instance, and as a bacteriologist he laughs at his sentimental comrade lamenting over " Poor old doggie ! " Mr Shaw would abolish tobacco, alcohol, and flesh-eating. But these irrational customs are not to be dismissed so cheaply. Smoking may be utterly unreasonable and yet entirely lovable — like Tony Weller. It was a question of tobacco which led to the Milanese " Peterloo." Human prejudice is in the woof of our nature and cannot be eradicated without destroying humanity itself. One cannot regard men as pawns or puppets ; one cannot treat an individual as a chemical to be formularised or a contrivance to be worked. Society is not merely a design ; there is another dimension of which logic is oblivious. We might call it divine frivolity. It is the element in a man which drives a specialist to distraction. If he falls on it he is broken ; if it fall on him he is ground to powder.

Mechanical faultlessness is a trifle irritating, like the virtues of Marcus Aurelius. The scientific state is so mathematically perfect that one longs to smash it. Shakespeare sometimes created characters of such Titanic power that they broke up his plot, and the literalist criticises the fragments with pathetic solemnity. Perchance there is something in humanity which will prove too great for the punctilious precision of a logically planned existence. Possibly this is the meaning of the havoc of our present civilisation. The scientific Utopian must make

room enough for a big but illogical creature. Otherwise its doom is certain.

(3) There is a vague apprehension in our minds lest the scientists should demand too much, attempting experiments that outrage the human instinct. One suspects Eugenics of daring "more than will become a man." We realise that the slaughter of the unfit is "reasonable," just as the destruction of the superannuated is "defensible." Perhaps the scientist would sterilise a section of the community till it resembles an ant-commonwealth. Perhaps he will offer us an improved stomach of German silver—a vast advance on nature's work, which is frequently out of order. He may request us to fall in love in the interest of biology or to marry for the sake of obliging his personally supervised scheme of evolution. In short, all the incidents of life may be made utterly rational, and yet miss the greatest thing which evades definition. We are never so happy as when opposing the regulations of common sense. We shall be sentimental in spite of Shaw and dogmatic in spite of Wells. Young lovers will kiss with ecstasy in spite of volumes of bacteriology. The sexes will marry without a passing thought to the theories of sociology. Science can be an invaluable auxiliary, but one feels at times that the Utopians would make her a tyrant. For science was made for man, not man for science.

We do not accuse Mr Wells of ambiguity or false doctrine. He has shown that the triumph of science may have different issues. He has allowed for human variability and individual development. He has answered the Eugenist problem neatly. If the doctors claim to superintend the procreation of a lustier race, that race will prove its excellence by smashing the doctors' prerogative. Moreover, Mr Wells has never treated his schemes as final. His Utopia is kinetic, not static, and mankind will continually move forwards. Other Utopians have conceived their ideal states as finished products in which Time brings no further change. But Mr Wells has sufficient faith in the future races to abstain from advising them. He

does deliberately and joyfully what others do unwittingly in leaving posterity to determine its own destiny.

We have seen that both artist and scientist are brought into contact with the present system in all its phases. They expostulate and fulminate, but the system remains in its primordial ugliness and muddle. Thus art is to be revered as "a glorious but ineffectual angel," and science is still "a voice crying in the wilderness." Both dreamers must quit their own realms and seize the weapons of practical politics.

The political methods of attaining Utopia can be briefly considered. Legislation acts by compulsion, and thereby tends to remedy general conditions. It is a process of amelioration by rough expedients, consisting principally of restrictions and coercions. A small percentage of our legislation deals with the question of elevating the national life, although admittedly during recent years the statesman has become more and more social and surprisingly domestic. There are idealists in all parties, who, if they held the reins of power, would introduce measures for the betterment of all people. Unfortunately, we can see only too conspicuously that the prominent vices of civilisation characterise its legislative assembly. The scientific Utopian in Parliament would commence drastic operations, but at present his success is unimaginable. One is reminded of Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth and beholding a harvest of armed warriors springing from the soil. They promptly set to work, slaying one another with vehemence, and it was with difficulty that the hero arrested the conflict and with the remnant began to build a city. Such things are a parable of political life.

It is a truism that legislation cannot make good citizens. It deals with conduct but not with motives. It thunders forth its fiats of "Thou shalt not," but does not reach the depths of the heart whence come most of the tragedies of life. It never penetrates to the root of wrong. There is an ancient hunger in the soul which politics can never satisfy. But until that need has been appeased the scientific machinery will only

glide in barren perfection, and the artistic dreams serve but to mock the bitter heart.

This is precisely the starting-point of the religious Utopian. The soul-craving must first be satisfied. The prodigal will cease to hunger for the sty of Epicurus when he knows that the feast is spread in his father's home. The unnatural exile of a spiritual being must be ended and the true destiny understood. Much that is twisted and awry in our human nature can be set right, and with the reform of the individual comes the uplifting of social conditions. All religious teachers from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the ranting revivalist agree on this, at any rate, that a city can be made perfect by the conversion of its inhabitants. Environment influences personal character enormously, but persons are the first cause of all environments. A slum landlord is a *causa causarum*; wherefore we must first change the man.

In many respects the methods of the religious Utopian are the direct antithesis of the others we have mentioned. It so happens that Mr G. K. Chesterton is almost the only modern writer of any consequence who has described a religious Utopia. We are aware that the scientific mind persists in regarding him as an incorrigible jester, and for this reason his books have never received the consideration they require. A logician is amused or irritated by such a book as *The Ball and the Cross*, for here two men go through a series of wild adventures, fighting one another at every opportunity, and travelling a most ludicrous journey which ends in an asylum. But the essential thing is here which was lacking in the scientific states—the flaming faith which is a personal possession, and the perpetual defence and defiance in order to save it. There is some stupendous thing worth dying for. The faultless Utopia ignores this elemental need; it is rational but joyless: it misses the sublime madness and giant laughter of life. But Mr Chesterton's ideal London is neither scientific, artistic, nor political. It is not reasonable, hygienic, æsthetic, or peaceable. *It is epic*. It is the gallant defence of a dirty

little back street against the whole universe; but it changes life into an Iliad, a Crusade, a tremendous spiritual adventure.

Mr Chesterton has proclaimed these doctrines consistently in all his works. We find in *Orthodoxy*, for example, a remark that in order to improve a place we must love it and hate it simultaneously. A pessimist may hate Pimlico, but Pimlico continues unaltered. But if the pessimist had a devouring affection for Pimlico, he would feel it was worth changing, and the place would become glorious as Florence. Similarly, we must regard the world as an ogre's castle to be stormed, and a home to return to at nightfall.

In our recent discussions of environment we have generally overlooked an old religious dogma of great importance, viz. the fact of a man's independence of his material circumstances. The saints spoke of the world in terms of vituperation and contempt: it was a monster to be slain without mercy. Thus daily existence became an heroic combat with remorseless foes, and goodness an everlasting chivalry. A man's surroundings may be dingy and loathsome; but he may be rioting in spiritual joy. On the other hand, a man may be surrounded by every comfort and luxury but bereft of everything that makes life really great. The religious Utopian dreads the perfection of a beautiful state as he dreads the Sirens' song or Circe's banquets. Any fool can get on in the universe, but the thrilling joy is "to get the universe on." Hence *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* describes a battlefield rather than a city of pleasure.

The Man Who Was Thursday is a fantastic allegory illustrating the great truth that Order is not an inevitable succession of events but a series of exciting victories. Peace is not dulness but a perilous balance, and everyday life is an unbroken chain of hairbreadth adventures. The same idea runs through *Manalive*, for the hero of that little burlesque is constantly trying to realise afresh the significance of familiar things. Mr Chesterton incessantly proclaims his mystic doctrine of the preciousness of common things. The world

fills him with an exultation which is almost an agony: and in his Utopia a man would fight for his commonplace little home with the passion of a martyr. From that moment nothing on earth can be commonplace. Courage and faith transfigure and sanctify everything. Surely this is life in its highest reaches of splendour.

The Flying Inn is generally dismissed as an attack on teetotalism; but it is more than that. It is more than an attack on modern habits of thought. Its theme is liberty, the liberty of ordinary men fighting against the thralldom of Lilliputian restrictions. It represents the plain man eluding the hosts of theorists and specialists who want to manage his life for him. One is reminded of Mr Belloc's remonstrance in *The Servile State*. We have already referred to this grave danger of despotism in a scientific Utopia. Mr Wells has escaped the difficulty as usual. His fine allegory *The Country of the Blind* depicts the man of genius almost vanquished by popular convention and domesticity. *Marriage* is the same notion worked out in daily life. But other scientific writers, particularly some of the Fabians, seem to forget that the Magna Charta has not yet been repealed.

The Napoleon of Notting Hill is a most unreasonable book. That is its peculiar fascination. It is a repudiation of our mathematical views of men. In spite of the laws of dynamics the small army defeats the larger. In spite of Karl Marx's theorem the hero fights to the death for an idea. In defiance of logic Notting Hill triumphs, as Athens and Nazareth triumphed, in the hour of her destruction. An ideal city must be more than beautiful, orderly, and prosperous; it must contain that blazing element which is at once peril and life. Sweet reasonableness may satisfy a Matthew Arnold or a Swinburne, for they had lost this faith; but while the sad-faced vegetarian is discussing the rights of the fatted calf, the sons of gods are sitting down to a divine festival. For them the joy of life is neither sweet nor reasonable: it is tumultuous, riotous, and full of mirth. It

is an echo of that primeval revelry when "the stars of morning sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

When Art has given us everything beautiful, and Science has established the life of the city with astronomical completeness, and Politics has checked the criminal and given a chance to all, even then the hearts of men will long for that epic dream expressed in *Notting Hill*:

"Likelier across these flats afar,
These sulky levels, smooth and free,
The drums shall crash a waltz of war
And Death shall dance with Liberty:
Likelier the barricades shall blare
Slaughter below and smoke above,
And death and hate and hell declare
That men have found a thing to love."

J. W. MARRIOTT.

MANCHESTER.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF AS AFFECTING THE GROWTH OF POPULATION.

MEYRICK BOOTH, B.Sc., PH.D.

MORE than one writer on social problems has pointed out, of recent years, that the connection between religious belief and the movement of population is much more intimate than the sociologists of a few decades ago would have been willing to admit. But owing partly to the influence of economic theories (which have tended to blind sociologists to all but one aspect of the population question), and partly to the difficulty of obtaining the needful figures, the exact nature of this connection has been greatly obscured. During the last few years, however, many new facts have come to light; and it is important that some of the more interesting of these should be collected together. The following article is an attempt, if nothing more than an attempt, to present in a connected form a few of the facts and figures bearing upon the movement of population, with *especial reference to the manner in which this movement is affecting the position and prospects of present-day Protestantism.*

Let us begin by considering some of the more important centres of the civilisation of to-day.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The population question in this country has hitherto been studied almost exclusively from the economic standpoint, with

the result that it is not easy to obtain reliable statistics of the kind in which we are interested. A certain amount of important information is, however, in existence. In the *Fabian Tract* No. 131 (by Mr Sidney Webb) some light is thrown upon the influence of religious belief in relation to the decline of the birth-rate. In the first place, it is made clear that this decline is by no means due—as is often assumed—to the fact that we are becoming a town-dwelling race, for the fall in many country districts has been much greater than in some of the largest cities (for example, the birth-rate in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Glasgow, and in some of the most crowded parts of London, diminished to a comparatively slight extent only between 1881 and 1901, while in Cornwall it fell by no less than 29 per cent., and from 20 to 30 per cent. in Rutland, Sussex, Devon, and Westmoreland). It does not appear, further, that we can look to the growth of luxury for an adequate explanation: for the decline has been quite as marked in many poor districts as in well-to-do centres. In London, for example, there are nineteen boroughs which show closely similar birth-rates, but in which the standard of living varies very widely indeed. Considerations of this kind make us realise the complications with which the problem is beset. But in the midst of all these complications certain significant facts stand out.

Mr Sidney Webb draws our attention to the very striking circumstance that while the decline which we are considering was in rapid progress in England, the Irish birth-rate actually *rose* by 3 per cent., and the Dublin rate by no less than 9 per cent. (taking the same years, 1881–1901)! Moreover, he points out that those English towns which have shown the smallest decrease in birth-rate are, in general, those in which either Jews or Roman Catholics, or both, are most numerous. Liverpool, Salford, Manchester, and Glasgow are cities containing an exceptionally large proportion of Irish Catholics, with a fairly strong Jewish element; and the seven most prolific London boroughs are just those which contain the largest percentage

of Roman Catholics and Jews (namely Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, Finsbury, Poplar, Shoreditch, Southwark, and Stepney). It has usually been assumed that the high birth-rates obtaining in these parts of London are associated with their poverty; but Mr Sidney Webb shows that most important differences in wealth exist between many other boroughs without the birth-rate apparently being affected. We seem impelled to the conclusion that racial and religious factors are exerting an important influence. The same leaflet draws our attention, also, to the birth-rate question in the Lancashire cotton towns. Here the number of births has, in general, fallen off greatly of recent years, but the phenomenon has been less marked in Preston than in the other places. It is precisely in Preston, however, that the Roman Catholic Church is strongest, as compared with the other cotton centres.

Leaving the Fabian leaflet, let us consider a number of other observations. The student of the population question will notice, for example, the curious difference between Leeds and Bradford in the matter of the birth-rate. Here we have two towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire, so close to one another that they form almost one city, and the inhabitants of which are engaged in almost identical pursuits and are accustomed to live upon the same economic level; yet the birth-rate in the one (Leeds) is 23·2 per 1000, and in the other 19·3 per 1000! Why should the Leeds rate be no less than some 20 per cent. higher than the Bradford rate? Here again we see the operation, however, of racial and religious factors: in Leeds the proportion of Jews and Irish Catholics is well known to be very high; while the Bradford working-class is almost purely English.

Some interesting information dealing with British conditions has been published by Mr W. C. D. Whetham and Mrs Whetham (see *The Family and the Nation*). They show that the birth-rate amongst our aristocratic families has fallen in the following fashion:—

Years.	No. of children to each fertile marriage.
1831-40	7.1
1841-60	6.1
1871-80	4.36
1881-90	3.31

These figures are deduced from an examination of the landed gentry taken as a whole—the majority being, of course, Protestants. But the experiment was also made of isolating those families known to be definitely Roman Catholic, with the following result:—

Years.	No. of children to each fertile marriage.
1871-90	6.6 (as compared with 3.74 for the landed families as a whole during the same period)

This is evidence of the most positive description, and must go far to corroborate our previous theory of the influence of religious belief in the case of certain English towns.

In this connection a study of *The Catholic Year Book* for 1914 is instructive. Here we are given a list of all the different Roman Catholic dioceses in Great Britain, with the Catholic population and the number of infant baptisms which took place during the last year. Since all Roman Catholic babies are baptised soon after birth, these figures will give us at any rate a rough idea of the purely Roman Catholic birth-rate. For ten typical districts the birth-rate works out as follows:—

Diocese.	Birth-rate per 1000 of the Roman Catholic population.
Menevia (Wales)	45.2
Middlesbrough	38.0
Leeds	42.0
Liverpool	40.0
Newport	53.0
Northampton	33.0
Plymouth	26.0
Shrewsbury	38.0
Southwark	39.0
Westminster	36.0
Average	<u>38.6</u>

A comparison of this figure with the general rate for England and Wales (about 24.0) will convey a clear idea of

the remarkable difference which exists between the fertility of Roman Catholics and that of the population as a whole, and will help us to understand the steady numerical progress of Roman Catholicism in this country during the last few decades (in fact, since the introduction of Malthusian customs). Provided that the Roman Church is able to hold its own members—and the leakage is apparently not large—a birth-rate of this kind will ensure its ascent to a predominant position in Great Britain; on the other hand, the declining membership of most of the Protestant bodies is easily explained by the rapid diminution of their birth-rates during recent years. In this connection, the following quotation from *The Family and the Nation* is very pertinent: “Arithmetical calculation shows that if one section of a people reproduces itself faster, even to a slight degree, than the rest, it will rapidly surpass all other sections in numbers, and, after a few generations, dominate the whole of the nation.” Judging from a number of figures which cannot be quoted here, owing to considerations of space, it would seem that the English middle-class birth-rate has fallen to the extent of *over 50 per cent.* during the last forty years; and we have actual figures showing that the well-to-do artisan birth-rate has declined, *in the last thirty years, by 52 per cent.*! Seeing that the Protestant Churches draw their members mainly from these very classes, we have not far to seek for an explanation of the empty Sunday Schools.

The population of Great Britain may be divided roughly into two classes¹:—

CLASS 1 (increasing).

The unskilled labouring class, with the coal and iron workers.

Roman Catholics in all classes.

Jews, Irish, and some foreign stocks (Poles, Italians, etc.).

CLASS 2 (decreasing).

The whole of the (non-Catholic) middle, upper, and cultured classes.

The cream of the (non-Catholic) working-class families.

¹ The birth-rates of a few typical towns, per 1000 inhabitants, will be found very illuminating in this connection.

Centres of unskilled labour and of the coal and iron industry :—

West Ham	29·6	Hartlepool	30·7
Sunderland	31·3	Rhondda	35·7
South Shields	30·6	Swansea	28·5
Rotherham	29·5	Middlesbrough	32·0
Merthyr Tydfil	29·3	Hull	27·7
Sheffield	27·7	Newcastle	26·7

Towns with a high proportion of Roman Catholics, or of Jews and foreigners :—

Liverpool	30·3	In London {	Shoreditch	32·1
Manchester	26·0		Bethnal Green	30·5
Salford	26·8		Stepney	30·0
Glasgow	28·0			

Centres of skilled labour :—

Bradford	19·3	Nelson	16·9
Blackburn	20·4	Leicester	22·6
Bolton	22·6	Reading	21·4
Huddersfield	18·8	Kidderminster	22·3
Devonport	22·5	Taunton	19·3

Towns with a high proportion of middle- and upper middle-class inhabitants :—

Hove	14·2	Bournemouth	14·8
Leamington	17·8	Kensington	19·3
Hampstead	14·9	Scarborough	16·4
Southend	19·5	Oxford	19·2
Bath	16·7	Richmond	17·8

Country towns :—

Appleby	16·2	Lewes	17·3
Bridgewater	22·3	Yeovil	20·1
Ripon	18·7	Sudbury	18·0
Leominster	21·1	Thetford	15·8
Huntingdon	16·9	Wisbech	20·4

FRANCE.

It is quite in accordance with the character and tradition of the French people that important movements in thought and life should exhibit themselves in France with peculiar force and clarity. And we shall not be disappointed if we look to that country for significant facts bearing upon the population

problem. The general lowness of the French birth-rate is, of course, well known; but the majority of people are probably ignorant of the fact that the figures vary to an extraordinary extent in the different departments. Let us consider this variation very briefly. In the first place, there are certain districts which show a birth-rate higher than that found in the usual English country district. Chief amongst these are:—

Finisterre (27·1).	Vendec.
Pas-de-Calais (26·6).	Belfort.
Morbihan (25·8).	Cotes-du-Nord.

(The figures in brackets are birth-rates per 1000.)

On the other hand, there are a large number of departments in which the yearly quota of deaths considerably exceeds the total of births. For example:—

Gers (13·0).	Haute Garonne.
Lot-et-Garonne (13·6).	Lot.
Tarn-et-Garonne.	

(The figures in brackets are birth-rates per 1000.)

The above five departments (in which the decline of population has been most marked) are adjacent to one another in the fertile valley of the Garonne, one of the wealthiest parts of France; and we may well ask: Why should the birth-rate under such favourable conditions be less than half that which is noted for the bleak district of Finisterre? The noted statistician, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, has some interesting observations to offer upon this paradoxical state of things. Considering the country in general, and these districts in particular, he notes that the most prolific parts of France are those in which the people have retained their allegiance to the traditional Church (in the case of the Pas-de-Calais we have a certain degree of adherence to the orthodox faith combined with the presence of a large mining population). M. Leroy-Beaulieu expresses the opinion that the Catholic Church tends, by means of its whole atmosphere, to promote a natural increase of population;

for, more than other types of Christianity, it condemns egoism, materialism, and inordinate ambition for self or family; and, moreover, it works in the same direction through its uncompromising condemnation of modern Malthusian practices. He draws our attention, further, to the new wave of religious life which has swept over the *haute-bourgeoisie* of France during the last few decades; and he does not hesitate to connect this with the fact that this class is now one of the most prolific (perhaps the most prolific) in the nation. Space forbids my taking up this subject in detail, but it appears from a considerable body of figures which have been collected that, while the average number of children born to each marriage in the English Protestant upper middle-class is not more than about 2·0 to 2·5, the number born to each marriage in the corresponding class in France is between 3·0 and 4·0. Taking the foregoing facts into consideration, it would appear that Roman Catholicism—even in France—is very considerably more prolific (where the belief of the people is at all deep) than English Protestantism. This applies both to the upper and lower classes.

It has been customary for sociologists to assume, almost without argument, that the greater prolificity of certain sections of the French people was to be explained through their poverty and ignorance; but a closer study of the real facts will go far to remove this idea, and to lead us to suppose that religious and moral factors are of central importance.

GERMANY.

In Germany the situation is much the same as in France, but the differences are not so marked. For some years there has been a steady increase in the Catholic element, and we may safely assume that this increase is due to the difference of birth-rate, which is in favour of the Roman Catholic population, and not to conversions, for these are not very numerous. The following figures will be found instructive:—

1900.			1905.		1910.	
No.		Per cent. of Pop.	No.	Per cent.	No.	Per cent.
Protestant	35,000,000	62·5	37·6 millions	62·1	40·0 millions	61·6
Rom. Cath.	20,000,000	36·1	22·0 „	36·5	24·0 „	36·7

This gradual growth in the number of Catholics per cent. of the population is easily understood when we look at the birth-rate statistics for some of the large Protestant cities. We give the figures for Berlin during the last forty years:—

1876-80	.	.	44·0	1896-1900	.	.	29·0
1881-85	.	.	38·0	1901-05	.	.	27·0
1886-90	.	.	34·0	1910	.	.	21·0
1891-95	.	.	31·0				

Moreover, definite figures exist showing the relative fertility of Protestant and Catholic marriages; for example, in the years 1875-1890 the average number of children born to each marriage when both parents were Catholics was 5·24, and when both were Protestant, 4·35. Unfortunately, statistics are not at hand for the years after 1890, but there is every reason to believe that since then the difference has been accentuated.

THE UNITED STATES.

The religious census of 1906 revealed the fact that the United States is becoming a great stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church. The New England States, the original home of American Puritanism, are now important centres of Catholicism (Massachusetts shows 1,100,000 members of the Roman Catholic Church and 450,000 members of all Protestant Churches combined!). In Illinois there are about a million Roman Catholics, while the strongest Protestant body (the Methodists) cannot show more than 300,000 adherents. In New York State we find 2,300,000 Catholics

and about 300,000 Methodists, while no other Protestant body numbers more than 200,000.

What is the explanation of this remarkable state of things? It would appear, in the main, to be due to two causes: (1) The influx into the States of large masses of European Catholics, who cling tenaciously to their religion; (2) the much greater prolificity of these stocks as compared with the native population.

Let us examine a few representative statistics:—

State.	Population (1910).	Chief Religious Bodies (1906).	Births and Deaths (b. and d.).	Birth-rate per 1000.
Indiana .	2,700,000	Methodist . . . 233,000 Prot. Episcopalian 102,000 Disciples . . . 118,000 R.C. . . . 175,000	b. 36,000 d. 36,500	13·0
Iowa . .	2,224,000	Methodist . . . 164,000 Lutheran . . . 117,000 Presbyterian . . 60,000 R.C. . . . 207,000	b. 36,000 d. 20,000	16·0
Maryland	1,295,000	Methodist . . . 137,000 Prot. Episcopalian 35,000 Baptist and smaller about . . . 100,000 R.C. . . . 167,000	b. 19,000 d. 20,300	15·0
California .	2,377,000	R.C. . . . 354,000 Prot. bodies about 250,000 (All churches weak.)	b. 32,100 d. 32,400	14·0
Kentucky .	2,290,000	Baptist . . . 312,000 Methodist . . . 156,000 R.C. . . . 166,000	b. 35,000 d. 18,000	15·0

It will be noticed that in all these five states the proportion of Roman Catholics is comparatively small; and it should be added that in none of them (with the exception of California) is the foreign element large. In all cases the birth-rate is excessively low—lower even than in France—and in three cases there is an *actual excess of deaths over births*, showing that the low natal figures are not compensated for by a correspondingly low death-rate.

But now let us turn our eyes towards the other side of the

picture, and consider a few states in which the foreign and Catholic element is well represented. The reader will immediately notice the different character of the figures :—

State.	Population (1910).	Chief Religious Bodies.	Births and Deaths.	Birth-rate per 1000.
New York .	9,113,000	R.C. . . . 2,280,000 Jews . . . 1,000,000 (?) Methodist . . 300,000 Presbyterian . 200,000	<i>b.</i> 213,000 <i>d.</i> 147,000	22·0
Rhode Island	540,000	R.C. . . . 160,000 Baptist . . . 20,000 Prot. Episcopalian 15,000	<i>b.</i> 13,000 <i>d.</i> 8,000	24·0
Massachusetts	3,366,000	R.C. . . . 1,080,000 Congregational 120,000 Baptist . . . 80,000 (all Protestants together . . 450,000)	<i>b.</i> 84,000 <i>d.</i> 51,000	25·0
Michigan .	2,800,000	R.C. . . . 490,000 Methodist . . 128,000 Lutheran . . 105,000	<i>b.</i> 64,000 <i>d.</i> 36,000	23·0
Connecticut .	1,114,000	R.C. . . . 300,000 Congregational 66,000 Prot. Episcopalian 37,000	<i>b.</i> 27,000 <i>d.</i> 17,000	24·0

Definite statistics for some of the most important states, other than those included above, are unfortunately not at present obtainable; but the reader will perceive from the figures given that there is a remarkable increase of the foreign and non-Protestant section of the American people as compared with the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant section, an increase which must result in a gradual alteration of the character, customs, and beliefs of the nation. In the past the foreign stocks entering the States have been absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon majority; but in the future it must be very seriously doubted whether such an absorption will be possible. That the Anglo-Saxon Protestant element, which has all along formed the core of American civilisation, is now a diminishing quantity is fully borne out by many other observations.

For example (quoting from a work by W. B. Bailey

entitled *Modern Social Conditions*), the fecundity of marriages in Massachusetts during a series of years was as follows:—

Year.	No. of Children per Marriage.	
	Native Stock.	Foreign Stock.
1870	2.2	4.4
1880	2.2	5.0
1890	2.4	4.3

Similar figures exist for the state of Michigan. We are told, too, that in Connecticut, in the year 1900, there were 173,000 married women, of whom 66,000 were foreign-born whites; and that in that year these 66,000 gave birth to almost exactly the same number of children as the remaining 107,000—a little over one-third of the married women in the state thus producing half the children. W. B. Bailey comes to the conclusion that, taking the United States as a whole, the Anglo-Saxon stock is contributing considerably less than its share to the increase of population.

Further, we know that in Boston, in the year 1900, the native birth-rate was 18.2 and the foreign-born 31.1; while in Providence (R.I.) the rates, for the same year, were 16.0 (native) and 31.1 (foreign-born). Such enormous differences as these must have the effect of rapidly altering the entire constitution of the nation.

A few years ago a New York religious paper, *Federation*, investigated the question of the birth-rate in that city, with especial reference to religious belief. The conclusion arrived at was that the different bodies could be graded as follows with respect to the number of children per marriage:—

- (1) Jews (highest number).
- (2) Roman Catholics.
- (3) Protestants (Orthodox).
- (4) Protestants (Liberal).
- (5) Agnostic.

It is difficult to obtain accurate figures, but it is well known that the birth-rate amongst the better-educated native American people in New York is exceedingly low;¹ and there is only too much reason to believe that the majority of the most capable and intelligent families in this section of the population are being eliminated with considerable rapidity. Meanwhile the Jews, the poorer foreigners, and the Roman Catholics seem to be steadily increasing.

Looking at the situation as a whole, there is good reason to think that the Protestant Anglo-Saxons are not only losing ground *relatively*, but must, at any rate in the East and middle East, be suffering an actual decrease on a large scale. For it has been shown by more than one sociologist (see, for example, the statement in *The Family and the Nation*) that no stock can maintain itself with an average of less than about four children per marriage, and from all available data (it has not been found possible to obtain definite figures for most of the Western and Southern states) we must conclude that the average fertility of each marriage in this section of the American people falls far short of the requisite four children. Judging by all the figures at hand, the modern Anglo-Saxon American, with his high standard of comfort, his intensely individualistic outlook on life, and his intellectual and emancipated but child-refusing wife, is being gradually thrust aside by the upgrowth of new masses of people of simpler tastes and hardier and more natural habits. And, what is of peculiar interest to us, this new population will carry into ascendancy those religious and moral beliefs which have moulded its type of life.

The victory will be, not to those religious beliefs which most closely correspond to certain requirements of the abstract intellect, but to those which give rise, in practice, to a mode of life that is simple, natural, unselfish, and adequately prolific—in other words, to a mode of life that *works*, that is *Lebensfähig*.

¹ It has been stated in a German sociological review that forty per cent. of the upper-class marriages in New York are childless.

CANADA.

Turning to Canada, the following figures will be found to bear upon the problem we are discussing:—

Membership of leading Religious Bodies in 1911.	Increase in Membership between 1901 and 1911.
Roman Catholics . . . 2,833,000	603,000
Presbyterians . . . 1,115,000	273,000
Methodists . . . 1,080,000	163,000
Anglicans . . . 1,050,000	361,000

Province.	Religious Complexion.	Birth-rate.
Quebec . . .	Almost entirely R.C.	37·2
Nova Scotia . . .	Largely R.C.	25·0
Ontario . . .	Mainly Protestant.	22·6
Alberta . . .	" "	23·5
Saskatchewan . . .	" "	17·7
Manitoba . . .	" "	15·9
British Columbia . . .	" "	14·9

Before bringing this article to a conclusion, the reader should be reminded that the yearly excess of births over deaths in Russia *alone* is much greater than in *all the Protestant countries in the world put together*! And, in addition, we have such large increases of population as the following in other non-Protestant countries:—

Country.	Excess of Births over Deaths per annum.
Japan	600,000
Italy	500,000
Austria	310,000
Catholic Germany	c. 300,000
Hungary	274,000
Spain	211,000

It is thus clear, even when we leave India and China out of account, that the Protestant nations are being left far behind in the general growth of the world's population. The new territories that have been opened up of recent years are being occupied to an ever-increasing extent by stocks which show little disposition to be influenced by modern Protestantism.

And in the older countries the situation is no less serious. Mr Sidney Webb points out, in the pamphlet we have already quoted, that the gradual extinction of whole sections of the better classes in Great Britain (including tens of thousands of the best working-class families) is slowly creating a *vacuum* into which quite a new kind of population is being sucked. While the more intelligent and more well-to-do English and Scottish people are drastically restricting their families, the Irish, the Jews, and the poorer foreign stocks are rapidly multiplying and filling the country. [There is not much satisfaction (he adds) to be derived from the declining death-rate: "The probable diminution in the death-rate has very narrow limits; whilst that in the birth-rate is cumulative and limitless. What is of far greater social importance is that a diminished death-rate among those who are born in no way mitigates the evil influence of an adverse selection—it even intensifies its effects."] Under these circumstances it is not in the least necessary for Protestant ministers and clergyman to cast about them for evidence of Jesuit machinations wherewith to explain the decline of the Protestant Churches in this country! Let them rather look at the empty cradles in the homes of their own congregations!

M. Leroy-Beaulieu devotes a section of his illuminating book *La Question de la Population* to an analysis of the life of the people in those French departments which show an exceptionally low birth-rate. He considers that these districts are distinguished in the first place by a peculiar atmosphere of materialism. Their inhabitants exhibit, in a high degree, what he calls *l'esprit arriviste*—the desire above all things to "arrive," to push on, to concentrate on outward success, to advance themselves and their children. Family egoism outweighs all ethical and patriotic considerations. It is to this kind of spirit and to the corresponding absence of religious belief that he attributes the decline of population. In central and southern France there is a general feeling that it is best

to have one or two children only and to concentrate wholly upon their advancement.¹

¹ It is at this stage that I can best break off, for a moment, in order to deal with an aspect of the problem which will no doubt have presented itself to the minds of many of my readers. Is it not possible, it may be asked, that the numerical retrogression of our higher Protestant civilisation is the necessary accompaniment of an intellectual and spiritual elevation? May it not be the case that those forces which were formerly employed in the work of racial reproduction have now become diverted into new forms of energy—intellectual, social, artistic, religious, or moral? And does not the very small family lead to the production of a higher type of child, does it not give us boys and girls who are better fed, healthier, and more carefully trained than those of the days when families were so much larger?

The object of this article is merely to attract attention to the actual *fact* of the enormous decline in the Protestant birth-rate of recent years, and not to argue for or against the small family; but in the course of the study which the subject entailed, a number of observations were made closely related to the above questions, and it will be useful to refer to a few of these in the briefest possible manner.

1. A civilisation cannot be maintained with an average of less than about four children per marriage; a smaller number will lead to actual extinction.

2. Much information exists tending to show that heredity strongly favours the third, fourth, fifth, and subsequent children born to a given couple, rather than the *first two*, who are peculiarly apt to inherit some of the commonest physical and mental defects (upon this important point the records of the University of London Eugenics Laboratory should be consulted). A population with a low birth-rate thus naturally tends to degenerate. It is the normal, and not the small family, that gives the best children.

3. The present differential birth-rate—high amongst the less intelligent classes and low amongst the most capable families—so far from leading upwards is causing the race to breed to a lower type.

4. The small family encourages the growth of luxury and the development of what M. Leroy-Beaulieu calls *l'esprit arriviste*.

5. The popular idea that childbirth is injurious to a woman's health is probably quite erroneous. Where the birth-rate is high the health of the women is apparently better than where it is artificially low.

6. A study of history does not show that nations with low birth-rates have been able to attain to a higher level of civilisation. Such nations have been thrust into the background by their hardier neighbours.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for July 1911, contains a valuable account, by a doctor, resident in Gascony, of the state of things in that part of France (where, it will be remembered, the birth-rate is especially low). He expresses with the utmost emphasis the conviction that the Gascons are deteriorating, physically and mentally, and points out, at the same time, that the decline of population has had an injurious effect upon the economic condition of the country. "L'hyponatalité est une cause précise et directe de la dégénérescence de la race," he writes. And dealing with the belief that a low birth-rate

This is precisely the kind of spirit with which the Churches now find themselves confronted in Great Britain, Germany, and America, and, as we have seen, it is already giving rise to the same results which have been produced in France. It remains to be seen whether the Protestant religious bodies will be able to rise to the situation in time to prevent the threatened decadence. The author of this article is himself a Protestant, and he writes, not in any spirit of hostile criticism, but with the object of bringing to the notice of Protestant men and women a number of facts which are as yet quite inadequately realised, but which are of the most fundamental importance for the future development of religious and ethical life. From the statistics which have been collected it would appear that modern Protestantism is now (*in practice* if not in theory) virtually identified with a very extreme type of Malthusianism, and that in consequence of this state of affairs it is being driven back in practically all the great centres of civilisation, both in the old world and the new, while the cream of its human material is suffering gradual extinction. If Protestant thinkers are alive to the gravity of the situation, is it not time that they should ask themselves very seriously the question: Are we prepared to accept this extreme Malthusianism, this anxious and drastic restriction of the family, as the true ideal of Christian marriage? If we cannot answer this question in the affirmative, we should face the fact that modern Protestantism is exhibiting, in this respect, a very wide gulf indeed between theory and practice.

MEYRICK BOOTH.

LETCHWORTH.

will result in the development of a superior type of child, he says: "C'est une illusion qui ne résiste pas à la lumière des faits tels que les montre l'étude démographique de nos villages gascons. Depuis que beaucoup de bancs restent vides à la petite école, les écoliers ne sont ni mieux doués, ni plus travailleurs, et ils sont certainement moins vigoureux." And again, "La quantité est en générale la condition première et souveraine de la qualité."

GOD AS THE COMMON WILL.

PROFESSOR H. A. OVERSTREET,

College of the City of New York.

I.

ONE of the characteristics of religious theory has been its tendency to separate itself, perhaps unduly, from the other great human disciplines. Its task has seemed to concern an order of existence independent of, indeed in many respects antagonistic to, the normal interests of earthly society. Hence in pursuing its peculiar interest, religious theory has in the main paid little attention to theories of social and political life. In point of fact, however, social-political and religious theories have faced the same typical problem, the problem, namely, of the individual's relation to a larger, binding order of existence. In the pursuit of this problem both types of theory have encountered the same perplexing difficulty: how to reconcile the individuality of the self, its unique self-assertion, its freedom, in short, with obligation to an order of reality that is so much greater and more significant than the individual that it properly overrides whatever in him is antagonistic to its own larger claim. For the one type of theory, this larger order obligating the individual is the State; for the other, God. In both cases, however, the problem as to the manner in which individual life can be both master of itself and subject to a power greater than itself is, in essential features, the same.

It will suffice for the purpose in hand to confine ourselves

to three types of political theory.¹ The first type, expressed most clearly in modern days by Bentham, Mill, and Spencer, regards law as of the nature of a restraint imposed from without. Far from being the expression of what is best in the individual, law is an alien force which curtails the individual's liberty, and which therefore takes from him the full power of doing or securing what he pleases. Such restraint accordingly is in the nature of a diminution of life. Yet neither Bentham, Mill, nor Spencer draw from this the anarchistic conclusion that law is an evil which ought, in the interests of individual life, to be abolished. Law, for them, is indeed an evil, but by reason of the self-assertive nature of individuals, a necessary evil.² The entire social and political problem is therefore one of carefully marking the respective limits of law and of individual liberty. The condition is one, as Spencer expresses it, of man *versus* the State. At best, such a marking of limits is a compromise, a choice of the lesser of two evils. Better far if life could be without restraint. But inasmuch as such a lawless condition would be socially and individually suicidal, the next best condition is that in which the obligation of law rests upon individuals as lightly as may be.

The second type of theory is in appearance not far removed from the foregoing; yet it involves a principle radically different. A superficial reading of the *Leviathan* might lead one to suppose that Hobbes conceived the State to be nothing but the sum of the surrendered *rights* of individuals; that it was therefore nothing but a diminution of a larger life of liberty that once had been theirs. But a more careful reading would soften the harshness of such an interpretation. For Hobbes the State was a real unity of the *wills* of all

¹ In the analysis of political theories which follows I am much indebted to Dr Bosanquet's discussion of the "Paradox of Self-government," in his *Philosophical Theory of the State*, ch. iii.

² "It is with government as with medicine; its only business is the choice of evils. Every law is an evil, for every law is an infraction of liberty" (*Theory of Legislation*, p. 48: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 1911).

individuals composing it. "This is more than consent or concord," he says; *i.e.* it is more than the mere acquiescent surrender of rights to an alien power; "it is a real unity of them all in one and the same person."¹

Such an idea of the State as a unity of the wills, rather than as the surrendered residuum of rights, is exceedingly significant; for it implies that the State, however apparently antagonistic to the individual, however it may deny him the power to exercise full liberty, is in reality not utterly alien to him, precisely because it is the unity of a portion of *his will* as well as of the wills of others. In some degree, then, however slight, the State is an expression of the individual himself. What is significant about Hobbes is that he can conceive of a unity of will only as embodied in a single individual. Hence Leviathan is the Prince, the Sovereign Person, one man embodying in himself the united will of the Commonwealth.

Where Hobbes still hesitates between the theory of the State as on the one hand a necessary evil and on the other the expression of the essential will of the citizens, Rousseau unequivocally renounces the first and accepts the second. The State, for him, is the expression of the Common Will. This Common Will, however, is not a surrendered residuum, a kind of general contribution of each and all of rights which they are willing or which they find it expedient to relinquish, a Common Will which therefore is *less* than the sum of the individuals. Nor, on the other hand, is it a Common Will which, having taken from the individuals what they have been constrained to surrender, has left them by just so much diminished in power and possibility. It is, on the contrary, a Common Will which is itself greater than the sum of isolated individuals, yet which nevertheless, far from decreasing, actually augments the life of these individuals.

Unquestionably, Rousseau's theory of the Common Will is the expression of our maturer social insight. It expresses what in our political life we have for many centuries been

¹ *Leviathan*, Pt. II. ch. xvii.

struggling to realise—the conception of government as essentially the deeper will of those who are governed. Older theorists, like older societies, seemed to find so fundamental an antagonism between the restraints of government and the natural demand of the individual for liberty, that the thought seemed absurd that both could have their source in the real will of the individual. Law obviously was restraint, a diminution of one's power to do as one pleased. No one, if he could help it, would diminish his own liberty. Law, therefore, could not essentially spring from the *free* will of men subjected to it. It must somehow have been imposed through circumstances beyond men's control, and accepted in default of something better. Hence the belief that men would govern themselves, *i.e.* voluntarily rob themselves of liberty, seemed absurdly self-contradictory. Government, wherever and however it was, must be alien compulsion. This was the apparently plausible theory in support of monarchic or aristocratic government, whether by divine right or the right of human might.

And from a certain point of view such a conclusion was undoubtedly correct. To tell a murderer, as Rousseau would, that in suffering the severe punishment ordained by the State, he was but in fact realising what he himself really willed for himself, would seem, as Bosanquet has expressed it, to be indulging in a cruel pleasantry. The malefactor above all wishes to escape punishment, not to endure it. So, again, to tell a small boy that the policeman who chases him from a public square where he is indulging his joy in baseball is doing what he himself, the boy, wills that he shall do, is also seemingly to talk nonsense. In each case the individual is deprived of something that he dearly wishes to have. The State, embodied in the policeman and in the court of law, is a power greater than the man or the boy, a power which each would defy if he could.

But such a point of view, as we may easily realise, is wholly superficial. The malefactor does will his punishment,

the boy his own discomfiture. Law-abiding citizens do themselves will the law which they obey. For the deepest will of each human being is to secure the best possible life. That best possible life cannot be lived in isolation, however free in such a State a man would be to do as he pleased. The social relations—family affections, friendships, social admirations and intercourse—are of the essence of a rich life. But such social relations, to be maintained, must not be at the mercy of every momentary gust of passion or outbreak of malevolence or childish carelessness. The life of one's parent or wife or child must not be permitted to be jeopardised by any irresponsible person who wills for the moment to run his motor-car at excessive speed. Even the murderer would will such protection to his family or his friends, and therefore such lawful restraint of others. Nay, the murderer, in the very act of homicide, wills that a law against murder shall hold, for although he takes life, his deep demand all the while is that the lives of those for whom he cares shall be secure against the very kind of deed which he is committing. Thus he wills the very law which condemns him, as well as the whole system of laws which give it such effectiveness as to send him to his death.

Law, in short, from this point of view, is the expression of men's persistent will for those conditions of life that make the best life possible. Hence all the institutions in which law becomes embodied, and the sum of these institutions and laws and wills, which is the State, are essentially the expression—never, indeed, quite adequate—of the Common Will of men for the life that they conceive to be most worth living. Law and government, in short, far from being imposed from without, as something to be hated and if possible escaped, are the very expression of men's immanent and unquenchable ideality. In subjecting himself to law and government, therefore, man is simply subjecting himself to his own larger self, a self which he oft-times momentarily forgets, oft-times, like a wilful child, opposes and hates, but which all the while is his *real* self.

II.

The reader will already doubtless have drawn the analogy between the foregoing types of political theory and certain historic types of religious theory. A brief word will therefore suffice. Most prominent in the history of religion has been that type of religion which regarded the divine life or lives which men were obligated to obey as a power or powers outside of men. It was a power restrictive of men's natural freedom. Adam and Eve in the garden could do anything they pleased within limits; but these limits, set for no reason clear to themselves, they must not overstep. So in all primitive religions to disregard a *taboo* was to invite the wrath of the more powerful being who, for reasons of his or its own, had set this particular and apparently wholly arbitrary limit to human free action.

As we review both the older and the modern religious attitudes, we find that the foregoing type has been and is still regnant. God is a being, not ourselves, who places a limit to our freedom, precisely as the State is a power not ourselves which sets bounds to our natural liberty. Only, in modern days, we assert increasingly that the limit is placed for our good. Now and then in the history of the world men have rebelled against the political theory that mankind must be subjected to the compulsory law of a political state, and have urged that the true condition of men is a condition of full and unrestrained liberty. So in the religious sphere, men have at times rebelled against the prevalent view that there are powers superior to men who have the right to command men's obedience. The atheist in religion, in short, has been the parallel of the political anarchist. The salient fact, however, is that both the theisms and the atheisms, of this type, have been based upon the assumption that the source of compulsion, whether religious or political, is outside men themselves.

Although Christian people have for the most part believed the type of theism just described, as is easily evidenced by

the ordinary form of their supplications and their ordinary references to the working of Providence, Christian theory from the earliest days incorporated a principle which was radically different from, indeed antagonistic to, the principle embodied in the foregoing views. In the Christian view of the Fatherhood of God and of His incarnation in human form, emphasis was placed upon the fact that God's will was in reality our will. We were children and really did not know our own will; but our Father, who was indeed flesh of our flesh and spirit of our spirit, knew far better than we what we really wished for ourselves. Hence we might entrust ourselves freely and confidently to His judgment and care. Our obedience to Him, therefore, was in a sense only obedience to what we ourselves would will if only we were wise enough to know ourselves as He knew us.

Here we find a precise parallel to Hobbes's political theory, even to the extent of a beneficent Leviathan in whose personal hands we are to place ourselves.¹ Hobbes could conceive of no way in which the wills of men could be effective *as a unity* save in and through the will of an individual person, the Prince. So, in turn, the prevalent types of Christianity could conceive no way in which the essential wills of the many could be directed and realised save in and through the will of an individual Person, God.

In political theory, however, we have passed at last, with no possibility of return, apparently, from Hobbes to Rousseau; from the theory of Leviathan, the Prince, to the theory of the Sovereign Common Will. Are we to look for the same advance in religious theory; from the view that God is the individual Person in whose princely hands lies the sovereignty of the Universe, to the view, more nearly consistent with the spirit of democracy, that God is the Common Will of all living creatures?

¹ Note the significant expression: "This is the generation of that great *Leviathan*, or rather, to speak more reverently, of that *mortal god*, to which we owe under the *immortal God*, our peace and defence."

It is significant to recall that in the transition from monarchy to democracy there was, in every case, the warning cry that disaster impended. What would become of the splendid loyalties, the heroic devotions roused in men by the glowing thought of service to their Prince? Whom would men serve but themselves? How would government be aught else than a petty chaffering of men about their petty private interests; at best a sordid huckster trade? All the lift and romance of political life, all the stimulus to the great emotions would disappear when once the tragic word was spoken: "The King is dead; long live the Common Will!" And now, when men all about us are crying what seems an even more deeply tragic word: "God the Sovereign Prince is dead; long live the God that is ourselves!" the same warning cry is heard from those who still hold to the ancient loyalties that the end is at hand of all that is inspiring in religion. How shall men know devotion; how shall they pray; how learn to adore and serve, if the Divine Leader is no more? If, indeed, men are to worship none greater than themselves, religion must surely disappear and men revert to the low level of a calculating morality; again, the mere huckster business of adjusting "mines" and "thines."

We need hardly remind ourselves, however, that in political life the fears have proved utterly groundless. Grave dangers, to be sure, have disclosed themselves as advance has been attempted from monarchy to democracy; but no one of them has yet seriously threatened the essential weal of political life. On the other hand, while the old personal loyalties to King or Queen have disappeared, other loyalties, finer in quality, more splendid in promise, have gradually developed in their stead—the loyalties to truth and justice, to the law and the order that are men's own deep will for richer life.

The transition to political democracy has witnessed, in short, a deepening and refining of political character. Men have come at last, or are rapidly coming, to realise that the essence of political welfare is in themselves, the whole mass

of them. There is every reason to believe that the passage from religious monarchism to religious democracy will have the same effect of deepening and refining religious character. The old personal loyalty to a leader was indeed richly worth while. But it was a loyalty not yet full grown. As long, for example, as the Christian's loyalty to Jesus was simply a loyalty to His person, it was not yet a loyalty to the truth which Jesus embodied in His life. When, on the other hand, it becomes a loyalty to the truth, its dependence upon the person of Jesus is thereafter accidental and unessential. That a great truth should be proclaimed by a person whom we can adore is indeed so much to the human good. But it does not alter the fact that the essence of the matter is the truth and not the person; for when once we give glad recognition to the truth, we thereby acknowledge it to be *our own* truth, awakened in us, indeed, by this great soul whom we love, yet nevertheless, by very reason of our recognition, *our own*. Our deeper loyalty, then, is to the truth that we have been helped to find in ourselves.

There are certain childhood phases of our life that serve to illustrate this point. The child is told of Santa Claus. For the child, the devotion to Santa Claus is the essential thing. The wise parent knows better. There is indeed no Santa Claus; and yet there is something for which Santa Claus stands, which the child will learn when he is older—the spirit of love, of generous giving, of open-hearted joy in the joy of others. When the child grows older he will learn this deeper truth and be loyal to it; and he will look back indulgently to his naïve trust in the person Santa Claus. So the child is told fairy tales. For the child the fairies are always more or less real. But again the wise parent knows better. There are no fairies; and yet, through the fairies there is awakened in the child that love of the joyous, the adventurous, the magnanimous that is the real truth for which the fairies stand.

An example from our adult life will likewise illustrate the

point. In a monarchy, when a man is indicted for a crime, the form of indictment reads to the effect that a crime has been committed against His Majesty the King. It is perfectly obvious, to-day, that such is not the case. The crime was committed against the safety and welfare of the whole Commonwealth; against its essential principles of law and order. The criminal, in other words, has not sinned against the King, a person, but against a truth which is in and of the intelligent will of every member of the Commonwealth.

So precisely as we find the maturer loyalty not in devotion to Santa Claus nor to the fairies nor to the King but in devotion to the spirit or truth for which these severally stand, the maturer religious devotion will doubtless be not to a personal God but to the truth which in past ages the personal God, like the childhood symbols, has signified.

III.

So much by way of preface. The advance in political theory from Bentham to Rousseau will have suggested to the reader the necessity of an analogous advance to be made in religious theory. We might leave the matter here were it not for the fact that the conception of the Common Will, which is to take in the State the place of Prince and in religion the place of a personal God, is a conception by no means unambiguous. The history of the many misunderstandings of Rousseau's theory—misunderstandings from which the author himself was never wholly free—indicates the difficulty which men have had in adequately grasping Rousseau's conception; and that difficulty becomes by no means lessened when the attempt is made to import the conception into religion.

It is necessary, therefore, to ask ourselves with some precision of thought what we mean by the Common Will. In doing so, we shall note, I think, that the ordinary bias of our thought is against an adequate understanding of the conception. It is this same bias which, uncorrected, will work havoc to the religious conception. Let us confine ourselves for the moment

to a consideration of the political State. If we ask what is meant by the assertion that the government of the State is by the Common Will, recalling the older type of government by one man or a few, we tend to answer that it means government by the mass of people composing the State. And if we push the question further, and ask the question how this government by the whole body of people is to be secured, we answer that it is to be secured best through the direct expression upon all political matters of the wills of the individual citizens. If, however, such direct expression, in great popular assemblies, for example, is found to be impracticable, the next best method of securing the realisation of the Common Will is by the selection of delegates, whose function it is to "represent" their constituents, *i.e.* in all matters affecting them to vote as their constituents more or less clearly direct. Such statements would be a fair expression of what most persons mean by political democracy. The Common Will which democracy is supposed to realise is nothing more nor less than the aggregate of individual wills; and since this aggregate is never actually unanimous in its willing, democracy becomes that form of government which subjects the wills of the few to the wills of the many.

But such conceptions of democracy are deeply erroneous. They note the outer appearance but have no comprehension of the inner life. In terms of such conceptions, those men are quite right who urge that democracy is nothing more than the substitution of the tyranny of the many for the tyranny of the few; and they are not altogether unjustified when they aver that given their choice they would prefer the tyranny of the few. So, passing for the moment to religion, men might with equal reason assert a preference for the tyranny of a benevolent, all-seeing God to the tyranny of a million-million disordered wills each seeking primarily its own welfare. If the Common Will which is the essence of democracy is, in short, a mere aggregate of wills, democracy, both in politics and in religion, must be a sad and tragic failure.

Such, when he understands himself, is not Rousseau's meaning; nor can it be the meaning of anyone who rightly comprehends the essence of democracy. Such comprehension presupposes first the knowledge that the individual human will is not a simple separable entity, nor is it just the sum of passing impulses or desires. "He did not really will to do this. He was confused," we say; "or he was hasty; or he was overcome by the embarrassment of the moment." In such statements we distinguish between what a man "really" wills and what he happens casually to will. In estimating a man we do ill if we simply count up all his acts without distinguishing in the sum of them those acts which express the more permanent self of the man, those acts which he himself would recognise as belonging to *himself*, from those more or less accidental acts which he himself in moments of reflection would repudiate as not in fact belonging to his "real" self.

What is a man's "real" self? To the drunkard, is it the drunk self? The remorse which he feels, however rare, however ineffectual to stem the tide of his intemperance, is the drunkard's sense that he has repudiated his real self. To the liar is it his lying self; to the lustful man his lustful self? The very fact that each of these does his deed in the dark, skulking from the sight of men, is proof that he wishes to escape the disdain of men, their scorn of him for having sunk to a life of mean deceit or animal indulgence. Each wishes to retain the "respect" of men; that is, the respect due to him as a real man. There is but one sin that is wholly irremediable—the sin which carries no remorse. This, to use the quaint phrasing, is the sin "against the Holy Spirit"; for a remorseless sin is indication that to the sinning man his "real" self is no longer the ideal self (which every remorseful sinner still possesses), but is a self utterly on the level of the sin committed.

In each case the real or fundamental self is in large measure the ideal self. And so we arrive at the paradox, so rarely grasped in all its significance, that the real self is the self

which, to a great extent, is not yet actual, the self still ideal, still unrealised. The same paradox is true of the life of a people. The real or fundamental will of a people is in large measure their ideal will, the will urging to realisation, and for that very reason still, in greater or less degree, unrealised.

We speak of this as a paradox, because from one point of view (of serial events in time) this "real self" or "real will" is unreal. Yet it is a paradox only and not a contradiction, because from the point of view of the growing, achieving life of an individual or of a people this "unreal" self may almost be said to be the most real of all realities. For obviously without it, growth and achievement have no meaning whatever. Individuals would be like sticks and stones (if we may imagine these to be "dead entities") without the power, which is of the essence of conscious life, of pushing on beyond the already accomplished. In this respect, then, that self in us or in a people which is still in large measure unrealised *is a reality* actually operative in so fundamental a manner that the meaning and value of conscious life have in it their source and possibility.

This, when he is at his best, is what Rousseau understands by the Common Will. It is not the casual aggregate of casual wills, a temporary majority or even a temporary total of our everyday selves. It is the deeper, more comprehensive self in all men that is "urging" (if we may use such a word) to realisation.

Recalling now the parallel which we have drawn between political and religious theory, the God-life would seem to be not a transcendent individual imposing his will upon us; nor, after the pattern of Hobbes's thought, a supreme individual who holds in himself our own surrendered wills. Nor would it seem to be, in mistaken analogy with Rousseau's democratic thought, the aggregate of our casual selves. If we grasp Rousseau's thought and fashion our analogy upon it, the God-life is our own deeper and more permanent life, the life that is deeply "common," a life that, though in large measure not

realised in the serial order of time, is fundamental to all temporal growth and achievement.

If the analogy is true, it follows that we realise the God-life in ourselves when we are loyal to what is ideal, more broadly universal in ourselves. Then, indeed, and in so far (if we may use the ancient expression) we *are* God. When, on the contrary, we go counter to these wider and deeper conditions of our existence, to the law and ideality that are of the essence of our growing life, we repudiate the God in us; then, as the old symbols naïvely expressed it, we listen to the voice of Satan; or, as the later symbol more tragically expressed it, we crucify God, the Son of Man.

IV.

There would seem to be little difficulty in accepting this view were it not that our human selves—even our ideal selves—appear to be too insignificant to be the very God-life itself. God, if there be a God, must be a reality far greater and more powerful than our impotent selves.

At the root of this depreciatory thought is a certain misconception of what our “selves” are. One’s self, so we think, is one’s ego, an impervious, enclosed entity, strictly and independently itself. To identify God with such an entity, or even with the sum of them, ideals and all, would seem absurd. But here, again, we must bring to bear a deeper analysis. The impervious, separable ego that I take myself to be is nothing but an abstraction, a figment of my superficial thinking. *It really does not exist.* For if I attempt to find this separable entity that has nothing in it save *itself*, I simply cannot find it. What I do find, when I regard myself, is a physical being that walks on the ground, that sits on chairs, that writes at desks, that turns on electric switches, that eats food, that wears clothes; a being likewise that loves and hates persons, that enjoys and suffers praise and blame. What I find, in short, is a creature the very warp and woof of whose life is an order of relations as wide as the universe. I cannot

move my hands without finding in myself a system of conditions and tendencies far beyond my individual making. That system which we call the law of gravitation is indissolubly in and of myself; it shapes my life, controls my actions, makes me in large measure what I am. I have but to conceive of what I should be in a gravitationless world to note how largely the "law" or "tendency" of gravitation is constitutive of my very self. I could not walk; I should therefore not have feet: I could not write; I should therefore not have a desk nor wield a pen: I could not sit down, nor swing my arms, nor shake my head, nor embrace my children. In short, it would follow that most of the activities in which I now engage, and which shape, in the main, the character of my life, would not be at all. What I should be under those circumstances, no one knows; but certainly I should not be this creature that I now am. Again, if I eat an apple, I find myself in and of a system far beyond my making or my individual control. The "laws" or "tendencies" of chemical combination, for example, suffer me to digest. If there were no such "laws" or chemical "tendencies," I should not digest. Consequently, the whole food gathering and food consuming aspects of my life—agriculture, herding, manufacture, exchange—would not be. Again, that quality of reality which we call number, so intrinsic to every thought I think or act I perform, I neither make nor unmake. It is an inherent quality of my structural and functional being which I can no more escape than I can escape the katabolic processes.

So far, then, am I from being a sheer impervious ego that I do nothing whatever save as I am in and of an order of conditions far wider than my ordinary self. Obviously, then, I live my "real" life, when I act consistently with the wider order of my life, when, for example, I do not step over precipices, nor drink sulphuric acid, nor make mistakes in my calculations. My fundamental self, then, is the more comprehensive self, the self that is aware of the wide-reaching conditions of its being and acts consistently with them.

But there is another type of tendencies which the individual finds in his life. He is a creature who must adjust his life to creatures of like kind. This adjustment process has its own inherent requirements, as inescapable in their way as the gravitational and chemical. In his early history, the human individual was so little aware of the requirements fundamental to the mutual adjustment of human lives that, in organising his group-life, he made all manner of blunders. For example, in the treatment of offenders, he tried one inadequate method after another—personal retaliation, group ostracism, the blood feud, the judicial ordeal, the oath of compurgators. To speak of these methods as inadequate, is to imply a failure on the part of men to understand the actual nature of associated life and the conditions requisite for its fruitful realisation. Human history has witnessed a more or less continuous and successful pursuit of this social self-knowledge: it recounts man's voyage of self-discovery. In such a modern conception, for example, as justice, with all that it implies of impartial investigation of evidence, of distinction between guilt and innocence, of social responsibility for the protection of the innocent and the restraint of the guilty, there is the recognition, more or less accurate, of what associated life intrinsically is and demands. So in reaching that highest of human conceptions—the conception of love—human life has gone farthest in compassing its own inherent nature. The more deeply and widely love is in evidence, the more profoundly life realises its possibilities.

The real life of the individual, then, is far more than the casual separable ego that we are so prone to believe it to be. It is the life with all its broad underlying and overarching conditions—its relations, laws, and values. Nor, again, are these underlying and overarching conditions something separate from the self, a kind of independent order of existence to which the individual somehow attaches himself as from the outside. They constitute rather the inherent quality of his life. For the sake of a narrow convenience we speak of the individual as

something other than the world of law and ideality in which he lives. But such a distinction must not be hardened into a separation. The individual is nothing save as he has in and through him this wider order of natural and ideal conditions.

If we can thus escape the misleading thought that our individual selves are impervious egos, and can hold securely the thought that each self is shot through with world-wide relations and values which he in his individual way realises and enacts, the conclusion that the God-life is nothing more nor less than our thoroughly comprehensive self is divested of its apparent absurdity. The God-life is then that larger life in us of law and ideality which is at once the condition and the stimulus of our growing existence. In this sense, then, since the condition of mutuality or love is the highest condition which we are able to conceive, we may rightly say that God is Love—not indeed a personal lover, but that deep-lying, ever-persistent, ever-growing tendency toward mutuality of life which is at once the foundation of our existence and the promise of its consummate realisation.

V.

But now we face a serious objection. When we have thus broadened the conception of the self until it includes the whole cosmic system, have we not come perilously near to the old conception of the divine life as the perfect cosmic life? Men have, to be sure, been naïve in their conception of this cosmic life, attributing to it powers and affections like unto their own. But when we strip the conception of all these errors of immature thinking, does there not remain the world-old thought (the thought apparently here reached) of a form of existence cosmic in reach and power, a divine life in which we live and move and have our being? Has democracy, in short, in finding itself, lost itself? Must the quest for the real or fundamental self end as, in religion, it has hitherto always ended, in the Infinite Life? "Thou hast made us for Thyself; and our hearts rest not until they rest in Thee."

The answer to this is both yes and no. Democracy, in the superficial sense, must indeed lose itself, for the notion of isolated, aggregated egos is too inadequate to serve us long. But in losing itself must it find itself in a divine life that is essentially anti-democratic? The answer to this is no. The old type of religious infinite was anti-democratic in the sense that it required of creatures no fundamental assistance. It was a perfect reality, sufficient unto itself. Out of the fulness of its superiority it had brought into being creatures lowlier than itself. It demanded of them adoration, not co-operation. The conception, therefore, was essentially aristocratic. The universe was regarded as fundamentally a devolution, not an evolution. Perfection came first, then imperfection.

The conception fundamental to democracy, on the contrary, is that imperfection is first; then less imperfection. The world process is an upward one, in which each creature has in some degree and manner a co-operative part to play, a part that is actually effective in making the processes of the universe more adequate. The older view did indeed seem to ask man's help; but it asked it without sincerity; for it believed that the universe, which was God, did not really need man's help.

In whatever way, therefore, the cosmic order of existence (which we seem to have reached) is to be conceived, from a democratic point of view it must at least be conceived as one which is developing, and developing through the co-operative contributions (conscious and unconscious) of all creatures. Or to use sharply the older terminology, the God of the world is a growing god, growing with the growth in ideal reach and lawful organisation of all the world of being. In this sense it is wholly inapplicable to think of the divine life as a perfect person, or a perfect anything. The divine life is that larger order of law and ideality which, though as yet beyond our widest conceptions, is nevertheless flesh of our flesh and spirit of our spirit; an order of life in which we indeed live and move, yet which in turn has its very being and growth by and through the life and achievement of all living creatures.

It has been too easily assumed in the past that God the Spirit is the creator and sustainer of all. The world is not wholly spiritual nor wholly good. "The moral indifference of nature forces itself upon us, and it becomes evident that the real as such is not spiritual nor the creation of anything which is purely spiritual, just or good in the human sense. The spiritual is an element in Reality. It is moreover . . . an element which grows and gathers strength as it attains unity and clearness of purpose. If this is so, we may say that from a Being or Law from which humanity has woefully turned aside, the spiritual becomes a life or principle which is coming into force through humanity, giving unity and rationality to the toil of human beings, and through the life of man to the whole world process that leads up to and supports his life."¹ The evolution of the world, in short, is the evolution of the God-life in and through us all.

If this is the evolutionary and the democratic meaning of the God-life, it follows that religion is nothing more nor less than participation in that larger growing order of life which is indeed our own essential being. It is loyalty to truth and beauty and goodness; in short, to the more broadly comprehensive conditions of our existence. It follows, then, that fundamental to a religious attitude is the effort to understand these wider and more deeply essential conditions of our life. The man who is mentally lazy or obstinate, or who wilfully perverts the truth, repudiates the God-life in him. On the other hand, the man of science, with his tireless, courageous effort to know, in so far realises the God that is in him. Religious devotion, in short, from this point of view, is not something separate and apart from the devotion of the man of the laboratory or of the study; nor is it separate from the devotion of the teacher to his task, or of the loyal soldier, or of the mother, or of the social worker, or of the public-spirited man of business, or of the good citizen. Inasmuch as the devotion of these is a living to a life more widely and deeply compre-

¹ Hobhouse, L. T., *Development and Purpose* (Macmillan), p. 202.

hensive than their casual selves, is a loyalty to laws and values that are at the roots of life, their attitude is a loyalty to the God-life that is in them. The religion of evolution and of democracy is thus essentially and necessarily a religion of service; for service is precisely that passing beyond the casual, self-centred self, that living into the larger life of values which is itself the realisation and indeed the only realisation of the God-in-us.

"It may be long," says Starbuck, "before mankind generally accepts the profounder religion of a set of values that belong to life, whose ideals operate as an inner necessity working as a transforming and saving energy. Such a religion . . . makes no distinction between divine and human beings. Common life is redeemed and sanctified here and now because permeated by the spirit of eternal beauty and worth and truth, of which we all are the incarnation."¹ It may indeed be long, for as Hobhouse has said, "when we deal with religion we are dealing with the entire attitude of men to life and the world"; and that attitude is not to be changed in a day or even in a short century. But in great regions of our life the attitude of men has already undergone profound changes; in particular, the change from the older aristocratic conception of social control as planned and ordered from without, by the monarch or the more fortunate few, to the conception of social control as operative through the very inner life and ideality of society itself. Such profound change in conceptions must ere long work its effect upon religion, transforming the thought of God from that of a monarch or even of a father outside and above the common world, to the thought of the divine life as the very inner lawful and ideal life of the common world itself.

HARRY ALLEN OVERSTREET.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

¹Starbuck, E. D., *The Forward Look in Philosophy*: An Address before the Free Religious Association of America, at its 46th Annual Convention, 23rd May 1913.

AN ANCIENT BUDDHIST UNIVERSITY : AN EXPERIMENT IN LIBERTY OF TEACHING.

PRINCIPAL J. E. CARPENTER.

IN the year 629 A.D. a young Buddhist scholar named Yuan Chwang¹ arrived at Chang'an in the province of Shen-se, in the north-west of China, the modern Sian or Singanfu, latitude 34° 17'. He was then about twenty-nine, and had already distinguished himself greatly as a student of the sacred lore. An eloquent preacher, he travelled from place to place, seeking and imparting instruction. His knowledge of the Scriptures and his skill in exposition excited general admiration, and the feudatory kings of the several provinces and the clergy and laity from city to city vied in doing him honour. The teachers at Chang'an, who were already famous, at once recognised him as a master. The newcomer paid his respects to the celebrated doctors of the capital; each was no doubt eminent in merit, but when he sought to verify their teachings he found that the Sacred Books differed greatly, and he knew not which system to follow. He then resolved to make the journey to India, and consult the depositories of

¹ On the spelling of the pilgrim's name see Professor T. W. Rhys Davids in Watters' commentary *On Yuan Chwang's Travels in India*, 1904, vol. i, p. xi. The materials for the following sketch will be found in Julien's *Histoire de la Vie de Hiouen Tsang*, 1853, and *Mémoires sur les Contrées Occidentales*, etc., 1857; Beal, *Buddhist Records of the Western World*, 1884; and *Life of Hiuen Tsiang*, 1888. The "Life" was compiled by Hwui-li, who assisted Yuan Chwang after his return from India in the translation of the Sacred Books (Julien, *Histoire*, p. lxxvii), and was completed by another disciple.

Buddhist learning in the midst of the places hallowed by the Master's life.

There round the Ganges were the famous scenes of Buddhist piety; the sacred spot where the Teacher had completed his quest of the truth and attained supreme enlightenment; the deer-park at Benares where he preached his first discourse and laid the foundation of the kingdom of righteousness; the hill known as the Vulture's Peak near Rājagaha, on the Ganges, where he had sat to instruct the disciples; the garden where he had been born, the grove where he had died. And there not far from Buddha-Gayā was the great university of Nālanda where Buddhist learning had been established for centuries. For Yuan Chwang the journey was full of difficulty. An imperial rescript forbade foreign travel. The route lay through vast and trackless deserts to the west, over difficult mountain passes, and among peoples of unknown tongues. The companions who had agreed to join him one by one abandoned the project. Obstacles and disappointments, however, could not deter him. Forthwith he set out, September 629, and many were his adventures. There were rivers to be crossed, frontier fortresses to be passed, orders for his detention to be evaded. On one occasion the truthfulness of his answers excited such admiration that the governor who was examining him tore the warrant for his arrest to pieces with his own hands. There were sandy wastes to be traversed as he rode slowly through the dreary regions beyond the frontier. Demons and goblins presided over parching winds. For four nights and five days he could find no drop of water. He offered up a humble prayer to Kwan-yin: "Yuan Chwang in adventuring on this journey seeks not for riches or worldly gain. He desires not to acquire fame, but only for the sake of the highest religious truth does his heart long to find the true law. I know that the Bodhisattva lovingly regards all living creatures to deliver them from misery. Will not mine, bitter as they are, come to his knowledge?" Then a cool wind fanned his body, and

his horse had strength to get up. Sleep fell, and he was refreshed. When he awoke and mounted, his horse soon started off in another direction and would not be turned; and the Power in which he trusted brought him after several *li* to green grass and a pool.

At length he entered once more into habitable lands. The King of Kao-chang, a pious Buddhist, heard of his journey, and commanded him to visit his capital. The escort sent to fetch him would allow no refusal, and after a hasty ride of six days the party arrived at the city gates in the middle of the night; the king came out from the palace with a torchlight procession to meet him. He had calculated the distance and the time, and had kept up his wife and children reading the Sacred Books, that they might be awake to receive the Master of the Law! The eager monarch conducted him to the inner hall, placed him under a canopy and summoned the queen, and it was only at dawn when the tired traveller could hold out no longer and exclaimed, "I have a wish to sleep," that Yuan Chwang was allowed to rest. After a stay of ten days he proposed to depart, but his royal host had resolved to detain him that he might convert the ignorant and foolish, and would brook no opposition to his will. Yuan Chwang resorted in desperation to the hunger-strike. For three days he sat immovable and would neither eat nor drink. On the fourth day the king, seeing his guest growing fainter and fainter, gave way, and it was arranged that he should stay a month to expound one of the Sacred Books, while preparations were made for the journey. An escort was provided, and a whole caravan of horses and servants was arranged, with gold and silver and five hundred rolls of satin and taffeta, enough for an expedition of twenty years. Above all, boots, gloves, and face-coverings were supplied for the dreaded transit of the mountains. They were needed when the travellers came to the passes over the range now known as the Ping-shang or "ice-mountains," and had to drive their animals over snowfield and glacier. It took seven days to effect the passage; twelve

or fourteen of the company died of hunger or cold ; and the number of oxen and horses which perished was still greater.

But the undaunted pilgrim pressed on. From country to country he noted the hallowed spots and sacred monuments, the numbers in the monasteries, and the schools of doctrine and practice to which they belonged. In Kashmir he rested two years, the king providing him with twenty men to copy the Sacred Books. On his way into India proper his little company was attacked by robbers, who stripped them of their baggage and even of their clothes. The escort wept, but Yuan Chwang preserved his cheerfulness : "The greatest gift which living creatures possess is life. If life is safe, what need we care about the rest ?" His equanimity was severely tested as the travellers sailed down the Ganges from Kanauj, with about eighty country-folk. The vessel was boarded by pirates who brought it to the bank. They were worshippers of the unhallowed goddess Durgā, who was propitiated every year with human sacrifice. The distinguished appearance of the Master of the Law led them to select him as their victim. Vainly did his fellow-passengers beseech his life ; some even begged to be allowed to die in his stead. The captain of the gang ordered an altar to be erected in an adjoining grove, and Yuan Chwang was bound and laid upon it. He showed no fear, but only begged that he might have a little time, and that they would not crowd around him painfully. "Let me with a joyous mind," he said, "take my departure." Then he lifted his thoughts to the courts of the Tusita heaven, where dwelt the future Buddha Maitreya, the Buddhist impersonation of charity, and prayed that he might be reborn there and receive from him the teaching of the Truth. Then, having perfected himself in wisdom, he desired—"Let me return and be born here below, that I may instruct and convert these men, and cause them to give up their evil deeds, and practise themselves in doing good." With such meditations he seemed to rise into that land of bliss. Rapt into ecstasy he knew nothing of the altar on which he lay bound with closed eyes, waiting the

knife. He took no heed of a sudden storm, which lashed the river into waves, blew up clouds of sand, and tore the creaking branches from the trees. The terrified pirates accepted it as a warning, and made obeisance round the altar. One of them accidentally touched the Master's person. He opened his eyes, "Has the hour come?" he asked. "We pray you," was the answer, "to receive our repentance." They unbound their victim, restored the property which they had taken from the passengers, threw their weapons into the river, and took on themselves the first obligations of disciples.

Further and further Yuan Chwang went along the sacred stream, visiting one spot after another famous in Buddhist story, till he came to the hallowed Bodhi tree at Gayā, where the Teacher had finally reached Buddhahood. All round it were memorial shrines and monasteries, and there stood the temple, already all but a thousand years old, which, after more than another millennium, the British Government has recently restored. Thence he proceeded to Nālanda. Four of the most distinguished professors had been sent to escort him. At a farm on the way to the precincts he was met by a great procession. Some two hundred members of the Order, and about a thousand laymen, came forth to greet the traveller from the Flowery Land. They carried standards and umbrellas, garlands and perfumes, they surrounded him with joyous chants, and led him into the great university of Nālanda. He had spent seven years since he left Chang'an; at last he had reached the home of the Truth.

This was the famous centre of Buddhist learning. Half monastery, half university, it had been a sacred place from immemorial tradition, though it had only recently attained the height of its prosperity. Five hundred merchants, so the story ran, had bought the original grounds and presented them to the Buddha; and there the Teacher had himself preached for three months. Successive endowments had created a vast pile, with towers, domes, pavilions, shady groves, secluded gardens, and deep translucent pools filled with

blue lotus and crimson *kanaka*. The great entrance on the west of the surrounding park was approached under four large columns. The tower above it, adorned with the richest carvings, rose high into the air, so that it made a later visitor, I-ching, giddy to look at it. Eight huge quadrangles contained the chief buildings. There were eight temples with about a hundred relic-shrines, many of them decorated with gold and precious stones which glittered in the sunlight. There were also a hundred lecture-rooms where the ten thousand clergy and students daily gave and received instruction, and six immense blocks of residential buildings, each four stories high.

The whole was under the direction of a President or Rector, venerated for his age and immense learning, named Sīlabhadra. Quarters were at once assigned to the distinguished traveller in the residence of the President's nephew, himself upwards of seventy years of age, and an ample allowance was allotted for his maintenance, including a particular kind of aromatic rice grown in the kingdom of Magadha, and reserved for sovereigns and religious persons of great eminence. A riding elephant was set apart for his use, with a lay brother and a Brahman as its attendants. There for periods amounting in all to about two years Yuan Chwang resided, devoting himself to the study of the Buddhist Scriptures, the books of the Brahmans with the wide range of studies founded upon them, philological, legal, philosophical, astronomical, and the Sanskrit grammar of Pāṇini. His labours were diversified by occasional excursions on his elephant, or in a car or palanquin, under the guidance of the brethren, to the holy places in the neighbourhood; or sometimes he undertook longer journeys, returning for rest and study to Nālanda.

Meantime, students for ever came and went. How far there were any regular courses of instruction like the mediæval disciplines of the *trivium* and *quadrivium*, it might be difficult to say. The brethren, says Yuan Chwang, were renowned through all India for their strictness in observing the precepts

and regulations of the Order; grave, earnest, decorous, "learning and discussing they found the day too short." The spirit of the place was strenuous. Those who did not talk of the mysteries of the Canon were put to shame and lived apart. Of the foreign students the majority, beaten by the difficulties of the problems, withdrew. The teaching included secular knowledge as well as scriptural. There were professors of arithmetic and mathematics (perhaps also astronomy), geography, and medicine. The latter study had acquired great importance through Buddhist philanthropies. The teaching was conducted partly by recitation of the sacred texts after the mode of Vedic study, partly by expository lectures and disputations. Yuan Chwang reckoned a thousand brethren who could explain twenty collections of Sūtras and Shastras; five hundred who could teach thirty collections; perhaps ten (including himself) who could explain fifty; the President, Silabhadra, alone had studied and understood the entire number.

The Buddhism of Yuan Chwang's time in the twelfth century of the Buddha was no more homogeneous than the Christianity of the twelfth century of our era. In some respects, indeed, it was much less so. At an early date after the Founder's death differences of view, and still more of practice, had arisen; and in the middle of the third century B.C., under the great Buddhist prince Asoka, whose inscriptions supply the first monumental evidence in Indian history, there were already reckoned eighteen sects. The primitive Buddhism of Gotama had really consisted in a system of ethical culture designed to enable the disciple to reach that goal of perfect holiness which would set him free from the necessity of rebirth. This famous Eightfold Path of moral discipline, however, was perfectly compatible with various interpretations of the world and its reality. The diversities at the outset were perhaps not very serious. But they gradually developed into more and more importance, and finally issued in different schools with their own sacred books,

and a scale of doctrine ranging all the way from a nihilistic psychology and an atheistic interpretation of the world, at one end, to an ontological idealism at the other which affirmed that every phenomenon throughout the infinite worlds was a manifestation of Mind.¹

The thinkers of India had very early formulated some of the great philosophical problems which, it seems, will never cease to interest human thought. As they contemplated the world of nature without them and the world of mind within, they reached a profound conception of the ultimate Unity which absorbed the manifoldness at once of the universe and of man. All kinds of hints, of insights, gleams of speculation, penetrating philosophical intuitions, along with the crudest physiology and psychology, run through the later Vedic hymns and the early literature founded upon them. The Buddhist texts reveal an immense variety of discussions, many of which, unfortunately, are so briefly indicated as to be practically unintelligible at this distant date. The chief controversy, of course, raged around the doctrine of the Self or soul. There lay for Gotama the root of selfishness, and selfishness was the cause of all suffering, and of entanglement in that weary round of births and deaths which we know under the name of Transmigration. To extinguish selfishness, therefore, Gotama boldly proposed to eradicate the notion of a Self. As everyone knows, it is the fundamental principle of his philosophy that there is nothing permanent, nothing enduring, everything is in constant change and unceasing flux. Applied to a person, to any given individual, this means that he is produced through the temporary association of certain groups of "supports," and when the physical bond which unites them disappears, the person vanishes and is no more. Is the Self, inquires Gotama, to be identified with the body, is it the nails, the teeth, the skin, the flesh, the blood, the brain? Is it the sensations, is it the perceptions, is it the constituent elements of character, is it the consciousness? None of these is free

¹ Beal, *Catena of Buddhist Scriptures from the Chinese*, 1871, p. 303.

from mutation ; each is under the doom of impermanence.¹ With a relentless logic the conclusion was reached by his disciples that, strictly speaking, the duration of the life of a living being is exceedingly brief, lasting only while a thought lasts. Just as a chariot-wheel in rolling rolls only at one point in the tire, and in resting rests only at one point, so the life of a living being lasts only for the period of one thought. As soon as that thought has ceased, the being is said to have ceased. As it has been said :—

“The being of a past moment of thought has lived, but does not live, nor will it live.

“The being of a future moment of thought will live, but has not lived, nor does it live.

“The being of the present moment of thought does live, but has not lived, nor will it live.”²

The psychology of nihilism can go no further than that. It naturally begot a reaction which resulted in a kind of transcendental idealism which asserted the unreality (or “emptiness”) of all the material world, and affirmed the sole existence of Mind.³ But the cosmos and all its occupants from the topmost heaven to the lowest hell were in a perpetual state of flux and change, and the first principle of Buddhist teaching was that nothing abides, no world, no cause, no soul, no God. These metaphysical conceptions lay outside the range of the moral culture on which Gotama laid the whole stress of his teaching. Again and again did he decline to respond to the sophists of his day who wished to know whether he thought the universe infinite in extent and eternal in duration, or limited alike in space and time. Such discussions, and others like them, brought no profit ; they did not contribute to purification from lusts or tranquillity of heart ;

¹ Of what use then to be angry ? “For a person who has made the above analysis, there is no hold for anger, any more than there is for a grain of mustard seed on the point of an awl, or for a painting in the sky” (Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, 1896, p. 159).

² Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, 1896, p. 150.

³ Beal, *Catena of Buddhist Scriptures*, p. 343.

they did not promote real knowledge, or lead to right conduct: they fostered pride, self-confidence, and pugnacity. In an amusing apologue he once compared such disputants to a number of men born blind whom the king invited to feel an elephant. Some felt the head, some the body, some the feet, others the back, the tail, and the hairy tuft at the tail-end. When the king inquired what the elephant was like, they all gave different accounts. Those who had felt the head declared that it resembled a large round jar. Those who had felt its tusks compared it to a ploughshare. Those who had felt the feet, affirmed that it was like a pillar; or the tuft of its tail, like a broom. When they could not agree, they fought among themselves, saying, "Such is an elephant," "Such is not an elephant," "It is not like that," "It is like this"; and the king was hugely entertained.¹ Such men, said the Buddha, were *ekaṅgadassino*, "seeing only one limb," one-sided in judgment. That was the vice of the disputatious temper. No great ethical teacher has analysed with keener insight the moral mischiefs of this kind of immodest self-assertion and intellectual arrogance. These qualities were entirely inconsistent with that *mettā*, charity or brotherly love, which the Teacher enjoined as the true attitude of the disciple towards his fellow-men.

The result was significant. It was impossible to establish an orthodoxy, or to impose any kind of disabilities on varieties of faith and practice. Polytheism can generally acquiesce in toleration, unless it scents a political danger such as led Rome to persecute the Christians who would burn no incense to the emperor. Brahmanism had no official creed, and accommodated a startling range of deities and beliefs within its pale. Buddhism, therefore, inherited to a certain extent the flexibility which marked the methods of the older faith, and the order was penetrated at the outset with a genuine spirit of mutual respect and goodwill. Still more was this due to the example of the Founder, who would make no converts in

¹ *The Udāna*, translated by Major-General Strong, 1902, p. 95.

haste, nor take advantage of new-born enthusiasm. Let them have adequate time for consideration, and give no pledges before they were really ripe.¹ This large and genial policy was expressed in emphatic terms in the famous edicts of Asoka in the middle of the third century B.C. In those expositions of his policy carved on rock and pillar, which inaugurate the monuments of India, the imperial ruler declares that he does reverence to men of all sects by gifts, and in various other ways. But he is more anxious to promote the "growth of the essence of the matter in all sects." This assumes various forms, but "the root of it is restraint of speech ; to wit, a man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another for trivial reasons." "He who does reverence to his own sect," says His Majesty, "while disparaging all other sects from a feeling of attachment to his own, on the supposition that he thus glorifies his own sect, in reality by such conduct inflicts severe injury on his own sect."²

This was just as true within the Order as it was of the other forms of religious belief and practice outside it, and in the course of time the spirit of Buddhism was exposed to a severe test. There came a period in its history when the members of the Order were divided on questions far more profound than small details of ritual or ceremony. The older Buddhism, which had rejected all attempts to determine whether the Tathâgata—"the Man who had attained Truth"—would live after death, paid honour to the Teacher by reverent commemoration. There were festivals to hold up to devout contemplation the incidents of his birth, his complete enlightenment, his solemn passage from this visible scene. But the Buddha himself had left not a trace behind. There was no mystery of communion with a living Spirit. No hymn carried the believer's praise into the Unseen ; no

¹ See the remarkable story of the conversion of Siha, the general-in-chief of the Licchavis, *Sacred Books of the East*, xvii. p. 114.

² Rock Edict xii. See *Asoka* ("Rulers of India"), by Vincent A. Smith, p. 128, 1901.

prayer brought to his weakness an encompassing strength. By degrees, however, a great change took place. The longing for some solution of ultimate problems could not be repressed. Buddhism was driven to make terms with a profound school of Brahmanical metaphysics. The categories of substance, cause, and mind, which Gotama had rejected, now entered in, and transformed the whole conception of the Buddha, the world, and the disciple. Just as Christianity, coming into contact with Hellenic thought, acquired a wholly new intellectual form, and finally conceived the person of its Founder in terms of ancient Greek philosophy, so did Buddhism, environed by Brahmanism, adapt itself to fresh moulds of speculation, which altered its whole outlook upon life. The universe was now regarded as the product, under the law of the Deed (Karma), of one infinite and all-pervading Mind. This was of course identified with the Buddha and the long series of his predecessors. They were but human phases of the Self-Existent, who for the welfare of men and gods appeared from time to time on earth to proclaim the saving knowledge of the Truth. Here was a Theistic Buddhism, with a doctrine which may be broadly described as incarnation. It provided a wholly new conception of the person of the Teacher; it converted his teaching from a method of ethical culture into a religion, and it begot a cultus of prayer and praise addressed to the Buddha as ever-present, all-knowing, and all-merciful, the healer of the sickness of men's sins, their refuge in danger and their stay in grief. The aim of the believer underwent at the same time a fundamental transformation. The Buddhist saint or *arahat* of an elder day, who won the peace of Nirvāṇa, saved no one but himself. His example might, indeed, quicken others, but he himself, like the Master, passed away without a trace. For the new Buddhism this seemed a narrow and selfish aim. Let the disciple rather aspire to join the ranks of the Buddhas-to-be, and take his share in the great process of the world's deliverance. The two aims were sometimes contrasted in the

figures of a Vehicle which would only hold a single traveller along the pathway of successive lives, and one which would enable many to traverse the painful and laborious sequences of existence. The system of the Little (or Low) Vehicle, as it was called (*Hīnayāna*), represented the older piety. The Great Vehicle (*Mahāyāna*) was associated with the beliefs of the new. It created a wholly fresh sacred literature of immense extent, and sometimes of great philosophical subtlety. It produced new forms of devotion, inspired new modes of worship. Buddhism was divided by the deep cleft between those who denied and those who recognised a living Mind at once behind and through the universe, an infinite Spirit with whom the disciple could enter into fellowship of trust and peace.

The distribution of these two systems naturally varied in different localities; and among the valuable features of Yuan Chwang's record of travel is the care with which he sets down his observations, even to minute estimates of the numbers of the adherents of each. Sometimes whole kingdoms followed one or the other; sometimes both existed side by side. In the kingdom of Magadha, the scene of the holy places in the midst of which Nālanda was planted, the two types were mingled together; and such, according to I-ching, was the practice at Nālanda. Just as the Chinese collection of the scriptures contains books of both schools, so Yuan Chwang belonged to the Great Vehicle and I-ching to the Lesser. I-ching, moreover, informs us that the whole of the eighteen sects had their representatives at Nālanda, they had their own sets of scriptures, and all followed their own usage, whether it only enforced the cut of a robe and the material of a toothpick, or enjoined hymn and prayer to the Buddha and the Buddhas-to-be.

Here, then, is a picture of religious education conducted in a very remarkable manner. Under the name of a common Founder representatives of opposite and incompatible theories teach side by side. There is no creed to which professor or

student must subscribe as a condition for admission, beyond the solemn recognition of the Buddha, the Dhamma, and the Saṅgha. No articles bar the way to the equivalents of the chair or the degree. The head of the whole, chosen solely for his learning, presides impartially over all. The secret of union lies in a common life, a common moral ideal, the conception of the service of man as realised in the person of Gotama, who, in the oft-repeated formula of the early texts, chose the homeless life for the welfare of gods and men, that he might become a Buddha and lift off from the world the veils of ignorance and sin. That was the secret of the extraordinary missionary enthusiasm which carried the noble and the sage amid incredible hardships all through middle Asia in the centuries preceding Yuan Chwang, "moved by the desire to convert the world"; for as the Chronicler of Ceylon remarks in relating the triumphs of an earlier date, "when the world's welfare is concerned, who would be slothful or indifferent?" To this principle Buddhism has been always faithful. It has never made theological tests the basis of religious communion. Wide as have been its internal variations, it has always asked the disciple, "Have you the right disposition?" rather than, "Have you the true belief?" Neither among its different schools, nor towards the rival establishments of Brahmans and Jains, or the philosophical sects that lay outside all three, the Agnostics and Materialists, did it ever raise the cry that the faith was in danger or kindle the fires of persecution.

Such was Buddhist teaching in India in the seventh century A.D. Here is a picture drawn by a contemporary Brahman, Bāṇa, author of the famous historical romance, *Harsha-carita*. He describes a visit paid by King Harsha to a Buddhist recluse, named Divâkaramitra.¹ A Brahman by birth and education, he had embraced the religion of the Sākya, and

¹ See the translation of Cowell and Thomas, 1897, p. 233. Harsha was on the throne, 606-648, during Yuan Chwang's stay in India, and commanded his attendance at a great Durbar.

made his home in the forest of the Vindhya, which the King entered with his retinue. Dismounting from his chariot when it could advance no further, he left his suite behind, and proceeded with a few attendants to the hermitage. Numbers of Buddhists were there from various provinces, perched on pillars, dwelling in bowers of creepers, lying in thickets or in the shadow of branches, or squatting on the roots of trees. There, too, were Jains in white robes, and worshippers of Krishna. There were mendicants of various orders and religious students; there were disciples of Kapila (adherents of the great school of the Sāṅkhya), Lokāyatikas (materialists), students of the Upanishads (Vedāntins), followers of Kaṇāda (the reputed author of the Vaiṣeṣika philosophy), believers in God as a Creator (the Nyāya school), students of the Institutes of Law, students of the Purāṇas, adepts in sacrifices and in grammar, and others beside, all diligently following their own tenets, pondering, urging objections, raising doubts and resolving them, discussing and explaining moot points of doctrine, in perfect harmony. Doubtless this is in large part a satire; for we read of the lions couched near the sage's seat, the tigers who had abandoned their carnivorous diet under Buddhist teaching, the monkeys who were performing the ritual of the memorial shrine, and the devout parrots who explained the *Koṣa*, a Buddhist dictionary by Vasubandhu. But the satire would have been unmeaning had there been no basis for it in fact. These forest instructions were really many centuries old. Here was a university of another type, more flexible still because unembarrassed by establishments needing great revenues for maintenance. Some day, perhaps, the great Universities of the West may deem these voices of the dim and distant past yet worth attention. They are more than mere curiosities of literature. They are the witness of the East to the abiding principle that the first condition of the quest for truth is Liberty.

J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.

OXFORD.

GOETHE'S FRIENDSHIP WITH LAVATER.

THE REV. PROFESSOR GIBB, D.D.

FOR ten years—from 1774 to 1784—Goethe lived on terms of close and affectionate friendship with the Swiss pastor John Casper Lavater.¹ This friendship came to a sudden end, and one cause of the breach was a marked divergence in their religious opinions. But we have not here a mere repetition of Goethe's earlier separation from the Herrnhut brethren. Lavater had almost as little sympathy with the Herrnhuters as Goethe himself. The characteristic feature of Herrnhut piety was separation from the world. Lavater mixed freely in general society, took an interest in all public questions, political and social; he was an amateur student in most departments of learning and of research. He may be said to have courted the leaders of society, and of his own initiative he became the correspondent of philosophers, and men of letters such as Kant, Lessing, Herder, Wieland, Moses Mendelssohn, and Goethe. A desire for personal prominence had some share in his manifold activities, but their chief motive was undoubtedly religious zeal. He regarded it as his mission to carry his own views of religion to as many circles as possible, and especially to win for them those who possessed a commanding influence on the mind of the public.

When Goethe and Lavater first met they had not a little in common. Goethe, who had just written *Werther*, was in the midst of the whirlwind of the *Sturm und Drang* period.

¹ Born 1741, died 1801. Eight years Goethe's senior.

Lavater was in a different fashion a *Sturmer* and *Dranger*. He was ill at ease in spirit, as little content with himself and with the Church, as Goethe with the world and himself. Popular as a preacher, and the author of widely read religious works, he was nevertheless obsessed by the feeling that something was wanting, both to himself and to the Church. He was therefore always on the look-out for the advent of new forces which would awake the Church to a full consciousness of its mission—the conquest of the whole world for Christ. In the year 1769 he addressed a series of questions to leading theologians, asking them to give reasons for the cessation of those gifts of inspired speech and miracle-working power which had been possessed by the early Church. For his part he could find no hint in the New Testament that these gifts were designed to continue for a short time only, or to be confined to certain localities. He was forced therefore to come to the conclusion that their absence was to be accounted for by a want of faith in the modern Church. With the theologians of the eighteenth century these opinions naturally found little favour, and Lavater began to look outside the Church for tokens of the dawn of the new era. God, he thought, might be preparing for it by working signs and wonders in the world. Hence his eager interest in somnambulism, animal magnetism, and other mysterious phenomena. Unfortunately too for his own reputation, he listened to the tales and pretensions of impostors like Cagliostro.

To Goethe, who had lately been immersed in mystical literature, in magic, in alchemy, these interests were not unsympathetic. Nor was there much in Lavater's opinions regarding human nature to which Goethe could take exception. Of human depravity he spoke little, although he acknowledged that it was sin that hindered men from rising to their full moral stature; but he held as strongly as Goethe that there was latent good in all men which could be quickened into activity by wise and sympathetic guidance. The confident hope which he cherished of a future life of blessedness for man-

kind was largely founded on his perception of the great and precious gifts already conferred upon them by their Creator. His views regarding the state of the blessed in heaven had little of mediæval solemnity and indefiniteness. In a work entitled *Aspects of Eternity*, he described the life of the redeemed as very like the present, with the exception of the absence of sin. One man will occupy himself with the study of natural history or natural philosophy, another with the investigation of spiritual phenomena, and a third with the history of the past. There will be, there as here, the teacher and the pupil. There will also be a distinction of classes, and it will be recognised that the labourer is as necessary as the king. After speaking of this state he exclaims, "Oh, I sink under these all too entrancing and certain hopes. What thoughts and emotions, what exaltation of our whole nature, what enlargements of our being, what new oceans of life, of heaven, and of joy in God will come to us every moment!"¹ Lavater's pious phantasy and breathless rhetoric are not much to the taste of modern readers, but they possessed a wonderful charm for his contemporaries, who, starved on the side of their emotions by a dry orthodoxy and a cold rationalism, were delighted to listen once more to the language of religious fervour. Lavater's writings were to the religious world what Goethe's *Sturm und Drang* writings were to others. Even a man of genius and taste like Novalis found pleasure in Lavater's sermons. Lavater's hopes for mankind were directed towards the coming of Christ, when men would become sharers in His glory. He often spoke, however, as if this coming might be like His first coming, quiet and unobserved, as if He might appear to individuals in the same manner in which we hear of His manifesting Himself after the resurrection. This, as we understand it, was his meaning when he wrote to F. Jacobi, "I long after and expect the laying on of hands by a man whose shoe latchet I am unworthy

¹ This quotation is taken from *Worte des Herzens*, von J. C. Lavater. Halle.

to unloose, whom as yet I do not know, whom God only knows. I do not call him to me nor do I go to meet him, but he will appear to me, and until he comes I am only a poor day labourer."¹ It is said that he often would scan eagerly the faces of the people on the promenade at Zurich in the hope of finding among them the Apostle John, whom he firmly believed to be still on earth.

Lavater is best known at the present day by his studies in physiognomy. The motto of the work was, "For the furtherance of a knowledge and love of humanity." In all things a realist, as Goethe says of him, he was convinced that the human countenance was an index of the spirit within. To study faces, therefore, was a sure path to knowledge of character. He procured, when possible, authentic portraits of remarkable men, and, when that was not possible, ideal portraits were substituted. He was, above all things, anxious to obtain a portrait of Christ which would give adequate expression to His character. Such a picture, he believed, would draw hearts to the Son of man. In this endeavour he failed, as was to be anticipated. He spent much time and money on the production of his work on *Physiognomy*, which was hailed by many as the *Novum Organum* of a new knowledge, although treated with scorn by men of science.² His views as to the power of reading character by observing countenances were exaggerated, although his observations laid the foundation of that marvellous gift of thought-reading by which he was distinguished. Goethe says it was often uncomfortable to converse with him, so conscious were you that he was probing the inner secrets of your soul. This power was, however, always employed in the kindest manner, and for edification. To ridicule the weaknesses of human nature was foreign to him. It would have been better had he pos-

¹ An F. Jacobi, 19ten März 1781. Whether the reference is here to Christ seems uncertain.

² *Physiognomische Fragmente zur Beförderung der Menschenkenntnis und Menschenliebe*, 4 vols., 1775-1778.

sessed the sense of the ridiculous in a greater degree, as it might have saved him from some absurdities which often rendered him an object of contempt. Friend and foe alike bear witness to the gift he possessed of evoking good and restraining evil by his presence and conversation. Goethe wrote of him after his death—they had been alienated for many years before his death—that Lavater created a pure circle wherever he went by the purity and goodness of his character. In his presence one behaved with maiden modesty, lest anything of a contrary nature should offend him. And Merk, Goethe's atrabilious friend, who was at first prejudiced against him, acknowledged, after meeting, that he had never listened to talk so full of edification. It not unfrequently happened that prejudice was changed to admiration and reverence by Lavater's personal presence. Lichtenberg, the sceptic and satirist of Göttingen, had poured vitriolic contempt on his work. But when passing through Göttingen, Lavater, who rarely took offence at hostile criticism, visited the formidable critic in his den. After the visit Lichtenberg wrote: "I had expected a heated and enthusiastic disputant. He is nothing of the kind. I judge him to be a man with a most excellent head, whom weak society has led astray. I repeat it. I cannot give you an adequate idea of how good the man is. He means it all honestly. If he deceives others, it is because he has himself been first deceived."

Lavater had foibles which diminished his influence among his more educated contemporaries, and have perhaps unduly injured his reputation with the after world. His intellectual endowments were not commensurate with his moral, and of this he was insufficiently aware. His position as a popular preacher and as the oracle of pious circles did not foster the habit of self-criticism in matters intellectual, although on all moral questions he judged himself severely. His scholarship was inexact, and as an interpreter of Scripture he was not to be relied on. When he entered the regions of metaphysical and scientific thought the inadequacy of his equipment became

painfully apparent. Goethe's remark is also just, that the whole truth was not for Lavater. When an opinion had got hold of his Christian heart it was hard to dislodge, and he would adopt almost any argument which appeared to give it support. This inequality between his powers explains the different estimation in which he was held by different persons, and even by the same persons at different periods. Herder, for example, who for a time valued him highly as a thinker, spoke of him later as "a dear babbler about God."

The first meeting between Goethe and Lavater took place in Frankfurt in the year 1774. They had, however, been in correspondence for some time. In those days quite intimate friendships not unfrequently existed between men who had never seen each other's faces.

The meeting was remarkably cordial on both sides. Goethe read many of his verses to Lavater, who was delighted with them and with their author. Lavater fascinated the whole Goethe household, and the entire circle.¹ People flocked to the house in the Hirschgraben to listen to the conversation of the prophet. Goethe was so enamoured of the society of his new friend that he accompanied him to Ems, whither Lavater went for the baths, and he rejoined him at the close of his cure. They sailed down the Rhine together as far as Cologne. The journey has been immortalised by Goethe in prose and verse.² These days spent in Goethe's company were, Lavater wrote afterwards, among the "beautiful hours" of his life.

¹ Lavater corresponded for years with Goethe's mother. She addressed him as "My dear son," and he wrote, "My dear mamma." The correspondence did not cease after the breach between Lavater and her son.

² *Dichtung und Wahrheit* III., xiv., Hempel, Band xxii. p. 163 ff. It was during this trip that Goethe wrote *Geistesgruss* and *Des Künstlers Vergötterung*; also the humorous verses about himself, Lavater, and the strange genius Basedow, who was their companion during part of the journey:

Und, wie nach Emmaus, weiter ging's
Mit Sturm- und Feuerschritten:
Prophete rechts, Prophete links,
Das Weltkind in der Mitten.

In the following year Goethe visited Lavater in his home at Zurich, and his exclusive devotion to the society of the pastor disappointed some who would have fain seen more of the author of *Werther*.

Goethe also visited Zurich in 1779 in the company of his master, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. He was desirous that the young Duke, whose wild ways were giving him anxiety, should come under the influence of his friend. The angelic quietness of Lavater's circle charmed and soothed Goethe after the excitements of the court life at Weimar. Of Lavater he wrote: "He is and remains a man quite by himself. Such truth, faith, love, patience, strength, wisdom, activity, integrity, serenity, etc., are not to be found either in Israel or among the Gentiles."¹ Soon after this visit he wrote to Lavater: "A heartfelt word of longing for thee. . . . My spirit is ever with thee."² This personal affection for the "most human of men" continued almost to the beginning of the sudden rupture of their friendship. Alluding to a bust of himself which the Duke had presented to Lavater, he writes: "Adieu, most beloved of men. Pronounce a benediction often over my bust, that a blessing may also descend upon me."³ From the time of their first meeting Goethe and Lavater were in constant correspondence. Goethe took a lively interest in Lavater's work on *Physiognomy*, and contributed to it with pen and pencil.⁴ Religious questions were frequently discussed in their letters, on Goethe's part somewhat reluctantly. He had at the beginning of their acquaintance informed Lavater that they differed in religious opinions, but he wished that they should look upon one another as men who were both serving God in their own way, and show respect to one another by preserving silence on the subject. Lavater was quite indifferent to many of the theological

¹ An Knebel, 30th Nov. 1779.

² An Lavater, 2nd Nov. 1779.

³ An Lavater, 7th May 1781.

⁴ Not very successfully with the latter, to judge from the specimens in the Weimar edition, vol. xxxvii.

controversies of the day. He was ready, for example, to admit that Roman Catholic worship was a real service of God, and that it might suit some men better than Protestant worship. There was one question, however, on which Lavater would make no concession and consent to no compromise. To him Christ was the beginning and end of all true religion. His hope for the future of humanity was directed to Him and to Him alone ; for, as we shall see presently, God the Father had hardly a place in Lavater's creed. Goethe, on the other hand, at this period of his life, regarded Christ simply as one of the benefactors of humanity. It seemed to him an injustice to other saints and heroes to give to him the exclusive position assigned to him by Lavater. Lavater could not preserve silence to a dear friend on a subject which lay so near his heart. After the publication of Lavater's book on *Pontius Pilate*, Goethe also found it impossible to be silent ; for the views expressed in that book, from which he had expected great things, were to him utterly repulsive. He wrote : " We touch one another as closely as two men can, but then we turn aside and go in opposite directions, you with as assured step as I. Alone, with no thought of one another, we reach the extreme limits of our being. I am quiet and hearken in silence to what God and nature reveal to me. I turn round, and see you teaching with power your own doctrine. The gulf which divides is real for the moment. I lose the Lavater in whose presence I was attracted by the harmony of his feelings and ideas, the Lavater whom I know and love ; I perceive only the sharp lines traced by his flaming sword. It makes on me a most displeasing impression. Take it from me, dear brother, that I am as much in earnest in my opinions as you in yours, and that were it my function to speak in public, I should speak and write with as much zeal on behalf of my conviction that God has established an aristocracy of spirits upon earth, as you on behalf of the sole monarchy of Christ. . . . Breathe upon me with good words and drive away the strange spirit. The strange spirit blows

from all quarters of the world, the spirit of love and friendship only from one. . . .”¹

It is often taken for granted by the reader of Goethe's letters that he was here the assailant of Religion, Lavater its defender. But some of Lavater's letters lead one to doubt the justice of this view, for Lavater's opinions, if fully carried out, might have proved more perilous to the permanence of true religion than Goethe's own; for while Goethe doubted the truth of the second article of the creed, Lavater had almost parted with the first. Take, for example, the following strange letter in which he endeavours to meet Goethe's doubts regarding the truth of the miraculous events recorded in the New Testament:—

“You say were a voice from heaven to proclaim: water burns, and fire extinguishes, you would not believe it. I believe that there is much in human nature which can be developed by an extraordinary occasion, and that a thing may fairly be termed supernatural or miraculous although it is as natural as that you wrote *Werther*. Strife and harmony between the voluntary and mechanical forces is part of the history of all men, and of the history of the Bible. To me Christ is the medium by whom this strife may be ended. We are All in ourselves and become All through others. What we are, we become through the influence of the most energetic and powerful men. Nothing works as does humanity. Which of us will deny this? He who grants it names himself a Christian. Now he who works most mightily on men deserves most faith from them. Humanity cannot soar beyond humanity. It can neither think nor enjoy anything that is not analogous to itself. To profess to do so is pure fanaticism. The universal spirit of the universe can neither be entreated nor enjoyed. It is blasphemy to make ourselves equal with Him, and to pray to Him without mediation. As the Father of Christ, who is the universe in a microcosmos, one may call upon Him,

¹ An Lavater, 9th August 1782.

having faith in Christ's word and through Christ's mediation—or, to express it otherwise, it is this mode of representation which works most powerfully on the depths of human nature, and opens the heart to the touch of Christ. Without touch man does not become active. The religion of most men is fanaticism, that is a mere illusion, an illusion of having been touched by another Being, when they have only been touched by themselves. The Infinite One cannot touch or be touched, He cannot move or be moved. However much He is, for us He is Nonens. For the Infinite One the earth, that sloped and rounded earth, can have no import. That which has a shape can only be touched by that which possesses a shape. One is the highest man.”¹

On reading this letter one is disposed to agree with Goethe that Lavater here takes up a “quite unbecoming attitude towards the old God and His children.” Not only are all the ethnic faiths placed outside the pale of religion, but Judaism shares the same fate; for the Jehovah of the Old Testament, to whom the Psalms were addressed, is represented as one to whom it is vain and presumptuous to offer prayer.

It was not to be expected that the intimate friendship could long continue. Goethe was now in Weimar, a minister of state immersed in practical affairs, and he was associating with Herder and others, thinkers of stronger intellectual calibre than Lavater. But the end came unexpectedly, and the causes have never been fully explained. In December 1783 Lavater received a letter from Goethe, written in the old friendly tone, in which he begged him to write often and not to “forget the old friends for new friends.” This letter was answered by Lavater, who said, “For no new friendship shall I forget Karl August and Goethe.” He added, however, “Goethe, speak of me with caution. Gossiping tongues—a man easily irritated—misunderstandings. But how can a

¹ Lavater an Goethe, Zürich, 28th July 1782: *Schriften der Goethe-Gesellschaft*, Band xvi., Weimar, 1901.

goose teach prudence to an eagle? *Vale et ama.*"¹ From Goethe Lavater never received another letter; and all attempts he made were vain to discover the causes of the alienation. He visited Weimar and was entertained by Goethe, whom he found older, colder, and more reserved, quite indisposed to renew the former familiar intercourse.

A good many years later he wrote to the Duchess Luise and asked her why he never now heard anything of the people whom he loved best in the world.² The Duchess answered diplomatically that the Duke had many cares on his shoulders, and was much occupied, but that his regard for Lavater remained unabated: "Goethe also without doubt, although about him I do not venture to express an opinion, for the choice spirits are sometimes unfathomable."

But Goethe at this time or shortly afterwards was for some reason greatly incensed at Lavater. Herr Bothger, who dined with him in 1794, says that he spoke of him with heat he never before observed in Goethe, and he reports also that Goethe broke a number of panes of glass and mirrors in his mother's house in Frankfurt on which Lavater had inscribed his name or some memorial of himself.³ Goethe told another acquaintance that Lavater had got a picture made of Satan in the wilderness, and that his countenance had been assigned to the Tempter.

In the year 1795 Goethe gave public expression to his animosity towards his old friend in a cruel epigram in the *Xenia*. Another friend, F. Graf zu Stolberg, who was also a friend of Lavater, experienced the same treatment.⁴ There

¹ Lavater an Goethe, 17th January 1788.

² An die Herzogin Luise, 26th June 1790.

³ Goethe mit Bothger, *Gespräche*, bk. i. p. 144.

⁴ Of Lavater Goethe wrote:—

Der Prophet.

Schade, dass die Natur nur *einen* Menschen aus dir schuf,
Denn zum würdigen Mann war und zum Schelmen der Stoff.

Pity 'tis, when thou wast born, that but one man nature created!
Stuff for a gentleman is, and for a scoundrel in thee.—PAUL CARUS.

was at this time much indignation against Goethe and Schiller in pious circles; they were accused of a design to abolish Christianity, and introduce in its stead the worship of the gods of Greece. In a preface to a translation of Plato's *Dialogues*, Count Stolberg, as Goethe believed, referred pointedly to himself and Schiller as "baptised heathen." Lavater and Count Stolberg were very intimate friends, and Goethe may have thought that Lavater was in agreement with him, as he probably was.

Lavater bore the affront put on him by his old friend with dignity. He complained, it is true, of Goethe's *sansculottism* in a letter to Count Stolberg; but he exhorted his fellow-sufferer to remain silent under the affliction. "Goethe must be left to himself—to pass judgment upon himself for having been untrue to his better nature."¹

To the Duchess Luise, Lavater wrote—perhaps he intended that the letter should be seen by Goethe—that a friend had written to him that the *Xenia* was an evil book, and had counselled him to write a counterblast as full of friendliness as the other was of unfriendliness. He would not, however, follow this method of heaping coals of fire on Goethe's head. For one reason, he said that he did not possess Goethe's wit; and, moreover, he knew by experience that friendliness only excited unfriendliness in men who were thoroughly unfriendly. Otherwise he would gladly have addressed this epigram to the epigrammatist:—

"Einziger! Feldherr! Held! Heerführer!
Gekronter Erob'rer!
Warum erniedrigst du dich Goethe
Zum Büttel herab!"²

Of the Count Stolberg he wrote, whose poetry had not improved since he became pious:—

Als du die griechischen Götter geschmäht, so warf dich Apollo
Von dem Parnasse: dafür gehst du ins Himmelreich ein.
When you reviled the Olympian gods, threw, relentless, Apollo
You from Parnassus—You now enter the heavenly realm.—PAUL CARUS.

¹ An F. L. Grafen zu Stolberg, Zürich, 25th January 1797.

² An die Herzogin Luise, Zürich, January 1797.

Lavater's indignation against Goethe soon passed away. A few months later we find him writing: "Goethe's *Hermann* is admirable. It atones for the *Xenia*." In the same letter he mentions that Goethe had been in Zurich, but they had not met. Goethe had observed him in the street, but had purposely avoided speech with him.¹

It is possible that Goethe reproached himself for the unkindness he had shown to Lavater. After the latter's death he gave a beautiful sketch of his character in the fourteenth book of his *Autobiography*, in which his failings were touched on with a light hand and his virtues set forth with all the unrivalled resources of Goethe's prose style. By this sketch Lavater will be remembered, not by the innumerable volumes in prose and verse which came from his own pen. Goethe remarks that the religious discussions he had with Lavater probably did him harm, like all attempts at conversion which fail in their object. Lavater would have been wiser, certainly, had he been satisfied with the quiet influence his character had on Goethe, and not attempted to guide or control the opinions of one so greatly his superior in intellectual endowments.²

JOHN GIBB.

CAMBRIDGE.

¹ An J. Hose, Zürich, 29th November 1797.

² Mr Lewes speaks of Lavater's unconscious hypocrisy—an unhappy phrase, for hypocrisy was entirely foreign to Lavater's character. But Mr Lewes is always determined to prove Goethe right, even when Goethe himself was of a different opinion; and in this way he sometimes does injustice to Goethe himself as well as to others; for Goethe is represented as a Pharisee who will never allow that any fault is to be found with him.

OWING to the interruption caused by the war during the past quarter, the material available for the Philosophical, Theological, and Social Surveys is unusually restricted. These therefore have been omitted from the present number.

DISCUSSIONS

N.B.—The contributions under this heading refer to matters previously treated in the "Hibbert Journal." Reviews of books are not open to discussion. Criticism of any article will, as a rule, be limited to a single issue of the Journal. The discussion ends with a reply from the original writer.—*Ed.*

"POST-MODERNISM."

(*Hibbert Journal*, July 1914, p. 733.)

I.

It seems to be quite true that, in the original sense of the term, Modernism is dead. But the world of Christian thought will never be the same again, because Modernism lived for a little time, and magnificently attempted the impossible. For when scholars were obsessed by the critical, and were spending their main energies upon negations, a new school arose in the Roman Communion. It accepted the results of criticism, Biblical or otherwise. It accepted also the results of modern scientific research.

Then it attempted a new thing.

In older ages, and under the influence of a different philosophy, the thing had been twice attempted. The first great synthesis was the neo-Platonic world view, completed in the sixth century. The second, based on Aristotelian intellectualism, was perfected by St Thomas in the thirteenth century. Then, when everything seemed satisfactorily accounted for, suddenly all was changed. A new philosophy became dominant. Discovery followed discovery. Then came criticism, and the very foundations of the old theological synthesis were exploded, and it sank in ruins.

But in our day the Modernists, with a magnificent courage, declared themselves dissatisfied with negations. They set about the work of reconstruction. They attempted to formulate a new synthesis, based on modern science, modern philosophy, and criticism. The new synthesis was to be founded on the Immanence of God. They made no attempt to reconcile the doctrines of immanence and transcendence. They openly abandoned what Laberthonnière has called "the spatial transcendence theory," because it no longer helped them to conceive of God. And they imagined that they

could do all this within the bounds of Roman Catholicism ! But the walls of Jericho do not fall so easily ! It was Modernism that died. All the same, the aim of Modernism was reconstructive and not destructive.

But Mr Thompson points out that there is a sense in which Modernism is not dead. Its spirit is living in all the Churches now. So he writes of Post-Modernism. Of Post-Modernism, as interpreted by Mr Thompson, I desire to treat.

I read in his article : "Immanence means the surrender of the old idea of miracles as interferences with the natural order from outside, and, with it, of the necessity of believing that such events have happened. The question has to be re-stated in this form : What are the possible manifestations of supernaturalism from within the natural ?"

Let us analyse this, for until we analyse it we shall not see how unintelligible it is. Clearly, Mr Thompson, like the Modernists, rejects the idea of the transcendence of God. Otherwise the sentence has no meaning. There is no transcendent God to interfere with the natural order of the world. But if God exists only as He is immanent in creation, are we all to become Pantheists ? Mr Thompson would answer, "No, for the immanent God is yet distinct from the creation in which He is immanent." But even so, in what sense does he use the word "supernaturalism" ? For what is to be our search ? We are to find out "what are the possible manifestations of supernaturalism from within the natural ?" What does this mean ? How can we have a *super-natural*, which has no existence except in the natural, in which it is eternally "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" ? And there is another question—By what power is Mr Thompson going to decide what are the possible manifestations of God from within the natural ? For Mr Thompson God has ceased to be omnipotent, because He can only manifest Himself in certain possible ways, and Mr Thompson is quite ready to decide what these ways are.

Really, Mr Thompson's assurance is almost paralysing. Take, now, his attitude to Christ and Christianity. According to him, Post-Modernism is prepared practically to give up the Christian faith. Mr Thompson is prepared, if need be, "to believe that Jesus consciously founded no Church, ordained no ministry, instituted no sacraments." Yet this Post-Modernist is a priest in the Church of England, and, when he celebrates the Lord's Supper, he says that Jesus "hath instituted and ordained holy mysteries as pledges of His love, and for a continual remembrance of His death, to our great and endless comfort." A critic, who did not profess to be a Christian, might write as Mr Thompson writes, but it seems to me to be a shameful thing for a Christian priest thus to flaunt his readiness to give up what he still professes to believe. If he wrote with regret or sadness about the loss of the Christ in whom we have trusted, we could sympathise with him. But there is an air of chirpy self-satisfaction about him, which is intensely irritating to those who are still Christians.

L. A. POOLER (Archdeacon).

DOWNPATRICK, IRELAND.

II.

THE Encyclical *Pascendi* of 1907 fell like a Nasmyth hammer upon the Roman Modernists, and while it did not quite kill them, it crushed them very badly. The fall of the hammer was heard by other communions, and they felt no small alarm at the consequent vibration. The Modernists were not killed right off; their spirit lives, for there is no stopping the progress of human thinking. The spirit of Modernism is again abroad and busy. It is engaged in thinking out a new *modus vivendi*. It surveys its grounds, revises its positions, adopts other methods, and is given to reconstructing, if it may, its beliefs. This new attitude Mr Thompson calls Post-Modernism, an ingenious though not a very happy coinage. The plain man at once thinks of "post-prandial" and "post-mortem" and the like, though we are assured that *post* in Post-Modernism does not mean "after" in the ordinary sense. It is a pity to let go in its simple form so up-to-date a term as Modernism.

Post-Modernism, differing in important respects from its forebear Modernism, is conceived as a working hypothesis intended more effectively than hitherto to do justice both to the claims of science and history on the one hand, and those of faith and the Church institution on the other, bringing about in the long run a fairly practical understanding between them. The "double-mindedness," that is, the trying to live at the same time in the worlds of criticism and faith, which proved so fatal to the Modernists, under this *schema* is likely to be done away with, and a single-minded, homogeneous existence achieved. This sounds very well. Will this new apologetic save its face, and prevent (in the Romish Church) the Nasmyth hammer from falling again? It may succeed among Anglican High Churchmen, for they are not unchangeably pledged to a stiff and rigid tradition of the past, nor are they under the thumb of a pope who can kill or make alive; but there are grave doubts whether in the Romish Church Post-Modernism will meet with any better fate than befell Modernism. Mr Thompson himself is not over-confident. Rome is conservative, inelastic, unfree, and logically so. She will always be what she is, and she is now what she always has been. She must be as she is, or not be at all. *Sit ut est, aut non sit*. On the question of change of dogma, Renan has these words: "Une seule pierre arrachée à cet édifice l'ensemble croule fatalement." "Rome would bleed to death," says Tyrrell, "if she sacrificed her little finger."

Quite frankly the writer of the article states that Post-Modernism would provoke a discussion on the fundamentals, and that he is not unapprehensive of difficulties. I have no desire to pursue the matter beyond making one or two strictures.

1. Modernists made much of immanence, and it is the fundamental principle of Post-Modernism. Our notions of this philosophic concept are vague. Its *aliases* are "higher pantheism" and pan-psychism. It stands for a truth, but for how much we are not sure. As some writers interpret

it, certain dualisms upon which many old theological ideas are based are done away with. At one stroke it puts an end to the distinctions between science and faith, nature and the supernatural, human and divine, finite and infinite, etc. On the surface the conception is fine, for it rejoices us much to get at a principle on which the whole universe in its variety may be unified. But then this immanence is only a theory, and a cloudy one at that.

2. Post-Modernism, despite precautions, cannot fail to stimulate unbridled individualism. On the analogy of Post-Impressionism, it discards conventional methods of expression. It must express itself with childlike freshness.

Furthermore, it must take into account what Modernism neglected to do, relatively speaking, namely, the personal, experiential, mystical aspect of the religious life.

While there is need of attention to this aspect among the laics of the Romish Church, as Tyrrell was never weary of preaching, it is quite possible that with its development, and with undue emphasis placed upon it, it may end in a defiance of conventional forms of all sorts, and each believer become self-centred and a law unto himself.

JAMES EVANS.

BIRMINGHAM.

"CHANGING RELIGION."

(*Hibbert Journal*, July 1914, p. 893.)

IF all the mystical saints admitted, as Principal Graham does in his friendly criticism of my article, that "the once-born and the twice-born reach much the same goal in the end," I could be on the best of terms with them. But they don't. The twice-born of my experience—the catastrophically twice-born, for I adopt James's classification and definition—have been far indeed from any such admission. They have emphatically assured me that unless I also could somehow get catastrophically born again, my goal would be very different from theirs; would be, in fact, an everlasting Hell, over against their everlasting Heaven. No doubt I am biassed against them by the slight resentment which this sweeping condemnation calls forth. A life-sentence seems severe and unjust, when you can't persuade yourself of serious guilt—though perhaps that is only another evidence of callous conscience and general depravity!

Probably what is wanted is more toleration on both sides. Each has his place and his work in the world-scheme, but he must recognise that others have their own way of salvation, to which they have as much right as he has to his. Perhaps some higher purpose is being worked out by the interplay—which looks like strife—of opposing human wills and opinions.

Of the Society of Friends I know little; but all that I know leads me to think that there probably is more integrity and general highmindedness

of the practical sort per head in that community than in any other religious body; and if catastrophic conversion is a condition of membership or even a prominent feature, I admit that the Friends are a formidable argument against my plea for the once-borns' moral equality or superiority. But I thought the Friends were not keen on conversion methods. I do not hear of "revivals" among them in my own neighbourhood.

I must demur, so far as my experience goes, to Mr Graham's attempt to put psychical sensitives inevitably among the goats, and non-psychical mystics among the sheep. The unadmirable saints I had in mind were mystics according to his own definition, and were in no case the possessors of psychical gifts. The psychical people I have known are, as it happens, of far higher character than the "saints." One of the most beautiful souls I have ever known—utterly unselfish and filled with universal and practical love of her fellow-mortals—is a medium who cannot be said to be a mystic. Apparently Mr Graham's experience has been different from mine. Quite possibly his has been the wider, and his induction may be the more reliable. I am always ready to admit that my experience may have been exceptional and misleading.

I agree that probably "the churches and chapels would win" if they could be exhaustively compared as to moral excellence with the outsiders. But that is not the question at issue. What we are discussing is the relative excellence—measured objectively by standards of social good and not by intensity of subjective feeling—of once-born and twice-born; and as the majority of churchgoers and chapelgoers are not twice-born (in the catastrophic sense which James attaches to the term), the point at issue is not between those who worship in public and those who do not, but between the once-born and the twice-born within the fold.

At bottom, it comes to this: we all welcome any regeneration which makes for social good, but we are not agreed about methods. Some of us are distrustful of conversions which are dependent on the acceptance of a barbarous and outworn theology, feeling that such acceptance may block the way to a better conception of God. And yet, good may come out of what is superficially evil. I know a man who attained salvation by means of a drunken bet with a fellow-topper—that the first to taste alcohol again should forfeit £5. It put each man on his mettle; both held out for some months, then one gave in, but the other found that he had mastered the craving, and continued in the path of sobriety, where he still remains after many years. So I must not too hastily condemn methods which I do not like. Perhaps they are good for some folks, and indeed I admit that conversion seems independent of theology, as in some Eastern mysticisms. I merely say that on the whole it seems to me that a gradual growth—evolution, continuity—is better than revolutions which do not tend to stability. But that is only my own view, and others have a perfect right to theirs.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

BRADFORD.

"A BROAD CHURCH DISRUPTION."

(Hibbert Journal, April 1914, p. 675.)

MR P. E. VIZARD is a true man. He says in the April *Hibbert* that we Broad Church clergymen are not true men. Let us come near to him, get to close quarters with him over this thing, sincerity; let us look into his eyes, and he into ours, and see who will wince, he or we.

I think neither will wince; because sincerity, though essentially one, varies in its manifestations. Maxim Gorki wandered over the Russian steppes, among the tramps, breathing the existence of a stripped, animal humanity; Nietzsche deafened the Christians with the thunder-claps of his truthfulness and hate; Garibaldi charmed the English people with the noble simplicity of his bearing; Darwin charmed the scientific world with the noble scrupulousness of his precision; Cardinal Newman, in his famous apology, declared that the most damaging folly is to be found out shuffling; Livingstone knew the hidden reality for which the Christian martyrs have been willing to die. These all were¹ true men. Internecine opinions, even conflicting moralities, did not invalidate for one of these men his inner, human sincerity.

Broad Church clergymen manifest one form of truthfulness. It is the truthfulness which mediates between the old and the new. Easier it is to go over to the one side or the other—to be a partisan. Obligatory it is for certain minds, for certain temperaments not to do this, not to join either faction, but to mediate, to stand their ground between the opposing forces of past and future, and, amid misunderstanding and missiles from both sides, *thus* to serve their fellow-men in the day of transition.

Mr Vizard (I speak with respect) does not understand us. Moreover, true as he is, he is unjust, is inconsistent. (1) At one moment he demands an austere literalism. How, he asks, can Broad Church clergymen affirm their belief in statements of a creed while they *disbelieve* them? Here he would tie the clergyman to the letter of the document. (2) Elsewhere he would admit a spiritualising interpretation. For instance, when clergymen read, "God rested on the seventh day," or "The unclean spirits entered into the swine," or "And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty," in these cases, and in many like, Mr Vizard would, we feel sure, relax his literalism. Nay, he openly asserts that concerning "Inspiration, Revelation, Immortality, the Divinity of Christ, Eternal Punishment, etc., the words embodying these have been sufficiently elastic to permit, *quite legitimately* [*italics mine*], of the expanded thought."

Thus, after all, it is the old question of degree. Mr Vizard, like the Bishop of Oxford, is lax, poetic, allegorical in his interpretations up to a certain self-chosen point; then he calls halt! and there he would stop the Christian army. Only, Mr Vizard charges clergymen who transgress his limit—despite the candour and publicity of their writings—with dis-

¹ Gorki, it need hardly be said, is still alive.

honesty, while Dr Gore, in the *Oxford Diocesan Magazine* for June, writes of them: "We have not to do with men who have any tendency to hypocrisy or personal insincerity."

Lastly, Mr Vizard says that we Broad Church clergymen are "virtually Unitarians." He offers no evidence for this indictment. He is merely calling names. We Broad Church clergymen, honouring the Unitarians for their intellectual service to Christendom, but ourselves at home, resting, revelling in the great central stream of the Christian consciousness whose local habitation is the Catholic Church—we simply tell Mr Vizard that he is now speaking about us in a region of our personality of which, while we know all, he knows nothing; and that his speech, true though he be himself, is untrue.

HUBERT HANDLEY.

ST THOMAS'S VICARAGE, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W.

"THE SIGNIFICANCE OF DEATH."

(*Hibbert Journal*, July 1914, p. 886.)

IN the article entitled "The Significance of Death," by Professor Cassius J. Keyser, are these words: "It is, then, plain that the meaning and worth of mortality must be sought in the nature and properties of life: it is evident that to discern and to estimate the spiritual significance of death we must ponder the relations of life to the simple fact of its termination."

It appears to me that we have here (1) an assumption that cannot be justified, and (2) an affirmation that is incapable of proof. The assumption is that human science is competent to define life, and to analyse its properties; and the affirmation shows confusion of thought. The author confounds physical organisms with life. He sees that physical organisms die, *i.e.* the indefinable and inscrutable life that animates them is sooner or later withdrawn, and the organism, as such, perishes; but it cannot be shown that anything else perishes.

Of the fact of life we have abundant evidence—it being everywhere manifest, even in the decomposition of organic matter. But of the nature and properties of life we have no knowledge; and it would seem clear, in the nature of things, that the finite mind can never have such knowledge.

CHARLES H. MOORE,
Emeritus Professor of Art, Harvard.

WINCHFIELD, HANTS.

"THE HIGHER ANTHROPOLOGY."

(*Hibbert Journal*, July 1914, p. 819.)

THE readers of the *Hibbert Journal* interested in the subject of this article will not skim and forget, for it is one to be pondered over again and again until its profound meaning is mastered, for it is light-giving where these

restless times need most help. With Personality it begins, continues, and ends. Hence its author calls it "The Higher Anthropology."

Naturally Mr Johnson seeks, first of all, to clear the atmosphere from the clouds which have gathered around the question of Personality, and to guard it from the dangers of mistaken criticism. Its true aim has been to discover the temple of Truth and Reality. Mr Johnson asks, "Suppose we use the key to self-consciousness and enter within the temple?" "All is changed" (p. 834). The temple may find its analogue in St Paul's Cathedral, whose true reality is in the thought of Wren, whose mind thought it and whose volition "was the originating cause" of the great building—"a world within a world."

The supreme value of "The Higher Anthropology" is in the clearness and force with which "the concept Man is seen to be the analogue of the concept God." And under the determinations of Personality we see the categories of things seen and unseen, or Appearance and Reality hold good of eternal things, as well as of the things of time. And Reality is in eternal relation with our consciousness, whether we are in the body or are out of the body. For if we are in the body, the realities of the things we perceive around us are the thoughts of the Eternal Mind which thinks them. And if we are out of the body, the realities of "the new heavens and the new earth," or whatever things may be revealed to our consciousness, will also be the thoughts of the Eternal Mind which thinks them. "For whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's" (Rom. xiv. 8).

The light we have seen on "the concept Man as the analogue of the concept God" leads us to hope that Mr Johnson may supply a second contribution to reveal to us his thoughts on the concept God, and show that the aphorism, "Man has created and is creating God in his own image," has no place in the temple of Truth.

ROBERT DAVEY.

STREATHAM.

REVIEWS

Can we still be Christians?—By Rudolf Eucken.—Translated by Lucy Judge Gibson.—London: A. & C. Black, 1914.

MANY have felt that Rudolf Eucken's attitude towards Christianity needed a more specific and detailed definition. We have it now in the newly translated book which bears the above title. The rendering into English has been done by Mrs Boyce Gibson, and the book has been translated with such a combination of dignity, lucidity, and ease that the reading of it should be a pleasure to all.

Eucken begins with a brief but penetrating account of the main characteristics of Christianity, proceeding from its universal to its unique and distinctive qualities. Christianity is a revelation of another world, a world beyond sense, other than environment, profounder than human nature, and capable of utterly transforming our whole conception and experience of life. It is a religion of the spirit, which penetrates through all nature's manifestations to the Invisible God who is the source and sustainer of all reality. It is a religion of redemption which, by uniting man to God, connects him with such a current of divine power that a momentous redemptive change takes place in his inner life. It is a religion which conceives redemption in ethical terms and thus is immensely superior to the Indian faiths in which redemption is a matter of vanished illusions and miraculous illumination. Especially distinctive of Christianity is the belief that the redemption is effected through the incarnation of God in Christ and the consequent at-one-ment of the human and the divine. This blend of the cosmic and historic in the person of Christ is a belief which has exercised profound influence over mankind. The whole of that dispensation, embracing as it does a cosmic purpose and an historic event, is the freely conferred gift of divine grace. Man's task is purely one of appropriation. But it *is* a task, for it involves a deliberate break with sense, self-will, and worldly life, and a deliberate decision to live according to the Spirit. Human nature does not readily agree to that. Hence the need of a special society to hold fast the truth revealed and make it fully effective through the whole field of human relationships. Such is the Church whose mission it is to propagate and perpetuate the evangel of Christ until the kingdoms of the world become the one kingdom of God.

That is Christianity, a religion of unique power and originality, broad and comprehensive in its underlying elements, definite and concentrative with regard to its particular purpose.

Eucken's appraisal of Christianity is remarkable both for the largeness and justice of his treatment, and for the pre-eminent and unique position he assigns to it among religions. It is a steep decline from that to his account of its position in the modern world. From the new conditions and tendencies of post-Reformation times came fresh and vigorous resistance. Christianity had stood for the unseen and spiritual world as the radiating centre and primary reality of life. But to-day the position is completely reversed. Theoretically and practically, in all departments of life, the centre of interest and activity is this world of time and sense. Time was when the Church embraced in a comprehensive unity all social and political life. But now States have grown into aggressive independence and the various provinces of culture are cut off from the metropolis of religion. The possibility of incarnation has become an openly questioned dogma, and what seemed vital to the early centuries seems alien to many to-day. Men willingly recognise in the Atonement "the healing power of a selfless love," but they turn away, either neutral or hostile, from the old formulation of the doctrine. Miracles, the Virgin Birth, the Descent into Hell, the Ascension into Heaven—what are they to-day? So many loose stones, which some say belong to the foundation of the temple, and which others say are not in the least essential to the building.

But apart from these matters, the very need of redemption is questioned. It was all very well in the decadent days of Rome. Then men were weary and satiated with life. But to-day vigour and strength, courage and speed, are the characteristics of life. Men have found that great combinations can achieve effective results. They can grapple with social evils, they can overcome economic inequalities, they can train and educate the masses, and they can see before them unlimited possibilities of expansion and improvement of life. Science, education, and union are the watchwords and conditions of progress. These vital and vigorous movements make the idea and the need of redemption seem a pale and faded thing.

Yet the Calvaries of Christianity have generally been followed by Easter Days of resurrection, and there are not wanting signs that some resurrection is about to occur again. The position is this: The age is vigorously active. It is organised. It is democratic and conscious of power. It has a record of achievement and invention. It has effected a marvellous improvement in the status and environment of man. But it has left untouched and untapped, as though it did not exist, the deepest source of human gladness and greatness. You may civilise man to perfection, but if you sever him from that source whence he has derived his richest life, you pauperise his soul and beggar him in all his wealth. That is where civilisation fails. It is a civilisation of bread and butter, of submarines and aeroplanes, of mechanical efficiency and material advance. Further, "humanistic culture," says Eucken, "has in the course

of the world's history been subjected to the test of experience, and has failed to stand the test." And he points out that it is failing again to-day. Everywhere men are beginning to realise that truth. There is outward greatness and inward pettiness. There is material progress and spiritual barrenness. There are innumerable pleasures and few satisfactions. There are people vastly rich and inwardly destitute. There are magnificent trade unions which are economic aggregates and not spiritual fellowships. In a word, we have a splendid civilisation, but it is a civilisation without a soul.

The question, then, arises as to the kind of religion which the world needs to-day. Is the historic Christian Faith adequate to the situation? Or must we be left to evolve a new religion? Eucken's reply is that Christianity is fully adequate if it be identified with its primal depth of life, but that it is alien and inadequate if it be identified with its historic formulations. He shrinks from any approach to a repudiation of Christianity, because, as he acutely observes, the modern attack is not merely upon the Christian religion, but upon the spiritual life; and Christianity, in his opinion, has been a pre-eminent mediator to man of this world-transcending life. What, then, is the essence of Christianity? We can best get at Eucken's view through his idea of universal religion. The facts of religious experience the world over concentrate themselves into this one basal truth—that there has been revealed to man a new stage of reality, a spiritual plane of life. It is not to be confused with a human emotion or any product of our inner life. It is an independent totality, an objective transcendent power, which, when it enters into human experience, brings with it an immeasurable deepening of life and spiritual exaltation. It is doubtless more than that, and it may be described in other ways. But if we say it is spiritual, it is transcendent, it is a connected whole, and a manifested historic power, we have the main facts. Everything great flows from that mighty source. Take the world's greatest geniuses. When the creative mood is upon them, they are the first to recognise that they are being sustained and guided by a super-human power. They are the vehicles of something greater than themselves. It is so in art and literature. It is so with the great religions. They are born of that creative source. A super-historic power invades an individual or national soul. That is Eucken's universal religion. It is the consciousness which all nations and ages have experienced in some degree of the reality and proximity of the great world of spirit.

What is the relation of Christianity to that universal movement? It is an historic crystallisation of it. What was general and correspondingly vague is now individualised and made correspondingly effective for penetrating and pervading life. The universal became in Christianity, as well as elsewhere, a characteristic religion. Its crises were the incarnation of the Spirit in Christ and the outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost. Its consequences were a formulating of the demands of the Spirit in the teaching of the New Testament and the organisation of the Church. And its present result is an elaborate system of dogma and a cultus to correspond.

We now see what Eucken means by the statement that historic Christianity rests upon eternal Christianity, and it is well to note that it is the latter that he has chiefly in view when he says that we both can and must be Christians. He has misgivings himself about that phrasing of his answer to the question of the book. For he says both that the change required to-day falls within the fundamental fact and the essential truth of Christianity, and that he doubts whether the goal of the change does not lie outside its radius. It is a clear and vital issue which we shall certainly do well to face.

First, I agree that Christianity is more than either its ecclesiastical forms or its dogmatic setting, and that, though it is vastly superior to other religions in its conception of God and of the moral life, yet it has a common element with them. Further, I agree that this common element is not a mere subjective need, but an objective manifestation of the Spirit. The question is whether, when you isolate that objective factor from its intimate historic dependence upon Christ, Scripture, Dogma, and the Church, you still have Christianity left. If Christianity is a system of doctrines and institutions, then he alone is a Christian who accepts that system of things. If, however, the essence of Christianity is embraced within a spiritual experience, then one may sit loose to dogmatic developments and still remain a Christian. Such is Eucken's position, and there is widespread agreement with at least his point of view. Much of the embodiment of Christianity is alien to its essence and irrelevant to its spirit. That is implied in the theological movement for the moralising of dogma, and in the more drastic movement for the dissolution of dogma. Those who feel that the Virgin Birth and the Ascension to Heaven are vital to the Faith are rapidly becoming fewer. Also those who feel that the physical resurrection and the nature-miracles of Christ are essential to the Christian position are gradually diminishing in number; while a good deal of credal doctrine is simply and finally obsolete. Certainly Christianity can be isolated from much of its dogmatic formulation without any loss of value, nay, with an increase of purity and relevancy. But how far can we safely carry the process? Eucken's guiding principle seems to me reliable, though it may not lead in Christian hands to the conclusions it suggests to him. He admits that the Christian community needs a thought-world of its own. It must create its own intellectual forms in harmony with its own experience, and not simply borrow them from science. But these thought-forms ought to be elaborated mainly for confessional, and not for official, purposes. Keep close to the Spirit, is Eucken's repeated advice. Let your thought-world consist of fundamental life-truths. Which is to say that all theology should be an elaboration of experience and a confession of the Church's faith, and not metaphysical jugglery.

Many, with Eucken, will accept the principle and quarrel with him in the practical application of it. He not only rejects the old doctrine of the God-Man, he rejects also "the modern half-way position which drops the old doctrine, but nevertheless calls Jesus unconditionally Lord and Master,

and must consequently bind our whole religious life indissolubly to him, thus taking away all independence in regard to him, and robbing our own life of its full originative power" (p. 173). He rejects the mediatorship of Christ, in what he deems to be the broader interests of the Spirit. To make eternal Christianity depend solely upon the historical Jesus is, in the opinion of Eucken, to stereotype and limit the appeal and the power of the Spirit. That is where we come into sharpest collision with him. So far from stereotyping the mission of the Spirit, we believe that the mediatorship of Christ alone makes it effective. We have no interest in denying that other religions have mediated God to man. But, as Eucken freely admits, they are far less perfect and adequate than is the Christian revelation. And the peculiar value of Christianity is in its distinguishing quality; and this quality, in its turn, consists in the mediatorship of Christ, or the interdependence of God and Christ in the knowledge and experience of the Christian. Christ is not otiose to the religion which he founded.

But, truth to tell, there is another side to Eucken's thought. In spite of his repugnance to the doctrines of incarnation, mediatorship, and atonement, he does not wish to rationalise Christ or reduce him to the level of a Rabbi. He betrays a degree and a quality of appreciation towards Christ which, if it were exhibited on the scale of a collective experience, would be bound to give rise to a Christology akin to, if not identical in substance with, the Christology of the Church. I mean that Eucken's appreciation is adoration in the making.

Eucken's application of his principle involves the rejection, not only of traditional dogma and the mediatorship of Christ, but also the ecclesiastical structure of Christendom. One of his chapters is despairingly headed, "The Impossibility of a Reform within the Existing Churches." In an age of union, Eucken calls for a new sect. For it is a new sect, though he calls it a new Christianity. But surely that is a pessimistic reading of the situation. Certainly, in so far as the reform he calls for involves not only a process of purgation, but an evisceration of vitals, "impossible" is the right word. But in so far as he calls for a centralising of the spiritual and a return to the life-core of Christianity, reform is amply possible and highly desirable. The progress of the last fifty years, whether one thinks of the liberalising of thought, the moralising of dogma, the socialising of the Gospel message, the modifying of Church institutions (or, incidentally, the rusting of denominational daggers), justifies us in believing that the Church has within itself immense powers of adaptation and self-renewal. He is probably right in expecting nothing from Rome, for ecclesiastical feudalism is regnant and rampant there. Probably not even a combination of Luther and Lloyd-George could move the College of Cardinals. Is Protestantism in a better plight? Decidedly better, and yet it is not, according to Eucken, equal to radical reform. It has been so handcuffed and corsetted and spectacted by theological middlemen and ecclesiastical lawyers that its liberty-loving soul is formulated and restricted to death.

At least that is true of the older type of Protestantism. As for its newer offshoots, they are saplings of considerable promise, and their defects are those of immaturity. Let us leave it at that. The ecclesiastical structure is the product of history, and we must work with it and through it, if we desire to make sure of progress. The hope of the situation is in the newer and bolder Protestantism. It must insist at all costs upon vitality in its truth, modernity in its spirit, relevancy in its message, and spirituality in its life. It may abandon much, providing it continues to build upon the one true foundation. And the foundation of Christianity is not merely spirit but the Holy Spirit, not merely God but God in Christ.

MEREDITH DAVIES.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Hibbert Lectures. Second Series. The Early Development of Mohammedanism. Lectures delivered in the University of London.—By D. S. Margoliouth, D.Litt.—London: Williams & Norgate, 1914.

It is superfluous to promise the lover of facts a rich harvest of suggestive material; the Koran has too often been regarded as the sole source of knowledge for early Islam. The Koran, however, is always in the foreground or the background, and the author's true theme, as he himself tells us, is "the process whereby the *ex tempore*, or, indeed, *ex momento*, utterances thrown together in that volume were worked into a fabric which has marvellously resisted the ravages of time" (Preface, p. v). The first point which invites our attention is the strange fact that no moral qualifications are necessary for becoming a Moslem. It is generally said by believers that the greatest of miracles is the Koran itself. But practically no inquiry is called for; the command to embrace Islam is of perpetual validity; if you would save your life, believe, and then inquire. Very different was the practice of the Bāb in Persia. He too regarded the composition of divine revelations as miraculous. But he did not reject inquiry.

Much light is thrown on the facts of Islamic mysticism, the problem of which is, how to fulfil the command to associate nothing with God. Incidentally it is said that no doubt Şūfi means one clothed with wool. This certainly is the common view; it is supported also by E. G. Browne and R. A. Nicholson. But does not Havell's view deserve consideration that the name is connected with the rays of light, dominating the third eye of the heavenly wise Buddha? A fine specimen is given of the mystic poetry of the Arabian woman-saint Rabi'ah (p. 175). The chief of the other subjects are: The Koran as the Basis of Islam, The Legal Supplement, The Status of the Tolerated Cults, The Development of Mohammedan Ethics, Asceticism leading to Pantheism, and The Historical Supplement. The book is a valuable addition to our Islamic library.

T. K. CHEYNE.

OXFORD.

Philosophy of the Practical Economic and Ethic. Translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce by Douglas Ainslie, B.A. (Oxon.), M.R.A.S.—Macmillan, 1913.—Pp. xxxvii + 591.

It is hardly necessary to remind the readers of the *Hibbert Journal* that the "Philosophy of Practice"¹ is the third and concluding part of Croce's *System of Philosophy*, containing, in its study of "Economic" and "Ethic" as the two divisions of practical activity, the parallel, as Croce regards it, to *Æsthetic* and *Logic*, the two theoretic forms of the "spirit."

The whole terminology is a little difficult; and it may be as well to recall that just as the *æsthetic* activity, in its purity, may be exemplified by the natural poetry of very simple language,² and, being the necessary basis of linguistic expression, is essential to *Logic* and *Philosophy*, though they are not essential to it, so economic activity is *prima facie* the natural operation of desires for particular objects as such, and therefore, in an analogous way, is the condition *sine qua non* of the ethical will, but is able to exist apart from it.

In the present volume, then, we find no descriptive or normative ethic. Except for the controversial treatment of these intrusive elements, the book confines itself to general problems of the moral will, in its relation with the theoretic activity, and with its own "economic" substructure. This I take to be a merit.

It will be best, in approaching a work which deals so entirely with principles, to begin in the middle, and indicate briefly its author's central attitude, in order then to consider the paradoxes—at least, the novelties—which form the bulk of his doctrine and its most striking part.

His "ethical principle" is familiar. It is the will that wills the concrete universal. Its acceptance follows from the rejection both of a purely formal and of a purely material principle. The true "universal" will is that which wills not only the self as individualised (a man's own existence—with the particular desires implied in it—the "economic" individuality), but also, in and through this, that self which being in all selves is their common Father. The heart of one who so wills beats with the heart of the universe; he works for the whole; and the most humble moral act can be resolved into this volition.

Freedom is such a complete will, the will adequate to the situation. The situation is an element of necessity; but the will, starting from it, does not stop at it, but makes out of it a new thing, and this creation is freedom. Evil is the opposite of freedom, a self-contradiction, a caprice or a passivity—they are ultimately the same thing,—inadequate to the situation and leaving the will self-discordant. Will involves knowledge, and knowledge will; they are distinct but inseparable.

This is enough to show that we have here in outline something like the

¹ See note at the end of this review.

² Like the ploughman's description of a flower as an "innocent little blow," of which we have heard so much lately.

post-Kantian ideas; and in fact Croce estimates the post-Kantian philosophy more highly than any other, except perhaps that of Vico. Still, his innovations form the characteristic part of his system, and to some of these we must now turn our attention.

The volitional activity, we said, is distinct yet inseparable from the theoretic. But their connection, Croce insists, is of a special kind. They are not co-ordinate, but, so to speak, alternative; not like parallel lines, but like the two halves of a circle. You must know before you can will; but again, it is only through will that you can have anything to know. The universe, as I gather, is for him something like a product of will—of all the wills. I hardly know whether the old phrase “a funded accumulation” would express his view of its nature. But, at any rate, will is creative, and is a precondition of cognition, as cognition again is a precondition of it. Both are from the beginning.

Again, volition is one with intention, and intention with act. You can act only in and from the given situation, which is, *ipso facto*, your intention and your knowledge—it is, indeed, yourself. You cannot, then, disclaim any feature of your act on the score of not intending, or of not knowing. Croce is with Hegel in casting scorn on the idea of a “directed” intention within the *de facto* volition, though later, in criticising utilitarianism, he censures the view which puts on a level actions due to different motives.

The event, indeed, is other than the will or act; for it is the act of all the wills, not of any one. But does not the event run back into the act? It is Hegel, I think, who quotes the dictum, “the stone that has left the hand is the devil’s.”

And no theoretical error can be pleaded. For there is no theoretical error. All error is practical and springs from bias, more or less voluntary. Theory is not, for him, like practice, a mode of union between finite and infinite, necessarily imperfect. In theory, when purely itself, there is no room for error. This conception goes deep into the whole relation of will and idea. I think that in Croce the nature of “will” is too much postulated, and its relation to the self-realisation of an idea not sufficiently elucidated.

On his view, then, it is right to treat error as a moral fault. The Inquisition is defended. I think this attitude is gaining ground. No doubt in all error there is one-sidedness, and moral bias may be at work in it. But I should certainly hold that error is inherent in the finiteness of knowledge. So far Part I., Section I., under the heading, “The Practical Activity in its Relations.”

In Section II., “The Practical Activity in its Dialectic,” we are faced by the problem of freedom, leading to that of good and evil. Here the outstanding point is the extreme doctrine of the unreality of moral evil. You cannot will evil as evil; while if your evil act seems good to you it is a good; though the onlooker may be right in judging that it is not the good demanded by the situation—that it is, *e.g.*, an “economic” act and not a

moral good. Here we miss a theory of the bad self; of the secondary self, pursuing inferior goods, with a definite sense and habit of rebellion against the whole. I cannot but think that a far more careful discussion of this intricate problem is required. Evil is in some sense unreal; but Croce, I think, disposes of it too easily.

It appears to me, as I have hinted already, that the necessary incidents of finiteness are not appreciated; such as the inherent defectiveness of the moral attitude as contrasted with that of religion, the necessity of pain even in good actions, the impossibility of perfection within the finite series; so that, if I understand right, man is held to be infinitely perfectible—surely a contradiction in terms—and reality itself, a combination of wills, is essentially and unendingly progressive.

I cannot here discuss the rejection of a Philosophy of History and of Nature. It appears to me connected with the reduction of philosophy to the consideration of what, after all, are only intelligible as the attitudes of individual spirits—thought and will. I do not believe that this reduction could stand before a general metaphysic, and it is characteristic that Croce has none.

The third section of Part I., "Unity of the Theoretical and Practical," has been referred to above.

Part II., Section I., "The Two Practical Forms: Economic and Ethic," is directed to explaining the function of the "economic" form of practice; which involves the recognition, as against Kant, of the natural particular desires as implicitly moral, and as a sort of vehicle or set of channels for the moral will. How far the economic form can exist by itself as "amoral" I do not quite understand. I should have thought it could not.

A good deal of verbal perplexity is caused by the identification of the economic with the useful, and of this again with utility, as understood in the utilitarian theory.

Now the useful, having as such only a colloquial meaning, may plausibly be identified with the economic, and given a sort of autonomy, that of a system of desires which rest in particular objects. But the utilitarians' utility, an abstract Hedonistic conception, is quite heterogeneous to this, and cannot possibly be recognised as existent, nor serve at all as a sub-structure for morality. Croce, indeed, is quite alive to the fallacy of the utilitarian explanation of morality, which he criticises acutely. But, owing to his peculiar interpretation of the "useful," he only wants to *subordinate* utilitarianism to morality, not to reject it.

Part II., Section II., "The Ethical Principle," is fairly orthodox idealism, and has been referred to above.

Part III., "Laws," is very striking and suggestive. The distinction between the philosophical and the empirical conception of society (the philosophical conception being that of all reality as a community) is important, and, I think, in this relation, new. The rejection of all implication of command or compulsion in connection with the essence of law, and the contention that ultimately law is an individual product, the universal as

each of us prescribes it to himself, are also, it seems to me, valuable corrections of popular ideas. Only, I think that, in making legislation primarily an "economic" phenomenon (p. 530), Croce does not sufficiently recognise the solidarity of the moral nature, and its power of taking the form of force and habit; as also, I may observe, in totally rejecting the possibility of actions morally indifferent, he seems to me to neglect the analogous fact of the self-limitation of the moral principle, where this is essential to its realisation.

I have no doubt that Croce is a man of genius, and I greatly admire the force and lucidity with which he seizes and presents great philosophical principles. My difficulty is that he seems to me often to take too lightly the problems that arise in their elaboration. I might instance what I should call his cavalier treatment of the unreality of moral evil, or his assertion that good action is essentially pleasurable. But his uncompromising statements may compel us to work out the precise reasons for modifying them. And then he will have done us a great service.

The translation is fluent and readable, and will undoubtedly be a help to the English student. But it has a sprinkling of serious errors which a careful revision would remove, and therefore it seems worth while in a footnote to call attention to a very few out of a considerable number.¹

B. BOSANQUET.

OXSHOTT, SURREY.

¹ Before I saw the book, I had heard it remarked that the title was a mistranslation. "Pratica" is a substantive, and the true rendering, "Philosophy of Practice," has quite different suggestions to an English ear from "Philosophy of the Practical." Then we may note the two quotations from Dante, p. 176: "The will that wills not cannot be subdued" ("La volontà, se non vuol, non s'ammorza," *Paradiso*, iv. 76). Non vuole = refuses; "wills not" is an ambiguous expression. And p. 199: "Vanità, che par persona" (*Inf.*, vi. 36) passes straight into English as "vanity," etc. But no English reader could see the point of this—it is "Their emptiness, that substance seemed" (Cary). On the previous page, in the story from Guisti, "far di sì" opposed to "dir di no" appears as "doing so," opposed to "saying 'no.'" Surely it is "doing 'yes.'" More serious for the philosophy is the representation by the same word "will," without warning, of "volontà" (p. 49, where the reference of the last clause in the sentence, "the idea that we have," is of course to "the idea," not to "the situation") and "arbitrio" (p. 195 and constantly). No English reader, without assistance, could make sense of such a paragraph as this, p. 513: "And will is not a guide, but the lack of a guide; it is not action, but inaction—that is to say, contradictory action; not activity, but passivity; not prudence and good, but imprudence and evil." Of course "will" here stands for "arbitrio" = caprice, or the false free will. On the two opposite pages 196 and 197 this makes a terrible confusion. Who could guess what is meant on p. 499 by "a deep reverence to the Ladies' Law" ("alle Signore Leggi")? Of course it is "a profound bow to mesdames the laws." The punctuation on p. 78 is no doubt an error of the press. "Action is the act of the one event, is the act of the whole": I do not know if everyone would see without the Italian that the comma goes before and not after "event." On p. 188 and after, would an English reader be aware that "transaction" (transazione) means "compromise"? On p. 459 "utili" is transformed into "united," and, by a serious slip of the pen, on p. 15, four lines up, "spirit" stands for "nature."

All these things, and more like them, could and should be set right, with an eye to the needs of the reader who has no Italian, by a very careful revision before the second edition, which I hope will soon be demanded.

Early Zoroastrianism. (*The Hibbert Lectures*, 1912.)—By James Hope Moulton, Greenwood Professor of Hellenistic Greek and Indo-European Philology, Manchester University; D.D., D.Lit., etc.—London: Williams & Norgate, 1913.—Pp. xviii+468.

THE appearance of this goodly volume goes a long way to remove the reproach that has long rested on British scholarship of comparative neglect of Avestic and Irānian studies. To the MS. first sent by Bouchier to the Bodleian in the seventeenth century was indirectly owing the romantic expedition of Anquetil du Perron in the eighteenth, which first opened out to European science the fascinating realms of Zoroastrian religion and literature. And at the present day it is under the benignant protection of the British rāj that the bulk of the sadly dwindled but wealthy and highly intelligent remnant of the once mighty empire of ancient Irān, the spiritual and literary heirs of Zarathushtra, of Darius and of Chosroës, still flourish, still practise their ancestral rites and cherish their sacred books, in the persons of the Parsi community of Bombay and Western India. It seems strange, therefore, that, on the whole, we should have left Irānian scholarship to German, French, American, Belgian, and Russian scholars. Oxford, indeed, alone of all British universities, has a chair of Zend philology, and its incumbent, Professor L. H. Mills, has probably published more about the Gāthās than any other scholar, and moreover translated the Yasna in the S.B.E., whilst for the rest of the Avesta Max Müller had to find a translator in France in the person of M. Darmesteter. The late E. W. West was undoubtedly the greatest of all Pahlavi scholars, and to him the S.B.E. owe some half-dozen of their most valuable volumes, the Pahlavi Texts. But beyond these two, English scholars have practically done nothing for Avestic research. Professor Moulton's scholarly work is, therefore, doubly welcome. It is no mere popular statement of the historical and theological position of early Zoroastrianism; it is a very serious and thorough attempt to solve some of the obscure problems involved in the study of that once imperial faith, and a contribution of the highest importance towards the reconstruction of the history of its development. Incidentally also it adds (in the Appendix) a new English translation of the Gāthās to the versions already referred to; and, although the author modestly disclaims much originality and confesses that his version is almost entirely based on the German one of Bartholomae, still his indebtedness is by no means of a servile character, nor a mere translation of a translation, like Bleek's *Spiegel*, but shows everywhere careful independent judgment and critical acumen.

The main value of the volume is probably the author's examination of the Magian element in the Zoroastrian system, in which there is a large amount of originality. The Gāthās—and the book is mainly a commentary on those ancient psalms—represent the genuine original religious philosophy of the great Irānian prophet-reformer Zarathushtra; whose age, by the way, Moulton is inclined to carry much further back than the date which

some of our best recent scholars, like West and Williams Jackson, have decided upon, at least by "some generations." There is in the Gāthās no trace of Magianism or the characteristic Magian concepts and practices which permeate the later Avesta. "The Magi were an indigenous tribe of priests or shamans, the leaders of the non-Aryan population of Media, who, after failing to gain political supremacy in the revolt of Gaumata, secured in two or three generations a religious ascendancy which compensated for any failure" (p. x). In other words, they practically took over and appropriated the whole religious system, together with the great Prophet himself, whom they made into a *magus*; and, as they were the only transmitters of his religion to the West, that character clung to him ever after. "Having once decisively claimed the Prophet as one of themselves, the Magi followed on to make truly their own as much of his system as they were capable of apprehending. They preserved the Gāthās and the Yashts, and composed the ritual parts of the Avesta. They do not seem to have learnt how to imitate the verse which they transmitted so well, and all their own additions seem to have been in prose" (p. 123). In other words, Magianism played the part of the cuckoo in the Zoroastrian nest. The whole of this ingenious theory is elaborately and carefully worked out, and with a remarkable fund of erudition, and is likely to carry conviction to many readers.

One other extremely difficult problem is boldly grappled with by the author. It is that of the relation of the religion of the great kings of the Achæmenid dynasty of Persia, Darius and his successors, to that of Zarathushtra and the Avesta. Moulton, though alive to the many difficulties involved, decides on the whole on the identity of the two. I cannot say that I am convinced by his very able reasoning; but I will confess that one at least of the difficulties that stand in the way of the solution, viz. the absence in the royal inscriptions of any trace of the characteristic Avestan "dualism," and of any mention of the Spirit of Evil, Anro Mainyus, or Ahriman, receives what is certainly a plausible attempt at solution in the stress laid upon the prominence given to "Drauga," the Lie—which may be considered either as an abstract noun or as a personified proper name, corresponding to the name "Drūj," which is nearly twenty times appropriated in the Gāthās to the Evil Spirit. The absence of the name of the Prophet himself from the same inscriptions is, to my mind, not so satisfactorily met. Moulton thinks that my comparison of such omission with that of a hypothetical absence of the name of Buddha in Asoka's inscriptions, or of Mohammed in Islamitic ones, necessarily involves "the practical apotheosis of the Prophet" (p. 49, n.). Why? Surely there is no real apotheosis of Gautama, still less of Mohammed, in the inscriptions referred to?

I have only space to mention briefly a most interesting chapter (Lecture VIII.) on the Fravashis, "who are traced to a double origin, the *Di Manes* of universal ancestor-worship and an animistic concept not greatly differing from the external soul" (p. xi); and another (Lecture IX.) on the "rela-

tions of Zoroastrianism with Israel." The supplementary "reconstruction" of the Book of Tobit as "a Median folk-tale" retold in a Jewish garment is a clever piece of manipulation, but I think scarcely serious enough for a scientific manual. It is so easy to "reconstruct" almost any composition on these lines.

We must, in conclusion, welcome Professor Moulton's work as a most important and valuable addition to Avestan scholarship; and whilst it will demand the most serious attention of the professional Irānian scholar, it will prove a most interesting, and even fascinating, volume to every educated reader.

L. C. CASARTELLI.

UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.

Mysticism and the Creed.—By W. F. Cobb, D.D.—Macmillan,
London, 1914.—Pp. xxxi + 559.

THE greatest need of our age is for points of contact between the world of ideas and the world of action. Workers are feeling the futility of unintelligent toil. Thinkers lament the difficulty of verifying their ideas. And nowhere is this cleavage between thought and work so serious as in religion. All honour, therefore, to those who, like the author of this volume, are trying to prove their theology by contact with the moral and religious experience of ordinary men.

The critic feels a little incapacitated, in dealing with Dr Cobb's book, by the feeling that its first appeal is to a circle of worshippers to which he does not belong, and that it presupposes an atmosphere that he cannot re-create. Yet this volume is put out as a definite attempt to solve a problem in which we are all involved. Whilst making all allowances for the circumstances of its origin, we are bound to ask how far its solution is permanent and universal.

It is impossible to criticise any book on Mysticism without clearly understanding in what sense its author is using that word. Dr Cobb's position is, briefly, of this kind. He holds that the essence of religion, and therefore of Christianity, is a direct revelation or experience of God in the individual soul. It is "the condition of the soul which has for its correlative the immediate act of God" (p. 34). It "emerges only in the phenomenal order when the Divinity in things reveals itself to the Divinity which is enshrined in the soul" (p. 37). But it is not arbitrary. It has its own laws and processes—"conversion," "regeneration," and the like. Nor is it shut up within its own ideal world. It finds its laws embodied and illustrated in history—in all history, to some extent, but pre-eminently in the historical facts of the life and death of Jesus Christ. It therefore calls itself Christian, and accepts the Christian tradition as defined in the Apostles' Creed; but its root is elsewhere, and it can exist independently of the historical truth of this tradition.

It will be seen that Dr Cobb's position is an attempt to mediate, as all sound reconstruction must, between the critical and the mystical points of view, or in other words to establish a valid connection between the historical Jesus and the Christ of theology and devotion. The form in which he presents this position is an unusually bold one, namely a detailed exposition of the Apostles' Creed. But he may well think that Mysticism has suffered from its vagueness, and its unwillingness to face plain issues. By taking this straightforward course he enables us to judge of the best as well as of the worst of the mystical position, and really to estimate its apologetic and reconstructive value for modern Christianity.

(i) The first point that will probably strike the critic is Dr Cobb's acceptance of the Apostles' Creed as a correct summary of the Christian facts. Apart from a short Appendix on "Some Forms of the [Apostles'] Creed," he shows no interest in the history of that gradual development of dogma of which the Apostles' Creed is a single cross-section, and the Nicene, if not the Athanasian, another. He is not concerned with the different meanings which have been borne by more than one clause even of the simplest Creed, or with such facts as that one important Creed—that sanctioned by the Council of Nicæa—contained no mention of the Virgin Birth. He takes a particular formula at its face-value, ignoring the whole critical attempt to establish the true relation between this formula and the facts which it professes to represent. Yet it is surely the facts, and nothing less, that can satisfy our author's demands. There would be no great significance in the parallel between a mystical "law" of the new birth of the soul, and a doctrinal belief in a Virgin Birth, unless that belief rested upon historical fact. There might be no more objectivity in the parallel, and therefore no more real "symbolism," than there is in the edifying but fanciful idea that the position of the heavenly bodies on Christmas Day symbolises the Incarnation (p. 142). The pious authors of mediæval "Bestiaries" used to regard the lion as a symbol of the Resurrection, because (to give only one of their reasons) "when he perceives that the hunters are pursuing him, he erases his footprints with his tail, so that he cannot be traced to his lair. In like manner," they said, "our Saviour, the lion of the tribe of Judah, concealed all trace of his Godhead when he entered into the womb of the Virgin Mary, and became man." The absurdity of this lies partly, of course, in the incongruity of the things compared, but partly also in the fact that lions do *not* behave in the way described. The same tests apply to Dr Cobb's form of symbolism, and to every other. A mystical interpretation of the Creed easily becomes fantastic unless it goes hand in hand with historical criticism.

(ii) An analogous difficulty seems to arise from the tendency to regard the credal tradition and the mystical experience as two fixed and known quantities within the Christian life, which only need to be brought into relation with one another. A closer criticism of the Creeds would have shown that they cannot be taken as an adequate or final summary of Christian experience. A closer criticism of the mystics would have shown

that whilst, on the one hand, their experience has been largely moulded and coloured by the credal tradition, yet, on the other hand, its essential nature and laws are not specifically Christian at all. The mystical temperament is very widely and queerly distributed. It would be difficult to say that it has flourished better in the West than in the East, or in a Christian than in a Mohammedan or Hindu atmosphere. Some of the great Christian mystics were orthodox by accident: others were not orthodox at all. The "laws" of the mystical life, as Dr Cobb allows, go behind Christianity to the primitive religious instinct. But this merely suggests that, where the mystic seems to find a counterpart to these laws in the historical facts of a particular religion, he is (partly at least) listening to the echo of his own voice. The experience to which Dr Cobb's method appeals in verification of the Christian tradition has been largely determined by meditation upon that very tradition assumed as true.

(iii) What, then, is the value of the mystical interpretation of the Creeds, as an escape from our present difficulties? That is the main issue.

It must not be thought that Dr Cobb is merely seeking for a *locus standi* in the English Church, for a position which his Bishop will not attack because he cannot understand it. He is doing more than that. He is propounding a permanent line of solution for the controversy between faith and fact, between the mystical and the critical points of view. There are serious rivals in the field—on the one hand, a Liberalism which bases everything upon the modern possibility of reconstructing the historical origins of Christianity, and hardly thinks it necessary to pass from the religion of Jesus to the religion about him; on the other hand, a movement, a caricature of Modernism, which suggests that we can discard the historical element in Christianity altogether. Over against all three solutions stands the simple appeal of Traditionalism, that we should accept a closed system of belief which stands or falls as a whole.

One thing seems clear beyond dispute. The primitive type of Christian belief, and the type towards which, in the heredity of faith, Christian experience has always tended to return, is both critical and mystical. It has always held fast the historical character and teaching of Jesus, as it understood them. It has always had a living experience of him as one who is able to save, and worthy of being worshipped. Modern historical criticism has altered our knowledge of the historical facts. But nothing which it has discovered, *pace* the Drews school and the "thorough-going eschatologists," need shake our belief in the supreme revelation of God in Christ, and the unique religious creativeness of that historical personality. If the mystics suggest a way by which we can avoid the stress of criticism, we say we do not want it. We are not afraid of the facts. We will follow out criticism to the end. For we believe that any Christianity which is based on true history is better than any which is not. So far, therefore, as Dr Cobb allows himself to depreciate historical truth, he must be regarded as an unsafe guide towards the necessary reconstruction. On the other hand, no historical reconstruction of the religion of Jesus can

deputise for Christianity. That always was, and always must be, an attitude towards Jesus, a belief about him. So far as he insists on this, Dr Cobb is entirely right.

In any case there is a further consideration. No one wishes to undervalue the mystical experience, or the special security of its hold on religious truth, for the individual. But if there is to be a missionary Church, and a Christian propaganda, we must be able to justify our position on rational as well as mystical grounds, and on social as well as individual. The mystics are the free-lances of Christian warfare. They are no substitute for an organised army. In the big things of life we are most of us, no doubt, instinctive rather than rational. But that does not make us mystics. Still less does it incline us towards a "mystical" interpretation of formulæ which were not mystical in origin. The Creeds were meant to be, and ought to be, the watchword of the Christian army, or its ultimatum to the enemy. They cannot be this unless they bear a plain meaning, which the ordinary man can understand. Granted that parts of them are too philosophical, there is also a considerable element of simple historical assertions which can only bear one meaning. If we can no longer believe those assertions to be true, it is surely best to say so, and to work for their alteration or disuse. To give the Creeds a mystical meaning is to magnify the formulæ as against the reality of faith. It is to make them unfit for use by the Church as a whole: for they are now not only untrue, but also unintelligible.

For these reasons it seems unlikely that Dr Cobb's method of apologetics will satisfy many of those who are feeling their way towards the Christianity of the future. Nevertheless it is a heroic attempt that he has made, and the book is full of deep, if occasionally fanciful, thought, tempered with a real piety and moral enthusiasm. It explains Mysticism better than any formal treatise on the subject, because it is the spiritual autobiography of a mystic.

J. M. THOMPSON.

OXFORD.

Christianity Old and New.—By Benjamin W. Bacon, Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in Yale University.—Yale University Press, Newhaven, 1914.—Pp. xiv + 169.

THIS is one of those small books by big men which are becoming increasingly common. *Pace* the Home University Library, they are most useful when they do not try to summarise a whole branch of study, but give a mature view upon some crucial problem within it. That is the value of Professor Bacon's volume. It is slight enough, consisting only of three lectures and an appended essay. But it faces the present theological issue in its essential shape; and its solution is dominated by a single idea.

It is universally admitted that Christianity needs to be restated for

the present age. Restatement means to one party reiteration, to another reconstruction. With the reiteraters, whether Catholic or Evangelical, Professor Bacon has little sympathy. He is a reconstructor to the bone. But he sees clearly that reconstruction has (relatively speaking) failed, because it has been one-sided; and he would recall its attention to the essential two-sidedness of Christianity.

"Nineteenth-century Liberalism" thought that by recovering the religion *of* Jesus it could dispense with the need of a religion *about* Jesus. "Twentieth-century Idealism" thinks that it can hold and justify a religion about Jesus whilst rejecting the religion and even denying the historical existence of Jesus himself. What is valuable and permanent in the first of these positions is the application of historical method to the Christian documents and traditions. What is valuable and permanent in the second is the insistence that Christianity was from the first a belief about Jesus.

The first by itself must always succumb, as Ebionism, its second-century prototype, succumbed before the Greek mystical and sacramental element in Christianity. The second by itself must always fail, as Gnosticism did, to eradicate the stubborn historicity of the Faith. There can be no sound reconstruction which does not combine both these elements, as they were combined (in spite of the absence of sound historical criticism) both in primitive and in Catholic Christianity. Our two earliest sources for the life of Christ are "Q," which gives the religion of Jesus, and Mark, which gives the religion about him. The Gnostic tendency in Paul was balanced by the Ebionist tendency in Peter—though Peter's religion was a faith about Jesus no less than Paul's, and his experience (as Professor Bacon rightly points out) is more typically Christian than that of Paul.

The practice of baptism in the early Church shows that from the first the historical Jesus was thought of as Saviour. It was just because of its historical elements—the recorded character and teaching of Jesus, and the semi-political ideal of the Kingdom of Heaven—that Christianity survived in the struggle of Oriental religions under the early Empire. And just as its mystical side enables it to appeal to the Incarnation-religions of India, so its historicity gives it strength against the neo-Gnosticism of Islam.

Professor Bacon is absolutely right. There can be no reconstruction without real continuity with the past. Liberalism on the one hand, and Idealism on the other, emphasise the two fundamental elements in the Faith. Modernism (in the strict sense) has for the moment failed to synthesise these. We want a fresh attempt on the same lines, but wiser for the experience of failure. Professor Bacon's little book is an outline of the new Modernism.

J. M. THOMPSON.

The Foundations of Liberty.—By E. F. B. Fell.—London : Methuen.

At the present time when the words Liberty, Freedom, Democracy, and others of high significance have been released from the exclusive guardianship of philosophers and statesmen and let loose among the crowd, there to work such harm as misunderstood words only can, it becomes of the first importance for those who can keep their heads in the midst of the general confusion to define as closely, accurately, and severely as possible what these words mean. All great abstract conceptions—that of Liberty perhaps more than any other—lend themselves to all sorts of grotesque and facile interpretations on the lips of the ignorant, and where self-interest and personal gain is involved this danger is increased a thousandfold. To many Liberty means quite simply the freedom to enforce their own special conception of political and moral ethics on the rest of the community. Thus, by a curious irony, the modern democrat joins hand with the tyrant he, in theory, so violently opposes—the great difference being that *he* oppresses in the name of Liberty; whereas the tyrant probably does so quite frankly for his own advantage. Of course the modern democrat will argue that he is ethically right, whereas the tyrant is wrong; but this will bring neither conviction nor comfort to his victims. It is therefore supremely necessary to gather from the most unprejudiced minds available a clear definition of what Liberty really is. And this becomes increasingly difficult. The words Liberty, Freedom have an easy, attractive sound. Those who use them seem by that very fact, in their own eyes and those of their supporters, to have ranged themselves on the side of progress; towards what end they are progressing matters less. They would, I think, in many cases, be unwilling to explore in what austere, spare soil true Liberty flourishes. The spurious kind is like imitation jewellery, which can be purchased by the crowd for a few shillings; it glitters and satisfies for the moment—but ends in the dust-hole. But the price of true Liberty can never be debased, and this price, strangely enough, is paid with least willingness in those countries which profess to be ruled on principles of freedom. To change a King into a President, to abolish privilege, to raise the standard of living, to make, in fact, any external reforms whatsoever, however great and good, is not to set men free who have not already the principles of freedom developed in themselves. This is by no means to minimise the importance of material conditions, but their improvement should follow quite naturally on the general improvement and development in the spirit of mankind. As the conscience of the world grows keener and more sensitive, so do the conditions of external life change likewise. All enduring reform must be from within outwards. “The soul is form and doth the body make” is true in this as in all else.

So the foundations of Liberty need to be defined, and I think this has been very admirably done by Mr E. F. B. Fell in his book. I

will state at once that there are difficulties in the style, which has no amiability, and will probably alarm the easily frightened reader who wishes to combine philosophy with amusement. Yet only such a reader need fear to proceed further. Those whom a certain high austerity does not terrify, and who appreciate closely knit, keenly logical, uncompromising thought, will find their reward. It is impossible here to do more than barely indicate the general scope of the book, and this will best be done by quoting from the Introduction, which is an excellent summary of the whole argument, and might almost stand alone without further amplification. Mr Fell bases his plea for individual Liberty on the "transcendental fact of personality." He rejects the term Individualism (which is "at present universally employed merely to connote the various political opinions which are not described as socialistic") as merely negative, "not basing the claim to self-government and general personal Liberty on an ethical and spiritual conception of man, but upon their own self-interest or class-interest or upon the Socialist doctrine of seeming public utility"; and he evolves the term *Personalism* as a definition of the political philosophy he proposes to expound. Personalism is the middle path between Socialism and Individualism; the former bases its claims upon an ever varying and hence impossible to determine "good of the whole," the other on the principle of "each for himself," which of course deprives the Individualist of any logical claim on the protection or consideration of his fellow-men. Both Individualist and Socialist, therefore, opposed as they are in theory, in practice meet on the common ground of materialism, but to the Personalist "the whole matter resolves itself into what we mean by a Man; and the more simple and child-like the spirit in which we approach this question, the more likely are we to arrive at a solution of the grave political questions which are more and more forcing themselves upon us. For the present, then, and to put the matter as briefly as possible, it may be said that the two-sided political truth concerning man is involved in the conception of him as a personal spiritual being; a being which is spiritual as well as material, and related to Heaven as well as to Earth. He has both a divine relation and a social relation, neither of which has any significance without the other. He therefore cannot be regarded as an individual pure and simple, nor yet can he be treated as a 'social animal.' His unconscious social instincts have become transformed into *deliberate* social principle, which principle has its origin in the nature of his divine and ultra-social relation. For is not our duty to our neighbour always supported by religion of some sort or other? If we dismiss the divine relation and own ourselves the outcome of chemical and mechanical forces, what becomes of duty? Does not that too become the result of chance—a meaningless and momentary disposition of chaos?" Further: "According as we desert the truth of the person as this is known, so will we be in a position to become either blank Individualists or Socialists. We may hold that man seeks his interest best as an individual on absolutely independent and

irresponsible lines, and that all State interference is essentially an evil; or we may hold with the Socialists that the greater number of men will best satisfy their individual desires by entirely surrendering their individual character and becoming wholly merged in the political 'organism.' Whichever of these political sects we elect to follow, our choice will be the result of an ignoring of that transcendental relation of the individual, which, making him into a person, provides him at once with the moral claim or right to freedom, and at the same time imposes on him inevitable responsibility for the rights of others." But the Personalist avoids these dangers; his claims are not made in the name of anything so fluctuating as mere utility, either as applied to himself or to the State, but he recognises that the foundations of Liberty are the very foundations of life itself—life which is the expression of a supreme conscious mind. And the demand for Liberty is an act of great ethical importance. "But why, it may be asked, does the person 'demand' liberty in view of the numerous temptations to do otherwise? Why, further, is he spoken of as being 'compelled' to demand it? The answer is to be found in the essential fact of his moral responsibility. Being responsible for maintaining personality in its integrity, he is responsible for character in general, and so for liberty in general—his own character and his own liberty not less than that of other persons, and those of other persons not less than his own. The 'rights' he demands for others he claims because he demands them also for himself. He demands them for himself not in pride, but in that proper humility which compels him to recognise that he too is but a Man, and one with his fellows in all essential characteristics and consequent needs. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' is not a mere sentimental expression which we are to admire for its ardour, and which our modern zeal and superior ethic should ever attempt to exceed; it is, on the contrary, a distinct accurate statement of the whole facts of the case, and is an epitome of the epistemological philosophy of all true legislation. For all sound law, in view of its nature and methods and in view of the nature of personality, must insist on the emphasising of rights and not on their so-called 'sacrifice,' and if a person through vanity and insensibility ceases to believe in the essential character of his own rights, he will certainly cease to believe that those rights are essential to his neighbour, and will inevitably become an extremely bad citizen. What we are morally bound and entitled to claim for ourselves is the measure of what we are morally bound to claim for our neighbour: and the greater the demands we make for our own personality, the greater will be the demands we shall be in a position to make for that of others."

These very brief extracts from what is in many ways a remarkable contribution to the social thought of the age may give some idea of the aim of the volume. It can never be a popular book, since neither by its style nor subject will it allure the multitude. But it should be of value to those who wish for a definite statement of the position they instinctively occupy,

and they should be grateful too for the new term Personalist, which sets them unmistakably apart from the extremists on either side.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

EASTER DUDDINGSTON, MIDLOTHIAN.

Le Problème Mondial: Études de Politique Internationale.—By Alberto Torres.—Rio de Janeiro, Imprensa Nacional, 1913.—Pp. xviii+213.

It does not often fall to a reviewer to welcome a discussion of great subjects coming from a *milieu* so new and unfamiliar as one of the South American Republics. We have learned something in recent years of the material progress of the chief states of South America; but the question must have arisen whether there was any intellectual development proceeding there at all comparable to the remarkable advance in the externals of civilisation. The question is one of great importance, not for South America alone; and this volume of essays by a former member of the Brazilian Government suggests an affirmative and a most hopeful answer.

It appears appropriately at a moment when that Government is for the first time appearing in the character of a peacemaker in the international arena; for these essays, which, we are informed, form the prelude to a fuller and more systematic treatment of the world-problems of to-day, are largely occupied by a statement of the case for peace. But M. Torres goes on to discuss certain questions wider even than this—*supra*-national questions he calls them—regarding social organisation and well-being. The author has cast his net wide. His keen and fresh observation not only surveys contemporary "mankind from China to Peru," but in the temporal sequence extends from the Code of Hammurabi to President Wilson. In addition, anthropology and biology are called in to reinforce the argument from history and contemporary social life to the necessity of peace. When so wide a field is covered, it is obvious that certain portions can be but lightly sketched in; nor would it be easy for a single critic, however ample the space at his command, to attempt a precise evaluation of M. Torres' varied arguments. But this width of illustration has its own impressiveness, and the author seldom allows himself to be drawn away from the main objects of his work into mere digression. Of the historical pages none are better than those which trace the idea of the unity of the human race and the aspiration after a peaceful world-polity from the thought of the Stoics, through Dante and the mediæval ideal of the Empire, to modern times.

In dealing with the present day, M. Torres is fertile both in observation and suggestion; and his knowledge of contemporary thought is so wide that it seems almost strange to find no reference to the new orientation which the pacifist movement has received from the writings of Mr Norman Angell. But though there is no direct reference to Mr Angell's

work, many of the same ideas move in the minds of both authors. Thus the rapidity of intercommunication and the international operations of both capital and labour are shown to have broken down many of the old barriers between the nations. But in one respect M. Torres seems to have moved further than Mr Angell from the position of mid-nineteenth-century pacifism. While he is ready to acclaim the part played by international commerce in undermining the case for war, he sees not less clearly that, until it has been moralised and harnessed to the task of promoting the general good, it is a source of widespread danger. He grows eloquent in denouncing those forms of enterprise which care little how they exploit human life, and not at all how they waste in a few years the wealth which Nature has taken millennia to store up; and he points out that it is often a matter of indifference through what products profits are made, alcohol and opium or wholesome food being equally *du bon commerce*. Further, he calls attention to the demands of the great body of workers, who have so often been neglected by the militarism of the past as by the capitalism of the present. And it is just because he sees the great problems that must be solved before these just demands and aspirations can be met, that he pleads for a slackening of the competition in armaments and a sustained and united attempt, through some form of world-organisation, to face those questions which are rapidly becoming common to all nations, and which none is strong enough to solve in isolation.

There are many points which invite discussion in this book, and some which, if space permitted, would invite criticism. But this is in itself a tribute to the thought-provoking quality of M. Torres' work. His outlook is always forward, and he quotes with approval a saying of M. Bergson's regarding the *nisus* of each generation towards those that follow. Hence his condemnation, already referred to, of the spendthrift use by any one age of natural resources; and hence also the stress which he lays on the importance of the family. But he never speaks of progress as either automatic or blind. In spite of all difficulties, he believes in the need for and the possibility of foresight in the direction of human affairs. Effort, consciously and wisely directed, is the one guarantee of the future advance of humanity. M. Torres will hear of no fatalism except what he finely calls "the irresistible fatality of the good." Such a message, conceived in the light of a wide survey of human affairs, is needed to-day; and it should be all the more welcome because it comes from a new country, seeking to make good its claim to contribute its own share to human progress.

G. F. BARBOUR.

PITLOCHRY, SCOTLAND.

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

THE SOUL OF BELGIUM.

THE ABBÉ NOËL.

THE Belgian nation is now drawing to itself the attention of the world. From every side we receive testimonies of admiration and sympathy for which we are profoundly grateful to our allies and our friends. It is a difficult moment for our modesty. I will not ask whether our attitude deserves the praises heaped upon us. That is a question the answer to which does not rest with us. I would only enlighten the spectators who are watching us concerning the deeper reasons of this attitude of ours. With that object I would attempt to sketch the characteristic traits of our national consciousness, as it existed on the eve of the war. In this, perhaps, will be found the explanation of what we have done; and from it, perhaps, certain auguries can be deduced as to the reactions which may ensue hereafter from the present catastrophe.

Had we, in Belgium, a national consciousness? The question was raised but recently, and, to some, the answer might have seemed doubtful. It is so, I think, no longer. Events have brought to light sentiments which were slumbering in the depth of our hearts; we had them within us without recognising them ourselves; heredity and education had given us a soul whose essential traits were held back under the calm and softening influence of long-continued happiness; super-

ficial emotions had drawn a veil over the deeper meaning of our desires. But the breath of the tempest has scattered these mists ; a brutal shock has laid bare for the first time the true object of our wills, and these stand revealed to us in the common love which draws them to their ideal goal, clearly and precisely conceived. The observer, who yesterday might still have his doubts, has no difficulty to-day in discerning the national soul. It is not that we have changed ; it is only that we see to-day, better and more clearly, what we were already. But even that is a great change ; and to have thus become conscious of ourselves will be for us, I hope, the point of departure for a new life.

At the very moment when Germany lay dismembered at the feet of Napoleon, while the boots of his grenadiers were sounding on the pavements of Berlin, Fichte was engaged in writing his *Reden an die deutsche Nation* ; and we have just seen official Germany celebrating the centenary of the philosopher along with that of the birth of their national consciousness. The whole philosophy of Fichte seems to lead up to these *Reden* ; and when he explains how the Ego, in order to be revealed to itself, needs to strive against the opposition of the non-Ego, he does no more, perhaps, than transpose into the terms of his nightmare metaphysics the sharply defined experience through which Prussia passed a century ago, and which she is inflicting upon us Belgians to-day. The precedent is not one to discourage us.

I attach no great importance to race when the modern nations are in question. I attach still less when the question concerns nations formed like ours, at the cross-roads where for centuries the migrations of the peoples and the expeditions of armies intersect one another. The race is not the nation. The nation is not a physiological fact ; it is a moral fact. What constitutes a nation is the community of sentiments and ideals which results from a common history and education. The variations of the cephalic index are here of no great importance. On the contrary, I believe that the essential

factor of the national consciousness resides in a certain common mode of conceiving the conditions of the social life, which has the effect of causing those who share in it to unite easily on the same territory and under the same regime. Now it is beyond question that this community of idea existed in Belgium, that it penetrated our customs and our institutions, and that there is not a single Belgian to-day who does not feel the want of these customs and institutions and eagerly desire to return to them at the earliest possible moment.

It is true that there existed in Belgium a duality of language: the north, for the most part, spoke Flemish; the south spoke Walloon dialects akin to the patois of Northern France and French was there the common language. This duality, however, was not strictly geographical; in many isolated spots the tongues are mingled, and have been so for centuries, while many individuals speak both languages with almost equal facility. Besides, under differences of expression, one finds in the Walloon as in the Flemish districts the same social psychology.

I cannot analyse here all the characteristic traits the predominance of which, easily verified, among the majority of our countrymen seems to me to constitute the Belgian temperament. I do not think, let me repeat, that these traits are racial; they are probably less hereditary than acquired, resulting from education and environment. Some differences exist, no doubt, between north and south; they are not much stronger than those which exist between east and west, and I am convinced that an observer who was not on the look-out for them might traverse Belgium without being aware of their existence.

Among the characteristics of the Belgian temperament one would notice, I think, a certain sluggishness of spirit, sufficiently indicated by slowness of speech, together with a vigorous independence. Hence arise a high degree of stability in our ideas, a critical spirit, sometimes carried to excess, and a strong dose of common sense. Hence also a certain slowness of decision, a horror of engagements which have not been

thought out, a need of proceeding in all things with prudence and reason, and also a steadiness in resolutions once made. One would also observe a great sincerity both with oneself and with other people, and, as the result, loyalty in transactions, inaptitude for astute combinations and worldly conventions, and sometimes a certain want of flexibility in intellectual as in social life. One would observe a great reserve in the expression of our feelings, tending to limit them to a narrow and somewhat exclusive circle, but giving them so much the more force and persistence. One would probably observe a certain readiness to give way to mistrust and discontent which often, oddly enough, is compatible with unswerving devotion, the grievance notwithstanding. Our wills would be found, I fear, turned overmuch in the direction of material things, but at the same time firmly anchored in duty, careless of danger, and strongly attached to work. Above all, the Belgian will would be found possessed of an energy which no task dismays and no want of success, no need to begin over again, can discourage.

From this picture, which is not complete, diverse inferences may be drawn. But I will pause to consider only those which concern our national consciousness.

The habit of discipline is not, I think, our dominant quality. We have a horror of discipline imposed upon us by force and authority, and never once, in the course of our long history, have our successive masters been able to give effect to the systems they have conceived for our welfare, without asking our consent. Whoever has had in Belgium the occasion to take part in the education of young people will have had a similar experience on a small scale. Constraint with our young people is singularly ineffective. Whoever enforces it takes a straight path to a sure end, rebellion. Persuasion often succeeds no better, and here the practice of our public meetings and our political life is singularly instructive. The intelligence of the Belgian is as little disposed to obedience as is his will. When an idea is presented to him with the support of authority it has indeed one chance the less of being accepted.

On the other hand, we have an innate respect for legal rights. Whoever the victim may be, every breach of right arouses among us universal indignation. The semblance even of privilege or injustice often stirs our passions beyond measure, and a very small thing, in this order of ideas, suffices to drive the masses to violent demonstrations.

Hence it comes to pass that Belgium is the one country in the world where a vigorous and despotic authority has the least chance of success. Enlightened despotism meets a reception no more favourable than the despotism which is stupid and ignorant. Nothing can make head against the freedom claimed by individuals to go their own ways, nor against the multitude of particular rights. Of that the ancient history of our communes furnishes a striking illustration. We have not changed.

The result, more especially on the surface of things, is a certain disorder and a spirit of *laisser-aller* which I do not admire at all, but which can be easily defended when the true character of the nation is understood.

The indiscipline of the Belgians is readily pardoned when we consider the prodigies which individual initiative and free competition have accomplished in our midst. It will be forgiven on yet better grounds when we observe that in no degree does it prevent them from carrying out great collective enterprises. Nowhere, I think, has free association yielded greater results. By as much as we are careless to respect perfection of form in the ordering of a concerted movement, by so much are we capable of throwing ourselves, body and soul, into the actual accomplishment of collective work. Each one, no doubt, will like to preserve the freedom of his own ways in the common effort, but outside of that he will place at the service of that effort all the energy he can command. In short, once embarked on an associated enterprise, he will remain loyal to it through thick and thin.

As a sample of what free self-sacrificing co-operation can produce among us, one may point to the extraordinary out-

burst of works of charity and teaching and social improvement. Among all these the University of Louvain deserves special attention. After monopolising higher teaching in our part of the world from the fifteenth century, this institution was suppressed in 1798 by the French invasion, and re-established in 1835 as a free university. Since its restoration it has been deprived of all the endowments which made its former wealth, the town of Louvain has given back only in part the use of its ancient premises, it has received no appreciable subsidy from the public authorities, and all its resources have had to come exclusively from the devotion of its friends. None the less, it has succeeded in maintaining itself in the ranks of the great universities, and on the eve of the catastrophe which has just fallen it was giving, under the most modern of technical conditions, higher education to a body of 3000 students, it numbered 125 members in the teaching body, and had filled the town with colleges and new schools.

How can we understand the conjunction of so powerful a spirit of association with a spirit of independence which almost runs to the extreme of indiscipline?

Two things, I think, must here be noted. In the first place, our highly critical mind readily distinguishes what is essential from what is not. We respect the essential, but we have no respect at all for the trappings. We do not believe in parades, nor in uniforms, nor in regulations; you will see us walking on the grass; by way of amusing ourselves we may destroy the cushions in the waiting-rooms; we may overlook the forms of civility and the rules of elegant language; but we know how to work fifteen hours a day for a cause we love and to shed our blood on its behalf.

Secondly, if we devote ourselves to social ends it is because they have become ours by free acceptance of our intelligence and our will. Our minds are wary and fault-finding; we are not to be convinced by unsupported affirmations, and "bluff" has no hold on us. But once a belief has won the adhesion of our minds we retain it unshaken. In like manner our will is

rebellious, enthusiasm is difficult, affection rare and reserved, we do not allow a foreign will to put our own under constraint or capture it by insinuation ; but when we have freely embraced a cause, we are ready to spend our last breath in its service.

Thus one may understand how it is that Belgium is in some degree a country of clans. Parties have often fought one another with fury, and more than once during the long periods of history they have shown a remarkable stability. In almost every instance, however, the attempts of foreign tyranny have restored the national unity in presence of the common foe. This has just happened, and the phenomenon has been astonishing both in its depth and its suddenness. We were on the morrow of a much-discussed election, and we were preparing for new conflicts which threatened heat. In a few hours, faced by the German menace, all divisions resolved themselves into a unity which may well survive the war.

Existing parties in Belgium date at least from the eighteenth century, and each of them represents in brief an essential element of our collective ideal : on one side, religious faith ; on the other, freedom. The new party which seeks the realisation of the democratic ideal has been formed in the midst of the " Liberal " party, but there is a parallel democratic group in the midst of the " Catholic " party.

The " Catholic " ideal and the " Liberal " ideal, so far as they carry with them the masses of the people, are perhaps less opposed than the conflicts in Parliament and the political results would suggest. In short, the Catholic faith is deeply rooted in the heart of the entire people, and every time its rights have been threatened in the course of our history the nation has risen up in mass for their defence. On the other side, the nation is always up in arms for the defence of freedom ; the constitution, which is the common work of both parties, has proclaimed liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, liberty of teaching, liberty of association ever since 1830, and with a determination which must have seemed rash at that date. The Belgian Catholics in 1830 were in close rela-

tions with the French group which was editing *l'Avenir*, and ideas of liberty have always been the groundwork of their programme. They had only to follow its main lines to enter fully into the path of democratic progress. From every point of view the University of Louvain has had, both for them and for the whole country, a degree of usefulness which cannot be sufficiently valued. Founded on the principle of free teaching, it has always and fully upheld ideas of liberty in the young minds it was educating. Open, like every other great modern university, to the most extensive scientific research, it has placed the Catholic faith, to which it remains unswervingly loyal, in intimate relations with scientific thought. Three other universities have been formed by its side—the free university of Brussels and the State universities of Ghent and Liège. The four have practised a noble emulation in the path of progress; they have shared between them the education of our youth, which was, under the old regime, the monopoly of Louvain. But the elder university has retained the intellectual guidance of the religious life of the country. Without doubt it has imparted to this a great and salutary breadth of mind.

Numerous signs justify the expectation that Belgium on emerging from the present crisis will again witness that union of parties which founded the national life in 1830. In the common effort which will presently remake our country the four universities will, I hope, find their part enlarged. The disaster which has overtaken the oldest of them and struck down to the heart of its intellectual life, and fallen upon the memorials of its past, can have but one outcome: it will cause our scientific activities and our ideal life to be born again, enlarged and broadened.

True it is that during recent years the intensity of our industrial and economic effort has somewhat diminished the attention due to the pure preoccupations of the spirit. The days of poverty which await us will lead us back to these, through reactions a little hard but salutary in their essential

effect. And the new rôle we shall have to take in the world will give to our thought more fulness and more courage.

At this point a great change must take place in our national consciousness. On the morrow of 1830 the powers which had roused us to independent life maternally endowed us with "perpetual neutrality." To this neutrality, guaranteed by solemn signatures, we vowed to be faithful with a loyalty which was, no doubt, excessive. I well recall how from my earliest years I learnt to contemplate this neutrality as the first condition of our national existence; it formed a dogma raised above the level of discussion, an obligation which formed part of our very existence.

Compelled to remain always neutral, we have taken scrupulous care to hold the balance of our affections even among all the Powers. Never have we taken sides in their quarrels; and last August our scruples would not allow us to summon any one of them to our aid before the effective violation of our territory had taken place. I do not here inquire whether these scruples, in restraining us from preventive action, did not greatly encourage and facilitate the German invasion. What concerns me is their consequences from the point of view of the public mind. Unconscious of the right to take a definite attitude in international life, we became habituated to taking no interest in it, and that in no small measure has contracted our minds and confined our ideas and our dreams within the narrow limits of our own frontiers. It was only with difficulty that Leopold II succeeded in engaging us upon a colonial enterprise. Our industry, our literary and scientific activity, had no doubt won some lustre in the world; but we lacked self-confidence, we felt we had no footing of equality among the other nations, and so we remained among them not unlike a child in the company of great personages.

What our geographical frontiers will be to-morrow I know not. But I do know that our moral position in the world will henceforth be other than it was. In the most terrible crisis of history we have suddenly found ourselves confronted by a

duty which we little expected. Yet, nourished as it was in reverence for right, the nation understood without a moment's hesitation, and as one man, that this duty was sacred, and instantly grappled it with all the energy of its loyal and believing soul. In presence of brutal aggression the old instinct of freedom asserted itself with the energy of other days, and Belgium, hardly herself perceiving what had happened, was plunged into a world-war for right and for liberty. She it is who personifies this cause, and to her has fallen the honour of suffering martyrdom on its behalf. She lies wounded, panting, but fighting on. All the nations bend over her and surround her with their love and veneration. To-morrow, when Force shall have yielded to Justice, Belgium will cherish the right to speak and to act in the new world which is coming to the birth. With a broadened national consciousness all we Belgians feel that it is so; and we are ready to raise our mind to the height of a loftier part.

Doubtless our prudence restrains us from all immoderate dreaming. The danger is lest it confine us within limits too modest. It is too soon to dismiss prudence; the possibilities of the future are not yet revealed, and no man can divine with certainty the roads that will open when the bloodstained veil shall be lifted behind which the future is being prepared. And yet no task will exceed the forces of our national energy. Twenty times in the course of history Belgium has been the battlefield of Europe. Twenty times Belgium has rebuilt her ruined cities and found a new prosperity. Since she was left to herself she has created laws that are sane, rational, and progressive, she has combined traditional faith and liberty, she has founded order on respect for right, and she has succeeded in winning profound happiness. The hour has struck for her to establish her independence for ever on a force which inspires respect. In the Europe which is to be it will be hers to extend the reign of Faith, Justice, and Freedom.

L. NOËL.

THE SLAVOPHILE CREED.

PAUL VINOGRADOFF,

Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford.

WHEN one wants to understand the mental attitude of a nation it is often advisable to look back to some drastic manifestation of its views in the past. It would be difficult to comprehend the present frame of mind of the Germans without taking stock of the inspirations of 1870, and foreign observers have rightly concentrated their attention on the teaching of Treitschke, as a brilliant representative of aggressive political thought in Prussia. In the same way studies of Gladstone and of Disraeli have more than biographical or historical interest for those who want to familiarise themselves with the methods of English Liberalism and Neo-conservatism. I should like to point in a similar way to the Slavophile group of Russian thinkers as a characteristic centre of Russian thought, and to select one of them, Ivan Kireievsky, for the sake of concrete description. Public opinion in Western Europe and in America has been often busy with "Pan-Slavism," its supposed schemes and machinations, but I doubt whether many of those who write, speak, or think on the subject realise the wide difference between Pan-Slavists and Slavophiles, and whether they attach a definite and correct meaning to the latter term. And yet the so-called Slavophiles of Russia have played an important part in forming a school of nationalist thought which, if it had obtained undisputed sway in the country, might have given its development a

one-sided and regrettable aspect, but which proved a useful and efficient counterpoise to the gravitation towards Western standards.

The literary origins of the Slavophiles may be traced to that glorious generation of the "forties" to whose life people turn even now with wistful admiration, because it succeeded in coining the ideals and rearing the leaders of thought and action right among the snows of Nicholas the First's régime.

The movement originated in Moscow society, and was primarily connected with the University which has played so great a part in the life of the ancient capital. It was, in a sense, an aristocratic society, because it was mostly composed of men belonging to the landed gentry, and there was a good deal of the characteristics of a privileged class in its culture, for good and bad—a very high standard of honour, indifference and even contempt for mercenary pursuits, an enthusiastic wish to promote common welfare and sacrifice personal interests, a keen literary and artistic sense, and an inclination to indulge in speculation. It is significant that the revolutionist Herzen, writing from his London exile, speaks with exultation of this period as one which repudiated all narrow spirit of bourgeoisie (*Works*, vii. 239). He was surely no friend of antiquated class pretensions, yet as impatient of mediocrity as Heine. These gentlemen were high-minded enough to renounce entirely all caste prejudice, and to set up intellectual culture as the standard of human distinction. Not less momentous for Russian enlightenment in those days was its close connection with the Universities, and especially with that of Moscow. Notwithstanding all the strict supervision of those times, the lectures of the Universities opened the prospect of free thought and free speech. Professors of the stamp of Granovsky, Krukoff, Kudriavtzeff, Riedkine, Roulier inspired their audience with an unbounded enthusiasm for civil and intellectual progress. Indeed, whatever may be thought of special attainments, in the authority exercised by the teachers over their pupils, in the educating influence of instruction on character and manners, in the high

aims of humanism and civilisation, in the power of artistic and heart-felt expression—the level attained by the University of Moscow in the times of Nicholas' despotism has never been reached again. In order to understand the spirit of the University men of those days, we must not forget that they were living a collegiate life in the best sense of the term. Although not staying in the same buildings, not bound together by the regulations of everyday life which are so significant and important in English Universities, the students were constantly thrown together in lecture time and after lectures. They were not a very numerous body—not 9000, as now in Moscow, but about 1400, most of them coming from the provinces, without parents and family friends in the old capital, and all the more bound up with University comrades, proud of their academic standing, full of patriotic hope, impassioned by the contrast between their ideal aspirations and the darkness, the corruption, the wretched helplessness in the country nooks from which they had come.

And even as the students assembled to learn and to discuss books, lectures, plays, and poetry, even so grown-up people, professors, graduates, representatives of all the varieties of intellectual pursuits, met again and again to debate theoretical questions. The central points of these discussions were supplied by the philosophical movement in Europe, and more especially in Germany, where many of these men had studied for some time. It had obtained quite as much influence on this generation as France had possessed over the leaders of the eighteenth century. Herzen speaks in the following terms of the society he found in Moscow in the year 1846, after returning there from his exile in Vladimir: "Stankevitch, one of those idle men, who are said to have achieved nothing, was the first to follow Hegel among the Moscow youths. His study of German philosophy was profound and esthetical; a personality endowed with uncommon intellectual gifts, he had a great many friends who joined him in his favourite studies. His circle was a most remarkable

one; it started a whole phalanx of scholars, professors, and literary men—Bielinsky, Bakunin, Granovsky belonged to it. There had not been much sympathy between our set and theirs before our exile. They did not like our political tendencies, we were not satisfied with their speculative aims. Such an entirely speculative school is quite opposed to Russian character, and we shall see by and by how a Russian spirit modified the teaching of Hegel, how our sense of actual life did not put up with a consecration into a kind of philosophical monasticism. But in the beginning of 1840 the young people round Ogareff, the poet (and Herzen himself), had no idea of rising in arms in defence of the spirit against the letter, in defence of life against abstractions, and they required an unconditional acceptance of Hegel's logic and of his phenomenology, and this according to their construction.

“And as for interpreting them, they were at it constantly: there is not a single paragraph in the three books on Logic, the two on Esthetics, the Encyclopædia, etc., which was not taken by storm after disputes which went on for several nights. The best of friends sulked against each other for entire weeks because they could not agree as to the definition of ‘transcendental spirit,’ they took as personal insults opinions on ‘absolute individuality’ and its existence ‘an und für sich.’ The most trifling pamphlets which treated of Hegel were sent for, and people pored over them till the books were full of holes, covered with stains, rent to pieces in a few days. And the same thing took place in Art. An acquaintance with Goethe, and especially with the second part of *Faust*, because it is worse than the first or, may be, because it is more obscure, was deemed as essential as wearing a suit of clothes.” Another witness, the famous Slavophile Youri Samarine, has the following characteristic remarks on the representatives of different opinions in these circles: they met every day, lived in friendship, and formed, as it were, one society, they stood in need of each other, and were attracted towards each other by good-will, common pursuits, and mutual esteem.

Under the conditions existing in those times polemics in the press were out of the question, and, as in the epoch before the invention of printing, the place of such polemics was taken by oral disputations. It may appear incredible that clever men should live a long and intellectual life with their back turned to political questions, but so it was.

Of course, the abstention from political topics could not be carried on indefinitely, and by and by the different sets developed doctrines of their own in this very respect. But it is a notable fact that they all passed through a preliminary philosophical drill in which Hegel's teaching formed the chief item, with a strong infusion of the views of Schelling.

A history of the intellectual movement of this epoch would have to specify the turning-points of the work achieved by these thinkers in constant intercourse. But it would be impossible to treat the subject now with sufficient detail or to bring out particulars. I shall restrict myself to a sketch of the formation of Slavophile views in a personal form, as it were, by concentrating its exposition around the personality of one of their early leaders. Each of these leaders has presented with exceptional force some one side of the wide subject: to Ivan Kireievsky belongs the credit of establishing the general philosophical basis; Al. Chomiakoff has done most to develop their theological doctrine and the views on universal history; Peter Kireievsky and Constantine Aksakoff have worked out the conception of Russian history; Youri Samarine may be regarded as the political champion of the party in home affairs; Dm. Valuief and Ivan Aksakoff as its exponents in regard to international relations. I do not mean, of course, that every one of these men actually singled out for himself one particular department and did nothing to further the rest—on the contrary, everyone had more or less to do with all the points at issue. But it is unquestionable that there was some differentiation of results in the sense pointed out by me.

Now, Ivan Kireievsky gives a most convenient starting-

point for a study of Slavophile thought, because he laid stress chiefly on general notions. He and his brother Peter were both attractive representatives of the landed gentry, the social stratum from which the intellectual movement sprang up. They were scions of an old house of country squires from the province of Toula. Their ancestors had "sat" in many a weary siege against the Poles and mustered their retinues on many occasions when the Krim Khan was breaking through the dense lines of the Moscow military border. The father of the future Slavophiles was a good linguist—he knew five languages,—a student of natural science, and at the same time a deeply religious man. He hated Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, and bought their books only to destroy them. He succumbed in 1812 to hospital fever while tending the French sick and wounded. The brothers Ivan and Peter Kireievsky did not care for military glory or for success in the bureaucratic career. "What can be finer than to work for the enlightenment of the people?" writes Ivan Kireievsky in 1827. "We must all become literary men." Peter, a more one-sided, concentrated nature, devoted himself to the history of his country and to the collection of its popular songs. Ivan's career was more winding. After taking his degree in Moscow, he went to Germany and heard lectures first in Berlin and then in Munich. He was greatly impressed by German learning—"I feel myself surrounded by the greatest thinkers of Europe," he exclaims. But his mind remained unprejudiced, and strong enough for independent criticism. He is struck by Ritter's genius, but does not make much of the historians in Berlin—Raumer and Stühr. His first impression of Hegel is decidedly unpleasant, but things improve gradually as the young student becomes more and more acquainted with the system. As for Schelling, it was exactly the reverse: Kireievsky came with unbounded admiration, but soon found that his lectures did not add much to the stock deposited in the books.

In Germany the young men had only to learn and to

think; but once back in Russia, the question arose, how to apply the knowledge accumulated with such zeal. In 1832 Kireievsky started a periodical entitled *The European*. He intended, as the title shows, to propagate the ideas of European civilisation. It was conducted in a most moderate spirit, and yet it lasted only a few weeks. It was suppressed by the censor after the second issue on account of Kireievsky's article on the nineteenth century, and for the following reasons: "Though the author asserts that he does not speak of politics or literature, he means it quite the other way: when he speaks of enlightenment he has liberty in view, the action of reason means revolution, and his well-chosen mean term is nothing more nor less than a constitution. The whole article, though absurd, is clearly written with perverse intentions." Kireievsky lost heart after this rebuke and remained silent for eleven years. When he resumed journalistic work in 1843 his views had changed a good deal. He had become a thorough-going Slavophile, chiefly under the influence of his brother and of Chomiakoff. It did not save him from stupid obstruction. The censor suppressed in 1852 the *Moscow Almanach*, to which he had contributed one of his most remarkable papers—the letter to Count Kamarovsky on Russian culture. And so he remained disappointed and melancholy to his death. He was like a saint on earth, distinguished by his matchless candour, his delicacy of feeling, his fervour for truth and humanism. His patriotism admitted of no doubt, his liberalism was not attracted towards revolution, and he remained indifferent to the form of government, though he certainly desired to vindicate right and freedom of thought. But his chief preoccupation was the power of religion over human life, and this gave his idealism a mystic touch. In order to understand this fully we must not only take into account the teaching of Hegel and Schelling through which the young student had gone, but also his familiar intercourse with the monks of Optina Pustyn, a celebrated monastery near his country seat, and his thorough study of the Greek Fathers.

The connection between these rather heterogeneous elements will become apparent when one turns to his writings.

We find him musing his whole life on the awkward position of Russia in regard to the Western world. In his earlier years he is not perplexed by it, and gives a straightforward answer: "There is no fear of our losing our nationality: religion, historical memories, all our conditions of life are so entirely different from those of the rest of Europe, that it is physically impossible for us to become French, English, or Germans. But hitherto our nationality has been a rough, uneducated one, and stationary as the Chinese. It is only foreign influence that can enlighten and lead it on."

The European was edited in the sense of this remark. But as time went on the opinions of our thinker took a very different turn. He is shocked by the intellectual weakness of imitated civilisation. "We are translating, imitating, studying foreign literatures, following them with their slightest movement, acquiring other people's ideas and systems: these mental exercises form the brilliant decoration of our drawing-rooms and sometimes actually influence our conduct, but they are not connected with the main development of the culture with which we have been endowed by our history—we are severed from the home sources of Russian civilisation, and for this very reason disabled from participating in the work of building up the general civilisation of the human race. The productions of our literature, reflected as they are from the literature of Europe, have no more interest for other nations than the interest vouchsafed to pupils who study the lessons of their masters. There can be no doubt that between our literary culture and the cardinal elements of our mental life, as they were developed in our ancient history, and are preserved even now among our so-called uneducated people, there is a flagrant contradiction. This contradiction is produced, not by a difference in degree, but by a difference in kind. Those elements of intellectual, social, and religious life which created ancient Russia, and are forming now the only property

of her popular life, have remained untouched by and separated from the progress of our spiritual activity. And past them, without relation to them, our literary instruction is flowing on from foreign sources.

“Some people think that a complete absorption of foreign culture may in time change the very personality of the Russian as it has changed some literary men: of those who write and of those who do not. Is it necessary to contradict this opinion? Its inanity is evident without further proof. It is quite as impossible to extinguish the mental peculiarities of a nation, as it is impossible to annihilate its history. It is quite as easy to replace the fundamental conviction of a people by literary notions, as to change by abstract reasoning the bones of a grown-up animal. But even if it were conceded for a moment that such a transformation may be achieved, its unique result would be not to enlighten the nation, but to destroy it. What is a nation, indeed, but a body of convictions which are more or less expressed in its manners, its customs, its language, the notions of its mind and of its heart, the relations of its society—in fact, its whole life. Besides, the idea of introducing the principles of European civilisation in the place of the elements of our own culture, destroys itself, because the general development of European civilisation is not based on some one leading principle. One element stands in contradiction with the other and they mutually check each other.”

There is difference in kind and not in degree between Russian and European life. Kireievsky proceeds to demonstrate this view by an examination of the elements and of the results of European culture. In its history three agents co-operate which are absent from the Russian world—the influence of the classics, the peculiar organisation of the Church, and the formation of the State through the influx of Germanic barbarians. Our writer started with a very appreciative estimate of the classical factor, and took the view that classical education, conducted in the same fashion as in German and English

schools, was wanted to make the reception of Western culture complete and fruitful. But the general evolution of his ideas led him to consider ancient civilisation as based on a hard, one-sided, rationalistic conception of life. It is the Roman side of it that was appropriated by Western nations. And the Roman way of looking at life was dictated by a narrow spirit of individualism, sensuality, and predominance of the intellectual standard. The heart had not much to say in this world of naked interests and barren egotism. It would have been the greatest misery for mankind, if the Roman Empire had possessed a still higher degree of material culture at its disposal and had held its own against the invaders. As it is, the Roman view of life and of man exerted a most harmful influence because it modified Christianity. Roman Catholicism is Christianity ruled by a narrow spirit of logical deductions. Its segregation from the rest of the Christian community is characteristic enough. It followed upon the inclusion of a new point into the Church creed, a point which rested not upon revelation or tradition, but upon a logical inference. The Western theologians of the ninth century drew the conclusion from the equality between Father and Son as persons of the Trinity, that the Holy Ghost proceeded from Father and Son alike. This might be logically sound, but they had no right to modify the traditional dogma in accordance with their syllogisms. The further development of Catholicism was in keeping with this beginning. The personal régime of Papacy, the infallibility of the Pope, the predominance of the Church over the State were gradually evolved as logical deductions without taking heed that they contradicted the well-established traditions of ecclesiastical life. Once the rationalistic point of view accepted, no wonder that consequences were drawn from it in opposite senses and with equally absurd consistency. If mediæval Catholicism raised upon this rationalistic foundation its scholastic authority doctrine, the Reformation brought down the fundamental notion of the Church by introducing the principle of free

construction. All these facts, in spite of their seeming contradictions, are derived from the one root of rationalism—and it may be said that Pope Nicholas I., Luther, and Strauss form one historical sequence in the development of purely logical conceptions.

The same spirit of one-sided formalism may be noticed in the material arrangement of European society. The State was created in the West by conquest, that is, by a violent collision between social elements. And this spirit of violent conflict runs through the entire political history of Western Europe. Every individual asserts himself to the utmost limits of his power. Political economy is based on complete individualistic egotism. . . . The arrangements of the State are the result of a contract between parties with opposing interests. Western law is distinguished by a reverence for strict formalism and its disregard of equity. In morality the Western world has developed the notion of honour, which is by itself a characteristic reduction of the broad standards of honesty and virtue to the requirements of an order of things based on self-defence and self-assertion.

But the imperfect character of Western culture is particularly apparent when we look to its ultimate results. If it had been sound at bottom, why should its full development, the clear and consequent application of its premises, produce such a general feeling of disappointment and discontent? Western civilisation has been shown to be inadequate, not because Western science has lost its vitality—on the contrary, it flourishes more than ever; not because some external arrangement weighs upon social relations and checks their free growth—the fight against external pressure would have only strengthened the devotion to its principles, and never was the external arrangement of life so well directed to satisfy the requirements of the mind. A feeling of discontent, of hopeless emptiness, seized upon the heart of men who were not engrossed by the interests of the moment, just for the very reason that the triumph of the European mind discloses the

one-sided character of its aims. Cold analytical reflection has been going on for centuries, and it has destroyed the very foundations of European culture. This culture has been estranged, as it were, from its own principles, and remains in possession only of this analysis which has gnawed at its roots, of the self-moving knife of reason, the abstract syllogism which does not recognise anything but itself, that despotic logical faculty, severed from the other forces of the human mind, which builds upon the evidence of the senses its airy dialectical structures.

The history of European thought presents a marvellous commentary on the fundamental inefficiency of its conceptions. It has been moving entirely on the logical track. Aristotle has been its great teacher among the ancients, the philosopher who stands in contrast with Plato as the representative of observation and logical deduction. Later on came the dry metaphysical and theological *argutiæ* of scholasticism; Descartes' revival proceeded from a syllogism which had to prove to man his very existence. The famous Spinoza wrought such a masterful and closely fitting whole of rational deductions as to the first cause, higher order, and arrangement of the world, that he was incapable to perceive through this net of theorems and syllogisms the hand of a living Creator or the freedom of man. Kant proved conclusively that for pure reason there can be no evidence of absolute truth. Fichte managed by a wonderful combination of syllogisms to prove that all the outward world is a fancy, and that nothing exists but a self-developing "I." Schelling took up the opposite side of the hypothesis and contended that the outward world does exist but that its soul is nothing but the human "I," which finds its development in the world to reach self-consciousness in man. Hegel brought the rationalistic, logical method to its culminating point by his dialectical system, and gave thereby Schelling the opportunity to expose the one-sidedness of all merely logical thought. And really what is left to man, if he denies "all authority but that of abstract ratio-

cination? He is bound to accept the world as the result of the dialectical process of his own reason, and to accept reason as the conscious reflection of the Universe. This is evidently the goal towards which abstract reason severed from the other forces of the mind has been moving all along, a goal which has been reached in the present time." And just at this moment of victory Western people begin to feel the inanity of their pursuits, begin to thirst for the faith and the love which have been gradually eliminated from Western philosophy. But where will they obtain these salutary ingredients? To turn back towards old and discarded notions would be impossible. Such enforced reactions and artificial creeds may be placed on the same footing with theatrical decorations which amateurs are trying to present as realities. And so we find even mental giants like Schelling toiling in the ungrateful task of composing a Christian faith for his own use and by the light of his own reason.

Now, whatever be our judgment on the present state of Russia and the unhappy contradiction between its historical legacies and its modern aspirations, one thing remains certain for Kireievsky: Russia possesses in the simple faith of her people the very element which has been found wanting in the West, and the intelligent consciousness of her leaders must be directed towards a development of the fundamental religious ideas round which all the moral and juridical conceptions of the nation are concentrated. The isolation from the West was certainly a great drawback. It hampered progress and kept the country for a long time in a position of intellectual inferiority. It would be idle to deny that a narrow spirit of bigotry and dead-letter observance made its way into Russia, a spirit which attained its most striking expression in the Raskol, the schism of Old ritualists. It would be preposterous at this time of the day to deny the acquirements of Western science and society. On the contrary, we ought to appropriate them. But we must keep in view that they are but subsidiary, and that the true end is the development of popular ideals.

The simple faith of the common people has preserved in Russia the most vital form of Christianity—a Church which does not seek secular power and still has educated State and Society. The monasteries dispersed through the vast, lonely land have been the Universities of this culture, and they have set up a moral and intellectual ideal which is higher and more complete than the logical philosophy of the West. Thought not infused with emotion is not living thought. The striving towards truth has been always treated by the ecclesiastical teachers of the Russian people as the direction of all human faculties towards one end—as the harmonious expression of feeling, intellect, and will. To begin with, educated Russians ought to study the Greek Fathers. Their writings are almost entirely ignored by Western scientists, and nevertheless they afford an inexhaustible mine of information for the student of psychology and metaphysics. One ought not to be bound by the letter of their doctrine, but to work out its principles and to treat the questions propounded by Western philosophy from their point of view. The chief thing is to remain at one with the body of the people and not to lose hold of its faith. It seems rather difficult at first for an enlightened mind to put up in humility with some details of creed and ritual which look like superstitions. But a little reflection will show that it is nothing of the sort, and that all particulars have a deep and noble meaning. Let us hear how Kireievsky explains, for instance, his submission to the popular reverence for holy images—ikons, as we say in Russia.

“I stood once in a chapel looking at a miracle-working ikon of the Virgin, and I thought of the child-like faith of the people that were praying to it: some women, a few sick and old persons were standing on their knees, making the sign of the Cross and bowing before the image. I looked up with fervent hope to the holy face and, by and by, the secret of its miraculous power dawned upon me. It is not a mere board covered with painting . . . in the course of centuries it has been absorbing those currents of impassioned prayer from

people in grief and misery and it has become a living medium, a means of communication between the Creator and His people. While thinking so, I looked again at the old men, at the women with their children bowing in the dust, and then at the ikon—and I saw the features of the Virgin were alive: she looked with pity and love on these poor people, and I fell on my knees and prayed to Her in all humility.”

I may stop here and need not trouble you with more details as to Kireievsky's views. You see that he was an enthusiast and a poet—it is difficult to argue with a poet. But it is worth while to note the significance and the limitations of his teaching. The starting-point is a disparaging estimate of rationalism and the supreme value assigned to Christian faith and the Christian Church. The contrast drawn between Western culture and its sequel in Russia on the one hand, the ways of thought in use among the common people on the other, are undoubtedly the strongest and most interesting points in Kireievsky's doctrine. His criticism of philosophical systems may be one-sided, but it is certainly based on a very careful study of European and especially German metaphysics. The protest against rationalism is brought forward with great energy, and is quite in keeping with the romantic stage of development in the West. The critical side of our writer's ideas is much more developed than the positive side, which still remains as a vague outline. Kireievsky is distinguished by the fact that he formulated general conceptions, and left to the other Slavophiles the task of working out particulars in regard to theology, history, and politics. But, quite apart from the unfinished and rudimentary state in which his philosophical doctrine presents itself, Kireievsky's position could be easily attacked on both flanks. It was only necessary to show, first, that European thought had not been moving exclusively in those channels which our thinker had defined for it, that he had in fact selected one current of metaphysical doctrine and had ignored, for instance, the attempts to construct a positive or scientific philosophy, as well as other

movements. It might be asked, secondly, whether it was likely that science and society could have remained unaffected in their progress by the fact that the central notions of European thought were falling to pieces? Is it possible that a notorious and astonishing progress in these regions should coincide with a hopeless decay of general conceptions?

Again, was it really something especially Western, especially European, that had forced philosophy to take up the abstract method of reasoning and to conform to logical laws? The questions raised and discussed by Western metaphysicians were human questions after all, and their powerful analysis was quite as serviceable, or dangerous, for Russians as it might be for other people. It is evident that there is nothing peculiarly and mischievously Western in logic, and that Russians have no more the right to discard syllogisms, than they have leave to maintain that two and two make five.

The general judgment in regard to John Kireievsky's writings will be, however, that they are animated by a keen desire to renew the living connection between the educated class and the people, a poetical and mystic inspiration, all blended with the romantic conceptions of national peculiarity and tradition. In the view of this Slavophile leader the character of a nation settles gradually into a frame as solid and unchanging as the limbs of a grown-up man. No wonder that he turned from logic to psychology in order to account for historical life.

An estimate of Kireievsky's teaching would be incomplete unless some reference were made to its intimate connection with kindred movements in Western European thought. Quite apart from the fact that our writer and other Slavophiles went to German Universities and studied German books, they were moving on the same plane of thought, because the history of the nineteenth century, in which Russia was taking as active a part as Germany herself, suggested certain solutions and placed thinkers in certain points of view. The reaction against rationalistic enlightenment was headed by philosophers like

Schelling, and produced the romantic movement in literature, which appealed from logic to psychology, from reasoning to the instinctive and the irrational, from modern progress to mediæval mysticism and emotionalism. The longing for a religious revival recurs again and again as one of the leading motives in the writings of the Romantic school—Novalis bewails in 1799 the pernicious rationalism of modern culture and dreams of a resurrection of Christian theocracy. The anarchist Friedrich Schlegel seeks refuge from all doubts in the fold of the Roman Catholic Church; while Franz Baader, after the profound study of Jacob Boehm's mystic works, condemns Papacy, gravitates towards Eastern Orthodoxy—and becomes the influential adviser of Alexander I. in the formation of the Holy Alliance. What is more, all these symptoms of reaction against eighteenth-century enlightenment, with its sequels in the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Empire, are intimately connected with the spread of a historical conception of political science laying stress on peculiarities of national tradition and character. The brothers Grimm laid folklore in Germany, and the Slavophiles strived to obtain similar results in Russia. Peter Kireievsky achieved a conspicuous success on the technical side by his collection of folk tales, while his brother John aptly represents the philosophical setting of the movement. It may be said, in a way, that the doctrines of the Moscow Slavophile set are the most complete expression of the romantic tendency in European thought.

It would be superfluous nowadays to criticise these doctrines at length. A remarkable estimate of their weak point has been given by Nicholas Stankevitch, one of the Western set opposed to the Slavophiles. "Why are people so busy with popular tradition? The aim ought to be the humane; that which is peculiarly ours is bound to assert itself whether we wish it or not. One's stamp is necessarily impressed on every spontaneous and sincere act of the spirit, and the nearer one's own stands to the general, the better it is."

It is not for the purpose of reviewing old polemics that I have been turning over the leaves of half-forgotten books. . . . There is a strange attraction in touching chords which in their muffled sound call forth harmonious response in later ages: Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, the enthusiasts of the village community, present-day nationalists, adherents of a mystic revival of Orthodoxy, were not and are not Slavophiles, but one hears familiar Slavophile strains in their addresses.

PAUL VINOGRADOFF.

WHAT NEXT ?

REV. THE HON. E. LYTTELTON,

Headmaster of Eton.

A FRIEND writes from Devonshire that in his village there is a Belgian child with her two hands cut off. A few days ago we read an extract from a responsible German journalist exhorting his countrymen to massacre and fan their fires of hate: and we remember Bernhardt's sentence about Germany's business being to attack France, but by juggling with the facts to make it seem as if France were attacking Germany.

Those are symptoms of the situation. Britain is faced with a portentous phenomenon and is unmistakably called upon to deal with it. Our first instinct is to rise up and gather ourselves together to extirpate "a wonderful and horrible thing." So far we have been doing our best; and I suppose most of us are disposed, even more than usual, to play the Briton—and by that I mean put away speculation and give ourselves to action. Surely this is right. If our War Lords were suddenly to become speculative, or even reflective, men, where should we be? A larger proportion than usual must remain for some time men of action pure and simple; but not all.

Looming ahead of us is the immensely interesting question which will be dealt with when Sir E. Grey, or some other representative of Britain, will take his place at a table to discuss with foreign delegates the immediate future of the map of Europe. The question will arise naturally from the present

position. It is a distinct question, and it has never been raised so clearly before in connection with any war; and it is momentous also because the situation is beyond words. Most of Europe is in conflict with Germany for one or both of two reasons: viz. that Germany is resolved to crush small States for her own aggrandisement and also has confessedly set at naught compacts between States publicly made. Thus Russia is fighting in defence of the southern Slavs, Britain for the honour of the plighted word. Hence if the Allies win we may hope that the international standard of all Europe will be permanently raised: we shall anyhow know that we all have bled in defence of a higher law than might—namely, that of considerateness and mutual understanding, of the recognition of diverse national ideals.

Now, in this discussion—perhaps the most momentous and far-reaching that will have ever been held—Britain's voice ought to be paramount. The only other belligerent nation which is likely not to be quite exhausted is Russia; and Russia is young in diplomacy compared to us, and, what is far more important, can hardly be supposed to speak from so disinterested a position as we can. She anyhow has her kinsfolk to protect, and great possibilities in the Dardanelles. We can make it plain that we don't require an inch of territory (except perhaps Heligoland, which ought to be kept quiet for migrating birds), and in short have no aim in view except that of providing as far as possible for a stable peace resting on a readjustment of the map of Europe according to national requirements and the recognition of the rights of small States to a secure existence. One would say that this principle should be resolutely adhered to, no matter who loses or who gains. But that is not the main question now. The point is that the British representative will have a noble opportunity of vindicating a higher law of international dealing than has ever been fairly put forward and supported by any powerful State till this day. The history of mankind for the next hundred years, and probably far longer, must depend on

whether Britain's voice will be listened to. Either Europe will victimise herself anew by one more arrangement based on general greed and suspicion; or such restitution of territory as equity demands will be made, and buffer States set up between huge competitive Powers such as Germany, Russia, and France. This will not be a very dazzling triumph of disinterestedness, but the effect on the world at large ought to be entirely salutary and uplifting. For the first time since man appeared on the surface of the globe will there have been a general hearty effort made by the leading nations to rise above covetousness, and, after the colossal warning they have received, to establish relations on the basis of trust and a something that might almost be called brotherliness. When one thinks of the Yellow Races waiting to take their cue from us as to how they are to think of international dealings—how they are to conceive of their coming participation in human history,—it quickens the pulse to imagine the example we may be able to set, and the immense effect for good which it may work.

But will it? By Britain we may expect the example to be set. Whether other peoples follow it, or mar everything by distrust, depends on their being able to abandon their rooted belief in English hypocrisy.

It will be a near thing. We have an ugly heritage to reckon with. Hitherto even friendly nations have believed that as soon as any country threatens our command of the sea we fight, and for no other reason. In other words, it is widely and almost universally held that our motives are purely material and selfish. Hypocrites they have called us because we have combined a marvellously successful material advance with an unfortunate habit of lecturing other nations when they have tried to do the same. The most glaring case was in 1864, when we scolded Bismarck, of all people, for robbing Denmark, but drew no sword to back up our words. That was not long after our opium wars with China, and not without justice we have been looked at askance ever since.

On the present occasion we have done more than scold:

we have acted. But let it be remembered we have publicly insisted that our motive was moral: that we stand forward as the extirpators of an intolerable evil now rampant in Central Europe. That is a fairly substantial claim to make in presence of the whole world; and though it may be true that some nations trust us more than they did, yet it must be admitted that we are putting their trust to a considerable strain.

The extirpators of evil in Europe! The first question that will be asked is, What about the evils in England? Is it true that in normal times there are some twelve millions of people not far from the verge of starvation, and this in the richest country in the world? Can it be said that the hundredth part of the crusading spirit, shown so wonderfully by all classes of society last August, has ever been exhibited against the horrible evils still rampant among us? If not, how is our action now bound to be interpreted? There is something to be said for a suggestion recently made, that already long before the war is ended the Government should be asked to take in hand one of our huge festering sores such as the housing of the poor, or the "white slave" traffic. The difficulty, of course, is that the remedy for mischief of this kind is not to be found in legislation. A new spirit in the people is the only hope, just as it is the only hope for the international future of Europe. But the desire for legislation at this moment is quickened by the necessity for showing Frenchmen, Germans, and Russians that we are really eager to deal with our domestic cankers, and that our zeal against Prussian militarism is only a part of our witnessing as a nation for Christ. We desire that foreigners shall for once understand our action: else what hope is there that at this supreme crisis of European history they will follow our lead?

So without dogmatising as to how far legislation is at this moment likely to be the cure for our social evils, we may recognise this argument for it, that it would be, probably, a token of our sincerity; and that if we are not sincere we shall deserve to find ourselves at the end of the war conspicuously

impotent. Further, if our representative is at that juncture impotent, powerless to persuade or to inspire or to lead, it will mean that humanity will be turning over a new leaf only to begin another long and dismal chapter of international competition, jealousy, and greed; because if we fail to discern the higher law, these are the only principles left to us to follow.

But against legislation there is a very serious argument. It militates against thoroughness: and in public and private effort we English are notoriously *unthorough*. Let us see what the war teaches on this head.

First and most obviously, the Germans have set us a fine example of thoroughness. We fail to appreciate this quality of theirs because it is just now a very great nuisance to us, and also because, having started from an anti-Christian principle of brute force, they are led by their instinct for thoroughness into the uttermost devilry. Their brutalities, their childish belief in lying and in big guns and general terrorism, are merely symptoms of their desire to see the thing through; and this desire, as we know well, is laudable. It works out into appalling and soul-staggering results because it starts from a premiss which is not Christian but Satanic. Given that, and a people which is thorough in methods and logical is bound to go to lengths in savagery which to the English love of compromise are bewildering. But we ought surely to see that, among all the damnabilities for which they will be cursed by many generations, thoroughness remains in itself a virtue: one of the salutary effects of which is that it forces even an unreflective Englishman to understand that we are fighting not primarily for our existence as an Empire, but against principalities and powers of evil. No: there is nothing wrong with thoroughness, though it is often tempting to stop half-way. The tragedy of the Germans is in their starting down the wrong road, not in the pertinacity with which they pursue their downward course, or even in the incredible blindness which forbids them to see the abyss before them.

We, on the other hand, feel perfectly certain that, so

far, we are on the right road: that is to say, that we are making a gigantic effort in the cause of peacefulness and progress. The chance of other nations recognising that we are right depends partly on our being thorough. We are now approaching the time when our resoluteness will be severely tested. It will be made plain whether or no we really are supported by the sense that we are working and sacrificing ourselves for the good of man and the honour of God, or whether our tenacity of purpose fails when the sacrifice becomes painful. What, then, does thoroughness in these circumstances mean? Suppose we are exhausted sooner than the Germans, or that some unforeseen calamity overtakes our Fleet and we never find ourselves in the position to dictate terms or rearrange the map of Europe? What then?

The answer to be given to this question is abundantly plain, and I believe it was virtually given by the whole country early in August last. It is derived from the inspiring conviction that we have donned our armour not for the existence of our Empire—though we see now that that is at stake—nor for the maintenance of our commerce or for our prestige. All these things are worth fighting for, but they depend on victory, or anyhow on a drawn battle. There is meantime a far nobler object in view, which will be achieved not only by victory but by stubborn resolution to the end, even if the end were the shattering of our power. For from the outset of this grim business Britons have been nerved to do and die because they have set themselves to vindicate principles which are to us and to all men, though some see it not, of infinitely greater value than any power or prestige or Empire. Our espousal of this cause bids fair to bring the struggle to a victorious issue. But even if that be denied us, we can make sure—indeed, we have already made sure—that no nation will again dare to trample on the liberties of civilised peoples. Mankind has lived too long to suffer it. Belgium has fought such a fight that all Europe is by now persuaded—except, alas! a few dozen Prussians—that barbarism is no longer worth while. To convince the

world of this truth it seems that that unparalleled sacrifice was needed. The part that Britain is now playing is to show that we too are ready, if need be, to add our witness to the same lofty affirmation: testifying in uttermost sincerity to the truth on which depends all happiness and all peace—the truth that “Man doth not live by bread alone,” nor alone by glory or power, nor by ease or security or wealth or all that this world can bestow, but by suffering and being prepared to suffer that we may forward by ever so little the establishment of the Divine Kingdom. Therein lies, not only happiness, but power; for Belgium has shown us that, though tough fortresses may fall, though bravery may end in failure, in and through her unspeakable woe she is powerful as the quickener of Europe’s moral sense. I verily believe that last August Britain ratified Sir E. Grey’s decision not because we felt we were strong, or that Russia was with us, but because we knew we could suffer to the end; and that even if the war issued in the immeasurable calamity of the triumph of tyranny, nothing can ever weaken the redemptive power of sacrifice. The more piercing the agony of Britain’s motherhood, the more we are doing for the renovation of mankind. *In hoc signo vincemus.*

But clearly and indisputably everything depends, as it always does, on the opposite of hypocrisy, viz. singlemindedness. There is no more terrible power with which men are endowed than that of admiring, nay, even being thrilled by, a noble example and then ignoring it. Preachers of all sorts, from those of the highest down to those of the most carnal minds, are always insisting on this truism. With it Isaiah’s poetry rings, and even Ovid for a moment was aware of it; and every time the challenge is made to us we are left either stronger or weaker than before. Now, all, or nearly all, Englishmen have been mightily stirred by the accounts of the heroism of our soldiers—that is, by the beauty of the relation between officers and men and the noble spirit displayed in the trenches: a spirit not only of dogged pluck in presence of death, such as our enemy displays, but one of joyfulness in

self-devotion, of considerateness under dire provocation, of unshrinking readiness when there comes the call to endure. So with those who have enlisted since the war began. Is there not something unparalleled in what is happening? Thousands of young men eagerly jeopardising their lives, just when life has most to offer, and hurrying to expose themselves to the chance of horrible pain, privations, loss of livelihood, and to all the sickening sights and memories of all-devouring war: what are we to make of this?

I will take two points only, one of which is far too big to be dealt with more than quite superficially.

The readiness of intelligent, well-to-do men to enlist is an evidence—not to be resisted—of a deep conviction in their minds that this life is not all, but that beyond it and beyond our senses is the real life, and that in some inexplicable way our gaining of the latter is bound up with offering up of the former. So far, however, we could say the same of the Japanese. But there is something deeper than is known yet to them. We have heard strange and moving stories of our rollicking, jolly, *insouciant* lads being stirred by some deep impulse out in Flanders, amid all the din of carnage and the silent stealth of treachery, to give themselves unto prayer. Something has come to life within them more powerful than shyness, to witness to the sense of a Personal God; and the French soldiers have learnt a little of the message from heaven as they see the British fighting-man on his knees. We shall enter on a new chapter in spiritual history if we can take home to our bosoms the meaning of this sincere self-exposure. Clearly and undeniably we are called upon to garner the fruits of a great emotion, and to see that this experience is translated into a lasting uplift of our national, customary life.

But also there is the humbling thought that some of us can learn only by studying not the encouragement but the warning. A huge and complex but most insistent question calls for thought and insight. What is the reason that German states have combined with one accord to exalt the

idea of coarse earthly aggrandisement and trample upon the teaching of the Prince of Peace? For it is not a heathen nation that has done this thing, nor is it an unfamiliar religion that they have set aside. What requires explanation is not so much the unanimity of the manifold Empire as the complete victory of the principle of grabbing and vainglory over that of sympathy and mutual understanding in the minds of the governing Prussians: a victory so complete as to enable them to quench for a time the dictates of Christianity.

Various answers may be given. But on reflection we may conclude that no cause for this portent can be deemed adequate unless it touches on a wrong idea of man's relation to God. Of course, there are some among us who lightly judge that no religious opinion can make a great difference to a nation. But in reality this means an assumption that the religious opinion is untrue, just as to understand the contrary view for a moment is to be able at least to imagine it for a moment to be true. If we succeed in this effort—that is, if we can say to ourselves, “Let us grant that God exists”—immediately we perceive that an erroneous view of our relation to Him must obviously be the cause of unimaginable evil if it prevails widely and is long-continued. Suppose, further, we put plainly before our minds the ordinary view that God has given a revelation of Himself to Christians from which others are excluded till they hear the news. If this is true there can be no question so grave for any nation or individual as that which concerns the tradition of Christianity in a country. It is inconceivable that the Deity would reveal to man unimportant truths by such a process as that told of in the Gospel story. Hence the conservation of the truths thus imparted becomes of vital and essential moment to a nation's welfare.

What, then, has happened in this matter in Germany? Something which must be the explanation of the overweening importance everywhere given to the State as against the Church. It is true that the common idea of State aggrandisement is common and materialistic; but the striking fact is that

the conception of the Church is far too feeble to act as any sort of counterpoise to the worship of the State. It can hardly be doubted that Christianity in Germany has been presented to successive generations, for at least four hundred years, mainly as an individual matter. Who can measure, on the other hand, the effect in England of the knowledge that the Church is three hundred years at least older than the State? If it is urged that the knowledge is not widespread, the obvious answer is that even a little of it has exerted a powerful influence in the country, and helped to keep the homage given to the State in due proportion. But Germany has been without this safeguard, and consequently has fallen into the lamentable plight of those who give their allegiance to a creation of man's ingenuity, not to one which rests on the divine revelation. Those who impugn this reasoning are convinced in their minds that the Church is as distinctly human in origin as the State. But to all who refrain from committing themselves to that dogma the appeal comes from over the water: "If you behold here a mighty moral declination which seems to be due to the individualistic presentation of Christianity, take heed in your island home before it is too late, and hold fast to your heritage as members of the indestructible Church of Christ."

E. LYTTTELTON.

ETON COLLEGE.

RÉCIT D'UN PROFESSEUR DE LOUVAIN RÉFUGIÉ EN ANGLETERRE.¹

[Nous avons eu l'occasion de rencontrer un professeur de l'université de Louvain qui se trouve en ce moment réfugié en Angleterre. Il nous a fait le récit suivant.—Ed.]

LORSQUE les Allemands approchèrent de Louvain je pris la décision de ne pas quitter la ville. Je croyais au droit des gens. Je croyais aussi à la discipline allemande. J'avais été maintes fois en Allemagne, et—pourquoi ne pas l'avouer—j'avais rapporté de mes voyages une sympathie sincère pour le peuple allemand et une profonde admiration pour l'organisation allemande. Il me paraissait impossible que l'occupation de la ville par l'armée allemande pût être accompagnée de désordres, et je ne voulais pas croire aux atrocités que l'on nous racontait, de Mouland, d'Argenteau, de Visé, ou d'Aerschot.

Les Allemands entrèrent à Louvain le 18 août. Les troupes belges qui nous couvraient avaient du se replier devant des forces dix fois supérieures. Au moment où la bataille atteignait les portes de la ville, notre artillerie avait cessé le feu afin d'éviter tout combat de rues. Quelques heures après, l'armée allemande défilait par les rues, au son des fifres et des tambours et chantant "Die Wacht am Rhein." Aucun incident, aucune provocation. Beaucoup d'habitants avaient quitté la ville. Ceux qui restaient n'avaient qu'une préoccupation, c'était d'éviter tout acte d'hostilité qui pourrait donner prétexte à des représailles. Le bourgmestre de Louvain avait, par voie d'affiches, engagé la population au calme, insistant sur ce principe que l'armée seule avait le droit d'agir contre l'ennemi. Selon les

¹ An English translation is appended.

instructions du gouvernement, il avait licencié la garde civique et fait livrer toutes les armes. On avait déjà réquisitionné celles-ci dès le premier jour de la guerre, le commandant allemand devait nous les réclamer une troisième fois. Je vois encore un de mes amis s'empressant d'aller déposer un vieux fusil de chasse rouillé, et un autre poussant le scrupule jusqu'à livrer des sagaies rapportées du Congo.

Le soir du 18 quelques régiments s'installaient pour la nuit chez les habitants. Je tiens à reconnaître que, chez moi, les choses se passèrent bien et j'eus même avec mes hôtes une conversation fort intéressante sur la guerre qu'ils espéraient terminer rapidement en France pour se retourner ensuite contre la Russie. Dans d'autres maisons les choses se passèrent beaucoup moins bien. Je pus voir le lendemain des maisons où tout avait été saccagé. L'une d'elles appartenait à un professeur qui avait quitté Louvain. Le propriétaire de l'autre s'était trouvé le soir à l'hôpital où il soignait les blessés comme infirmier volontaire. Dans ces maisons on avait non seulement pillé la cave, mais détruit des œuvres d'art, souillé le mobilier d'ordures innommables, déchiré les livres et les papiers, brisé les instruments scientifiques. Dans d'autres maisons, habitées seulement par des femmes, les Allemands s'étaient conduits de façon très cavalière.

Durant toute une semaine nous vîmes défilér, sans arrêt, l'armée allemande. Durant toute la semaine ce furent réquisitions sur réquisitions. Une nuit on réveilla tous les habitants de la principale rue de la ville pour leur faire livrer toutes leurs literies, puis, le déménagement terminé, on les leur fit reprendre. Des quantités énormes d'approvisionnements étaient emmenées tous les jours par les armées qui passaient et bientôt les habitants se trouvèrent sans vivres. L'intendance avait réuni une telle quantité de bétail qu'elle se trouva dépasser les besoins de l'armée. Mais comme elle avait tout fait abattre à la fois, il n'y eut pas même moyen d'utiliser l'excédent pour les besoins de la population et il fallut le laisser gâter inutilement. Aux réquisitions se mêlait le pillage, et

aussi la brutalité. J'ai vu à l'hôpital une jeune fille des environs que les soldats avaient arrachée de sa maison en présence de ses parents. Après l'avoir violée, ils lui avaient donné deux coups de bayonette. Je ne parle pas des injures, des tracasseries, des rues barrées, de l'interdiction de sortir ou même d'ouvrir les fenêtres à partir de sept heures, de l'obligation d'illuminer les façades toute la nuit dans certaines rues.

La population supportait tout avec calme. Le commandant allemand avait fait saisir des otages : bourgmestre, échevins, recteur de l'université, doyen de St Pierre. Le matin du 25 août il félicitait, par voie d'affiches, la population de son attitude irréprochable et annonçait que les otages seraient relâchés. Nous étions loin de prévoir ce qui nous attendait quelques heures plus tard.

Durant la journée du 25 nous avons entendu le canon du côté de Malines. Vers le soir le canon se rapprochait. Des troupes, à peine arrivées, avaient été envoyées précipitamment au feu. A huit heures, j'achevais tranquillement mon dîner lorsque, soudain, j'entends éclater dans la rue une vive fusillade. Les balles frappent les murs de la maison. Nous fuyons dans un appartement situé près du jardin. Bientôt nous voyons monter de toutes parts les flammes des incendies. La fusillade s'arrête, puis reprend, par intervalles, tantôt plus près, tantôt plus loin. Que se passe-t-il ? Sont-ce nos troupes qui disputent la ville aux Allemands ?

Je monte un instant jusqu'à une chambre qui donne sur la rue et je vois passer des soldats allemands. L'un d'eux décharge très calmement son fusil en l'air. Je note le son que rendent ces décharges : plus d'une fois je l'ai reconnu, durant les deux journées suivantes, alors que, soi-disant, les bourgeois de Louvain poursuivaient contre les Allemands une bataille de rues. Mais à ce premier moment je ne comprends rien à ce qui se passe. Je constate seulement que les chambres que je visite ont été traversées par une pluie de balles. Celles-là n'ont pas été tirées en l'air. Mais pourquoi a-t-on ainsi mitraillé notre pauvre maison ? Je vois aussi par les

fenêtres que l'incendie s'étend et se rapproche de nous. A la hâte je rassemble quelques objets de première nécessité, j'engage les habitants de la maison à se tenir prêts à partir, s'il le faut. Et nous redescendons tous, près du jardin. Il n'est que temps, car bientôt les mitrailleuses reviennent et les balles recommencent de pleuvoir sur la maison. Puis de nouveau les agresseurs s'éloignent. Assurément notre vie ne tient qu'à un fil : entre la mitraille et l'incendie, arriverons-nous jusqu'au matin ? Nous attendons, et la nuit passe. Le matin vient, lentement. Mais une fois encore, à l'aube, la fusillade reprend.

Le jour est là. Sous un voile de fumée noire, la ville est plongée dans un silence de mort. A la longue des portes s'ouvrent. On s'interroge. Quelques maisons ont arboré un drapeau blanc. Quelques habitants sortent, le mouchoir blanc à la main. Ils rencontrent des patrouilles qui les injurient, les fouillent, leur font lever les bras à tous les cinq pas. Mais enfin ils passent, ils reviennent, et racontent les événements. Les Allemands prétendent que les habitants ont tiré sur leurs troupes. Où, comment ? On ne parvient à connaître aucun fait précis. En revanche on apprend des horreurs. La bibliothèque de l'Université est en feu. Dans la rue de la Station, le boulevard de Tirlemont, la chaussée de Tirlemont, ailleurs encore, de nombreuses maisons ont été incendiées par les Allemands. Les habitants qui ont essayé de fuir ont été tués à coups de fusil dans les rues, comme du gibier. D'autres, sans doute, ont été brûlés vifs. J'ai appris plus tard qu'on avait retrouvé de nombreux cadavres dans les caves des maisons détruites.

Ailleurs les Allemands ont arrêté des groupes d'hommes et les ont fait marcher devant eux, les bras levés, à la rencontre des troupes belges. Puis, comme la bataille avait cessé, ils les ont relâchés. Je rencontre trois de nos collègues qui ont fait partie de ce groupe. Tous trois—ironie du hasard—ont fait de longs séjours en Allemagne et professaient une admiration sans réserve pour la *deutsche Kultur* et la *deutsche Wissenschaft*. Qu'en pensent-ils aujourd'hui ? Ce n'est pas l'heure de le leur

demander, car l'un d'eux est sous le coup d'une anxiété terrible. Avant de l'arrêter on a mis le feu à sa maison où son vieux père, âgé de plus de 80 ans, se trouvait malade depuis de longs mois. Il a vu quatre soldats enlever le vieillard sur un matelas et le jeter ainsi, en pleine nuit, au milieu de son jardin. Mon pauvre collègue découvre un brancard de la Croix Rouge avec lequel il part à la recherche de son père. Je les ai revus plus tard dans la journée. Le vieux père, l'une des personnalités artistiques les mieux connues de Belgique, agonisait sur un lit d'hôpital. Les siens l'entouraient, à peine vêtus et exténués de douleur et de fatigue.

Que d'autres scènes atroces ont dû se passer. Je rencontre encore la jeune femme d'un de mes amis qui sert, lui, dans l'armée. Elle a un enfant depuis six jours : des balles allemandes sont venues tomber sur son lit. On la transporte, elle aussi, à l'hôpital.

C'est là, d'ailleurs, que nous devons nous aussi chercher refuge, avec des centaines d'autres familles, car les Allemands ont recommencé à incendier et à massacrer dans les rues que nous habitons. Avec ma mère et notre personnel j'ai abandonné notre maison, emportant les quelques paquets rassemblés à la hâte la nuit précédente. Des patrouilles menaçantes approchent et nous n'avons que le temps de fuir. Une servante qui retourne encore chercher quelques objets trouve la maison pleine de soldats. On cherche après moi : on prétend que j'ai tiré sur les Allemands, et la preuve ce sont les trous que leurs propres balles ont laissés dans les murs et dans les fenêtres. La pauvre fille est menacée, brutalisée, et s'échappe avec peine. Moi même je suis arrêté par une autre patrouille et obligé de l'accompagner jusqu'à un tournant de rue où je m'échappe. Mais cet incident m'a empêché de rentrer chez moi, où j'aurais, sans doute, couru plus de dangers.

Nous passons donc à l'hôpital la nuit du 26 août. Y resterons-nous en sécurité ? Nous entendons la fusillade reprendre par moments, et nous voyons de toutes parts monter l'incendie. Au matin, nouvelle alerte, les Allemands annoncent qu'ils vont

raser la ville à coups de canon et que la population entière a ordre de s'éloigner immédiatement. On hésite, on parlemente, des soldats nous rassurent. Mais bientôt la rumeur se confirme, des ordres supérieurs ont été reçus, il faut partir. Nous quittons donc, sous une pluie battante, notre asile temporaire, portant nos pauvres paquets. Où allons-nous ? Un officier nous envoie d'abord à la gare. Mais arrivés là, nouveau contre-ordre. Il faut prendre la chaussée de Tirlemont. Nous défilons donc par les avenues détruites, le long des maisons où nos amis nous recevaient quelques semaines auparavant, au seuil des vacances, et qui sont maintenant un monceau de ruines fumantes. Nous voyons des cadavres de chevaux et d'hommes. L'un de ceux-ci, habillé de vêtements civils, porte des bottes de soldat allemand. Que signifie ce détail ? Il y a aussi, de par les rues, des sacs, des manteaux. Un manteau bleu d'officier est déposé sur un cadavre de cheval. Nous n'avons guère le loisir d'examiner tout cela, car des soldats longent la route, leur fusil braqué sur nous. Parfois il nous faut lever les bras, malgré nos paquets. Et le même ordre se répète : il faut aller à Tirlemont, à cette condition nous serons libres.

Nous voici sur la chaussée. A perte de vue s'égrènent des fugitifs. Parmi eux, des infirmes, des malades, voiturés sur des brouettes ou se traînant péniblement au bras d'un ami. Des femmes du meilleur monde n'ont pas même eu le temps de revêtir une toilette de ville, de se coiffer d'un chapeau ou de chausser des bottines. Le long de la route, des nombreux villages qui la bordaient il ne reste rien. Et de la journée entière, nous ne trouverons ni un morceau de pain ni une goutte de lait.

Cependant, à quelque distance de Louvain, nous traversons un campement allemand. Je porte toujours ma soutane de prêtre catholique. Des soldats m'aperçoivent, m'insultent, puis m'entraînent brutalement vers une petite étable à porcs située le long de la route. J'y trouve une vingtaine de prêtres et de religieux de Louvain qu'on a arrêtés comme moi. Un sous-officier nous déclare que nous allons être fusillés, attendu

que nous avons incité la population à la révolte. Ma mère, dont on devine l'émotion, a réussi à découvrir un officier et celui-ci s'approche. Comme je suis resté près de la porte, il m'interroge. "On vous soupçonne d'avoir incité la population à la révolte." Je reprends : "Je suis professeur d'université et je ne connais à Louvain que mes étudiants, ils sont tous en vacances. Je suis en relations, d'autre part, avec plusieurs professeurs de vos universités allemandes, ils seront assez étonnés quand ils sauront mon histoire. Vous ferez d'ailleurs ce que vous voudrez." L'officier réfléchit un instant et donne ordre de nous relâcher. Visiblement cet ordre était mal accueilli et quelques pas plus loin on essayait derechef de nous arrêter.

Je pus alors changer de costume et nous réussîmes à poursuivre notre voyage sans nouvelles difficultés. A pied d'abord, plus tard sur une charrette de paysan nous pûmes, en trois jours, atteindre Maestricht.

Un de mes collègues actuellement réfugié en Angleterre m'a raconté un détail qui complète ce récit. Il avait vu, dans une rue, quelques cadavres de soldats allemands. Il a eu, alors, la curiosité de ramasser les douilles de cartouches qui se trouvaient dans cette rue et de les examiner. Elles étaient toutes allemandes.

NARRATIVE OF A PROFESSOR OF LOUVAIN.

WHEN the Germans approached Louvain I made up my mind not to leave the town. I believed in the rights of nations. I believed also in German discipline. I had been often in Germany and—why conceal it?—I had brought back from my travels a sincere sympathy for the German people and a profound admiration for German organisation. It seemed to me impossible that the occupation of the town by the German army could be accompanied by disorders, and I was unwilling to believe in the atrocities which were being reported from Mouland, Argenteau, Visé, and Aerschot.

The Germans entered Louvain on 18th August. The Belgian troops which protected us had been compelled to fall back before forces tenfold superior in number. At the moment when the battle reached the gates of the town our artillery had ceased fire in order to avoid all street-fighting. Some hours afterwards the German army defiled through the streets to the accompaniment of drums and fifes, singing "Die Wacht am Rhein." There was no untoward incident and no provocation. Many of the inhabitants had left the town. Those who remained had only one thought—that of avoiding every hostile act which might afford a pretext for reprisals. The Burgomaster of Louvain had, by means of public notices, enjoined upon the population to remain calm, insisting on the principle that the army alone had the right to act against the enemy. Following the instructions of the Government, he had disbanded the Civic Guard and caused all arms to be given up. These had already been requisitioned on the first day of the war; the German commander had yet to demand them for a third time. I still see one of my friends hastening to deposit a rusty old sporting-gun, and another pushing scruple to the point of giving up spears brought from the Congo.

On the evening of 18th August several regiments were billeted for the night among the inhabitants. I have to acknowledge that all went well in my own house, and that I even had a highly interesting conversation with my guests on the war, which they hoped would end rapidly in France, so that they might then turn back against Russia. In other houses the course of events was much less satisfactory. Next day I could see houses where everything had been pillaged. One of them belonged to a Professor who had left Louvain. The proprietor of the other had been the evening before at the hospital, where he was looking after the wounded as a volunteer nurse. In these houses not only was the cellar pillaged, but works of art were destroyed, the furniture befouled with unnamable filth, books and papers torn up, and scientific instru-

ments broken. In other houses, inhabited only by women, the Germans had behaved in a very free and easy manner.

For a whole week we watched the German army ceaselessly passing by. For a whole week there were requisitions upon requisitions. One night all the inhabitants of the principal street were roused in order to make them give up their bedding; then, when the domestic upset was completed, they were made to take their goods back again. Enormous quantities of provisions were carried off every day by the armies which passed through, and soon the inhabitants found themselves without food. The authorities had gathered such a quantity of cattle that it was found to exceed the wants of the army. But as they had slaughtered the whole lot at the same time, there was no means of using the excess for the needs of the population, and it had to be left to spoil. To the requisitions was added pillage as well as brutality. I saw in the hospital a young girl of the neighbourhood whom the soldiers had torn from her home in presence of her parents. After having outraged her they gave her two bayonet thrusts. I pass by the insults, the bickerings, the closed streets, the prohibition to leave the houses or even to open windows after seven o'clock, and the order to illuminate the front of houses during the night in certain streets.

The population bore everything calmly. The German commander had caused hostages to be seized—burgomaster, aldermen, the rector of the University, the dean of St Pierre. On the morning of 25th August he congratulated the population, by means of placards, on its irreproachable attitude, and announced that the hostages would be released. We were far from any foresight of what awaited us a few hours later.

During the day of 25th August we had heard the cannon from the neighbourhood of Malines. Towards evening the cannon drew nearer. Some troops, hardly arrived, had been hastily sent to the firing line. At eight o'clock I was quietly finishing dinner when suddenly I heard a brisk firing break out in the street. The balls struck the walls of the house.

We fled into a room situated near the garden. Soon we noticed flames mounting from fires in all directions. The firing stops, then breaks out again at intervals, sometimes nearer, sometimes further off. What is happening? Are these our troops disputing the town with the Germans?

I ascend for an instant into a room which looks into the street, and I see German soldiers passing by. One of them quite coolly discharges his rifle into the air. I note the sound which these discharges make—more than once I recognised it as the same during the two following days, when, as some would have us believe, the civilians were conducting a street fight with the Germans. But at this first moment I understand nothing of what is passing. I only ascertain that the rooms I visit have been traversed by a rain of bullets. These have not been fired into the air. But why have they thus poured volleys into our poor house? I also see from the window that the fire is spreading and approaching us. Hastily I collect some indispensable articles and enjoin the inmates of the house to hold themselves ready for departure, if necessity arise. And then we all descend, near to the garden. We are only just in time, for soon the machine-guns return and the bullets begin again to rain on the house. Then once more the aggressors go further off. Certainly our life hangs but by a thread; between the mitraille and the fire shall we survive till morning? We wait, and the night passes. Morning comes, slowly. But once again, with the dawn, the fusillade is resumed.

Now it is day. Under a veil of black smoke the town is plunged into the silence of death. At last the doors open. People question one another. Some houses have hoisted the white flag. Some of the inhabitants go out, a white handkerchief in hand. They meet patrols who insult them, search their pockets, make them raise their arms every five paces. But at last they get through, return and report events. The Germans are pretending that the inhabitants have fired on their men. Where? How? We can get no precise information. To make up for it we get news of horrors.

The library of the University is burning. In the Rue de la Station, in the Boulevard de Tirlemont, in the Chaussée de Tirlemont, and in other places, many houses have been burnt down by the Germans. The inmates trying to flee have been shot dead in the streets, like so much wild game. Others, doubtless, have been burned alive. Later on I learnt that numerous corpses were recovered in the cellars of ruined houses.

Elsewhere the Germans have arrested groups of men and have made these march before them, with arms raised, to meet the Belgian troops. Then, when the battle was over, they have let them go. I meet three of my colleagues who have been part of such a group. All three—the irony of chance—have spent long periods in Germany, and profess unbounded admiration for “*deutsche Kultur*” and “*deutsche Wissenschaft*.” What do they think of these things to-day? This is no time to ask them, for one of them is suffering under terrible anxiety. Before arresting him they have set fire to his house, where his old father, more than eighty years old, has been lying ill for long months. He has seen four soldiers carry off the old man on a mattress, and cast him thus, in the dead of night, into his garden. My poor colleague finds a Red Cross stretcher, with which he leaves us to search for his father. I saw him later on in the day. The old father, one of the best-known artistic personalities in Belgium, lay in agony on a bed in the hospital. The members of his family, hardly clothed, and overcome with sorrow and fatigue, surrounded him.

How many other harrowing scenes must have been witnessed! I meet the young wife of one of my friends who is serving in the army. She gave birth to a child six days ago; German bullets have just been falling on her bed. She, too, is being carried to the hospital.

There, too, we also must needs take refuge, with hundreds of other families, for the Germans have again started to burn and massacre in the streets we inhabit. With my mother and our attendants I have abandoned our house, taking the few packages hastily put together the night before.

Threatening patrols approach, and we have hardly time to flee. A servant girl who went back to recover some articles finds the house full of soldiers. They are looking for me: they pretend that I have shot at Germans, and the proof is the holes which their own bullets have left in walls and windows. The poor girl is threatened, treated brutally, and escapes with difficulty. I am myself arrested by another patrol and obliged to accompany it to a street corner, where I manage to escape. But this incident prevents me from returning to my home, or doubtless I should have incurred further dangers.

We pass the night of 26th August in the hospital. Shall we remain there in safety? We listen to the fusillade resumed from time to time, and we see the conflagration mounting up in all directions. In the morning a new alarm: the Germans announce that they are going to wipe out the town with their guns, and that the whole population has orders to remove itself at once. We hesitate; we parley; the soldiers reassure us. But soon the rumour is confirmed; superior orders have been received; we must go. So, under a pelting rain, we leave our temporary refuge, carrying our poor parcels. Where are we to go? First an officer sends us to the railway station. Arrived there, we get contrary orders. We must take the highroad to Tirlémont. Then we stream away through the shattered avenues, by the houses where our friends received us a few weeks earlier at the opening of the vacation, and which are now a heap of smoking ruins. We see the dead bodies of horses and men. One of them, clothed in civilian garments, is wearing the boots of a German soldier. What is the meaning of this detail? Scattered about the streets are bags and cloaks. The blue cloak of an officer has been put down on the dead body of a horse. Hardly have we the leisure to examine all this, for soldiers throng the road, and point their rifles at us. Sometimes we have to raise our arms, in spite of our packages. And the same order is being repeated: we must go to Tirlémont: on this condition we shall be free.

Here we are, then, on the highroad. The crowd of fugi-

tives stretches out till it is lost sight of. Among them are the infirm, the sick, being pushed in wheelbarrows or dragging themselves along with difficulty on the arm of a friend. Women of the best society have not had time even to assume an outdoor costume, to cover their heads, or to put on their boots. All along the road nothing remains of the numerous villages which once bordered it. And for the whole of this day we shall not find a morsel of bread nor a drop of milk.

However, at some distance from Louvain we pass through a German encampment. I continue to wear the cassock of a Catholic priest. Some soldiers observe me, insult me, then drag me brutally towards a small pig-sty by the side of the road. There I find a score of priests and monks from Louvain who have been arrested like myself. A sergeant informs us that we are to be shot, because we have incited the populace to revolt. My mother, whose emotion may be guessed, has succeeded in finding an officer of higher grade, and he approaches. As I am standing near the gate he interrogates me: "You are suspected of inciting the populace to revolt." I answer: "I am a professor of the university; the only people I know at Louvain are my students; they are all in vacation. On the other hand, I have relations with several professors in your German Universities: they will be rather astonished when they hear my story. For the rest, you will do what you like." The officer reflects for a moment and then gives an order for our release. Plainly this order was ill received, and some paces further on a new attempt was made to arrest us.

Thereafter I was able to change my clothes, and we succeeded in pursuing our journey without further difficulties. On foot at first, later on a peasant's cart, we made our way to Maestricht in three days.

One of my colleagues, now a refugee in England, has narrated to me a detail which completes this story. He had seen in the street some corpses of German soldiers. He then had the curiosity to pick up the empty cartridge cases which lay in this street and examine them. They were all German.

GÖTTINGEN IN THE SIXTIES.

PROFESSOR JAMES SULLY.

I SET out for Germany with my college friend, William Medley, on January 11, 1867. Looking out from our hotel window the morning after our arrival in Göttingen we seem to be in a Russian town. The snowstorm has not quite hushed the streets, for the clang of the sleigh bells and the fierce crack of the drivers' whips keep the place pretty lively. Everybody is thickly wrapped up, the men in long cloaks with deep fur capes and wristbands, the girls in thick woollen hoods and fur tippets. Children are being pushed to school in rough wooden sleighs.

Somebody had told us of the principal pedagogue of the place, a certain Dr Morgenstern, who, among many accomplishments, had a fluent command of English, while his name held a promise of a welcome illumination over the first difficult passage of our pilgrimage in Germany. After fumbling over the intricacy of the system of doors and bell-handles in a German house, we reach the doctor's flat. He receives us civilly, bidding us "Take place!" as if he were a sort of creator and we as yet only unrealised ideas. In spite of some pedantic ways he was a very nice little man and did his best for us. In his room we had our first experience of the visitor in a German home, sitting confined behind a table on a stiff sofa while our host added another wall to our prison by sitting and facing us on the other side of the table. I feel pretty sure that though we could read German with ease, our conversational experi-

ments were hardly better than those of our worthy host; though, whether from politeness or from a pedagogic seriousness which had no place for humour, he gave no sign of being amused at our slips.

One of my instructors in German was a lady at whose pension we afterwards lived. She would think to encourage us on our thorny linguistic road by relating slips of a greater gravity than ours made by other English beginners. Among these "howlers" was the answer made by an English boy staying at her pension to an inquiry as to what he had eaten when dining out. Wishing to say "roast beef and potato salad," he managed by something like a stroke of genius to say, "roast child and slipper salad," substituting "Kinder" for "Rinder" and "Pantoffel" for "Kartoffel." But for the perfect candour of my good landlady's eyes, I should have suspected the authenticity of this story. It is more likely that the young Briton invented the clumsy confusion for her benefit. I have heard from those who know a later Germany than mine, that the people have developed so fierce a pedagogic impulse that they are given to correcting their English visitors when these venture to speak their own language. Our dear Göttingen friends had nothing of these quaint pretensions of the later Germans.

Our first peregrinations about the old town were in search of lodgings. We were piloted by the good Dr Morgenstern, whose idea of a students' "diggings" was an exceedingly modest one. Our explorations made us acquainted with certain curiosities of architecture in Göttingen houses as well as with certain oddities in their inmates. The atmosphere of some of the small upper rooms which we visited was not exactly inviting. The German mode of heating a room by the consumption of a stove-full of wood in the morning, followed by closed double windows for the rest of the day, results in an indescribable variety of stuffiness. The offensiveness to nostril and trachea of this foul composition may be guessed from the fact that though neither of us was a smoker, we

welcomed the after-fumes of German tobacco as introducing a fresher and more wholesome element into the exhausted air.

We succeeded at last, with as little injury to his feelings as possible, in dismissing our well-intentioned guide, and set about a search for more habitable quarters. This took us into some of the queerest parts of the old town. Its primitiveness was written on its face, on the gutter rillets at the sides of the street which bore away their malodorous burden in the most leisurely fashion, in the rough-hewn, many-cornered paving-stones that made much walking a penance, and in the lamps suspended in the middle of the streets high above our heads. We soon began to get used to the little drawbacks of the streets, and learned to like their expressive physiognomy. We found the centre of outdoor life, the market-place, especially engaging, and our lingerings there were prolonged after we had made acquaintance with the old apple-woman, nicknamed "Alte Tante," of whom tradition whispered that she had been Heine's sweetheart when he was a student in Göttingen, dividing his time rather partially between dry juristic studies and amusing critical inspection of the foibles of dreamy professors and of the dimensions of the feet of the Göttingen dames. She was now a handsome old lady, who looked a little witchlike as she sat muffled up to the chin and plied her wily mercantile arts on a new generation of ingenuous youth.

We duly visited the fine modern University building, the "Augusta," where we went through the not very tedious formality of paying our fee and obtaining our certificate of matriculation ("Matrikelschein"). No doubt we had an amused satisfaction in bearing away our University testamur; but I think we came nearer to a feeling of proud elation when we found ourselves addressed by the Pedell (beadle) or by a tradesman as "Herr Studiosus." The ponderous formalities of the German language have a way of giving a touch of glory to us poor mortals.

Göttingen was in those days a "little nest" of a place, in

the life of which the University bulked large. Students were to be seen in plenty, more especially in the vicinity of the "Aula." Although they carried their notes of lectures under their arms, they appeared as little oppressed by any weight of learning as our Cambridge undergraduates appear to be when, issuing from the lecture-room, they tuck their scampy gowns under their arm. Unlike the latter, however, the Göttingen students do not hurry away after a lecture, but loiter and chat. Differences of rank among the students at once disclose themselves. The coloured caps mark off the several corps from the plain students, whom they dubbed "Barbarians" ("Wilde"). The latter often look a little shabby in dress and pasty in face, whereas the corps students seem better off in both senses, and frequently add to their flourishing aspect by some decorative adjunct, such as a cane or a big Danish hound.

The best walk in Göttingen was on the broad ramparts or Vallum encircling the old town. Here in the afternoon, under an avenue of limes, quite a number of citizens, of both "town" and "gown," did their carefully regulated amount of slow post-prandial pacing. The afternoon procession included not only professors and other older persons but young people of both sexes, which, however, always kept severely apart one from the other. We liked to come here at the frequented hour and watch the slowly advancing procession, each figure in its turn emerging from a speck-like insignificance into the full altitude of erect manhood. Of all these peregrinating figures the most noteworthy type was the learned professor, moving with slow step and eyes fixed on the ground, apparently lost in thought. By observing these quiet dream-like figures we began to understand some of the students' jocose stories of the absent-mindedness of their professors, as when it was said that a dear old "Gelehrter," on walking out one moonlight evening, took all the tree shadows thrown across the road to be ditches, every one of which he proceeded with great circumspection to jump over.

When we arrived in Göttingen the town was still agitated by the recent annexation of Hanover to Prussia. We got our first glimpse of the new political situation from the gentleman in whose house we found agreeable lodgings. He was a very tall man, and had a strength of voice proportionate to his height. Like many another who has to make his meaning clear to an obtuse foreigner, he resorted to the obvious device of shouting at us. He had been "Rittmeister" (cavalry officer) in the Hanoverian army; but though we addressed him as Rittmeister we knew that his military career was ended. We suspected that his letting his well-furnished rooms to us pointed to the pressure of reduced circumstances, and we ascribed something of irritability in his manner now and again to the low condition of his patriotic spirits. Could it have been that he saw in the two young Englishmen representatives of that England which had failed to stand by Hanover in the hour of her need?

As we arrived at Göttingen in the middle of a semester (the half-yearly term) rather too late to inscribe ourselves for a full course of lectures, we took advantage of the custom to "hospitiren"—i.e. to attend lectures as a non-paying "guest"—in the class-rooms of some of the more famous teachers. Among others we heard Ritter, the venerable historian of philosophy, Lotze, the psychologist and metaphysician, and Heinrich Ewald. By the kind permission of Ewald we attended the remainder of his courses as "hospites." He had at this time but few hearers, but to us he was much the most interesting personality among the professors. He was one of the staunchest of the party loyal to the Hanoverian King, and he refused to take the oath to the Prussian "monarch" or "his Prussian successor." He was threatened with expulsion, but in consideration of his eminence and his great age he was by some special arrangement permitted to lecture at Göttingen.

We heard, I think, exegetical lectures on the Psalms and certain books of the prophets. Ewald's appearance as he

entered the lecture-room was arresting. He would step quickly up to the cathedra and at once, as if charged with a pressing message, begin in a thin worn voice with the familiar "Meine Herren!" The white ascetic face, with its prominent cheek bones and its bright spiritual eyes, framed in between two long wisps of white hair and an ample white neckcloth, would alone have riveted our attention. But the magical power lay in the utterance. The mere sounds were wonderful as a rapid passage given in a sort of weak falsetto gave place to slow tones of an unusual depth of pitch and richness of timbre. The quick movements, too, which accompanied the declamation, such as little energetic tappings of the closed hand when a point had to be hammered in, or quick movements of head and hand as the Hebrew text had to be brought near the speaker's eye, added to the intensity of the expression.

The psalmist's own deep passionateness appeared to overflow into the lecturer, as his utterance now rose to the fierce explosive cries of invective, now sank to the tender notes of pleading which took on something of lyrical rhythm and melody. We seemed to be listening at one moment to a poetical recitation, at another to a dramatic personification, rather than to a scholar's exposition of a text. We soon discovered that this tempestuous oratory was more than an interpretation of the words of psalmist or prophet. A new fascination revealed itself in those fiery denunciations when we knew that they were directed to the heads of the living, that this spiritual-looking recluse was daring, from his professorial chair, to strike at his new earthly rulers—at the Prussian King and his minister, Bismarck, whose growing potency he envisaged as a "Frevel" (an outrage).

We took an early opportunity of paying our respects to Professor Ewald's family, and throughout our stay in Göttingen found in his home a cordial hospitality. Frau Ewald was of a dainty mignonne person. Her small head flanked with bunches of black curls, her deep-set black eyes given to sparkling with animation, and the two small patches of bright red on her

cheeks, made up a charming whole. Sitting opposite to you in a plain brown dress, and leaning towards you as she talked, with the head thrust well forward, she captured you as by the sweet winsomeness of a friendly bird. She surprised us with her knowledge of English literature, customs, etc. She had accompanied the Professor in a memorable visit to Oxford, of which beautiful city, as well as of their friends the Max Müllers and others, they both loved to talk. The variety of religious sects in England was a thorny subject which Frau Ewald wisely left alone; whereas the Professor was, I think, a little proud of his knowledge of their several shades of creed and ritual. The Ewalds had only one child, at that time a shy "Backfisch" of a girl. The moral difference between a professor in the lecture-room and in the home was probably, in Ewald's case, less than the usual one. As he came down from his study to the evening meal wrapt in his fur-bordered Schlafrock, he still bore traces of a recent rapture of spirit from the homely earth to the high realms of scholarly contemplation. Yet as a host, if a little absent-minded now and again, he showed a kindly and almost tender interest in his guests. The fierce hatred of the Prussian conquerors threatened now and again to intrude upon the home, and I remember how Frau Ewald in an early stage of our acquaintance begged me, when conversing with her husband, never to allude to politics.

One visit to the Ewald family has impressed itself in a specially clear way on my memory. Towards the end of my stay in Göttingen I was invited to spend Christmas Eve with my kind hosts. The German way of observing this festival was new to me then, and the sudden throwing open of the door of an anteroom at eight o'clock to the dazzling spectacle of the illumined fir-tree, the outbursts of wondering delight, and the embracings as gifts were distributed all round, made a very agreeable picture of the older sort of German Gemüthlichkeit. A specially enjoyable incident in the festivities was the surprise which Frau Ewald had prepared for her husband and daughter in the shape of a new piano. The Professor had

something of the look of a puzzled child as he gazed at the handsome newcomer in his home surroundings ; and when his little daughter sat down in front of it and with unexpected skill drew forth from its keys a charming bit of music, his face positively beamed with joy. Another pleasant time with the Ewalds that shines serenely in my memory was a picnic excursion which we made together in the summer to the brace of hills known as "Die Gleichen." In this memory picture, too, I see the eager young-hearted wife and mother doing her best to diffuse an atmosphere of gaiety, while the Professor, still half preoccupied with his grave thoughts, follows her lead slowly and with difficulty.

We were invited to other Göttingen houses, where we had a better opportunity of studying certain aspects of German home-life and society manners. Though apt to chafe under the long sitting of the evening meal, we managed to recoup ourselves by a good deal of quiet quizzing of our new surroundings. We were duly impressed by the contrast between the jejune simplicity of the table and the ladies' dresses on the one hand, and on the other the degree of cultured intelligence manifested by the company. The knowledge of English literature, old as well as new, shown by the young women surprised us, for it surpassed that of many English-women of the same age. Yet we lighted now and again on some amusing gaps in the ladies' acquaintance with our country, as that indicated by the question once put to us by a middle-aged dame whether it was true that we never saw the sun in London. The younger women were rarely pretty in face or figure, and they seemed to take little pains to tone down their plainness by decorative artifices. All the same, we soon found ourselves amiably disposed towards the broad faces which, when animated by conversation, would take on something of the charm of a spiritual expression.

Of course, we had brought with us some of our home preferences. Quietly attractive as they were, the Göttingen ladies had pretty obvious deficiencies. If in the freedom of

their talk they showed themselves to be less haunted than their British cousins by the fear of Mother Grundy, they acquiesced a little too supinely, we thought, in the restrictions laid upon them by their male folk. We did not quarrel with their alacrity in bearing teacups to their guests and otherwise encouraging male indolence in the home; but we strongly disliked the rigid separation of the sexes in the afternoon walks on the Vallum and elsewhere.

One feature common to both sexes which struck me particularly was an unwillingness to trespass upon what is a main field of conversation for English people, namely, politics. We soon learned that this reticence was not wholly due to the strong feeling aroused by the recent annexation of Hanover to Prussia. The German habit of leaving the officials to settle what is best for the country seemed to us to be only one illustration of the general belief in the expert, in everybody's having his special domain of knowledge—his "Fach," outside of which he should be chary of offering his opinion. With this respect for the expert there seemed to associate itself a dull uniformity of opinion about men, books, and other things, and an apparent timidity in expressing views of a marked individuality. Even in those days one could see the tendency of the Germans to allow their minds to be "over-drilled."

Both young men and maidens provoked our British instinct for improving the foreigner by their anæmic, parchment-like complexion, due, we thought, to living in unventilated rooms and the lack of the more vigorous kind of tramping and other exercises. They took our criticisms in good part: indeed, though they might cling to their mode of heating their rooms, they fully recognised the Englishman's general superiority to the German in practical matters. "Ach! die praktischen Engländer!" would often escape from their lips, as when we pleaded for less malodorous sanitary arrangements in streets and houses. How startled they would have looked had we been able to prophesy to them

that in a few years Germany would not only have learned from English engineers how to supply her towns with pure water, but have surpassed "the practical Englishman" in many departments of industrial and other invention !

The frequent sight of a slashed face among the students, especially those wearing corps insignia, naturally made us curious to learn about their duels and the strange code of honour which determined, among other points, in what circumstances a rapier, a sabre, or a pistol was to be used. The rapier was the resort for most cases of wounded honour, real or assumed, and we found that there existed quite a lore as to the parts of the body to be protected and the proper parts to be aimed at. The nasal protuberance appeared to be a favourite object of attack. I remember once innocently asking a student whether the combatants took their big dogs with them into the duelling hall, and was told that this was forbidden on the ground that one of them might take a fancy to a dropped-off human nose, which was still, by the semi-military laws of duelling, the wounded man's possession, and susceptible of being reattached to his face. The degree of glory attained by a wound was measured by the number of stitches needed in sewing it up. The mark of honour had the advantage of great duration. At the time I write of, it was quite common to meet in Germany a middle-aged man with his face still scarred by some combat at the university.

The majority of the students, I suspect, made but few and short excursions into the country. An "Ausflucht" beyond the town ramparts commonly reduced itself to a languid tramp of two or three miles, with frequent halts at "Gasthäuser." During the winter longer excursions into the neighbourhood would be made in sleighs. The high personages among the corps students would make a great display on these occasions with their rich furs, their elegant sleighs and horses, and their big hounds. Even we despised "Savages" used to make up sledge parties. I took part in a very enjoyable one, got up, if I remember aright, by the son of Professor Henle, the

celebrated anatomist. Our party consisted of twenty odd men, each of whom brought a lady with him. Headed by a band of music, we set out in the early afternoon. A postilion sitting behind managed, by frequent crackings of a long whip, to keep the pair of horses up to their work. After a drive of seven miles over glittering snowy roads we alighted at a "Gasthaus," where coffee and cakes had been ordered. The half-day's junketing wound up with a supper and a Cinderella dance. It struck me as a good illustration of the truth that if we care to do without display it is quite easy to secure a considerable amount of refined social enjoyment by the employment of a few simple materials.

The political upheaval which disturbed the academic serenity of Göttingen forced itself upon our attention in more ways than one. The newly imported Prussian officers were to be seen all over the town, with ears no doubt alert for any signs of the widespread disloyalty to their new masters. They were to be seen, too, at such social functions as the afternoon "Familien-Concerte," at which the "gebildete" Göttingen families sit round tables and manage, along with some show of attention to the music, to get a good bit of chatting done over their coffee and cakes. From a gallery at the back of the hall I could watch the pretty scene as a student or two joined a table and "made the cour" to a fair maiden. Hither, too, might move with brisker step a Prussian officer, who cut an amusing figure as he executed the spasmodic hip-bend—a mode of salutation, by the way, which admirably illustrates Professor Bergson's conception of the ludicrous as something in human behaviour that looks like mechanical rigidity. His arrival would naturally cause a little flutter, since only a few families as yet ventured to concede the entrée to these flushed conquerors of their King and army. The young lady who happened to be the objective of one of these advances might blush and look awkward for a moment. But the sex has been known to be accommodating when one uniform displaces another, and while watching the pretty bit

of acting we hazarded the remark that the stiff angular obeisance of this new cavalier had probably seemed in her eyes to be "wunderschön" if not "ganz himmlisch."

A poignant illustration of the divided state of feeling in Göttingen towards the new rulers occurred on the birthday of the Prussian King. The proprietor of a house in which we afterwards resided, wishing to show his speedy transference of loyalty from one crowned head to another, boldly unfurled on his house-top the Prussian banner. The more conservative citizens objected to this cutting down of the decent period of patriotic mourning for their dethroned monarch, and they began to assemble in front of the house and to throw stones at the windows. I heard, too, how bitterly divided were professors and others upon the burning question of shifting their loyalty. Friendships of many years were strained by these divisions, some of them, alas, up to the breaking-point. It was my first experience of one of the painful consequences of a war of conquest, which, though apt to be dismissed as a small one, has to be reckoned in any adequate comparison of its good and evil aspects. It left a deep impression on my mind, and without doubt sowed the first seed of a lasting detestation of all subjugation of weaker by stronger states.

Towards the end of my sojourn in Göttingen I witnessed a weirdly fierce outburst of pro-Prussian enthusiasm. It occurred, of all places in the world, in the "Literary Museum," as we used, I think, to call it, a sort of club where members of the University and others could dine, read papers from all parts of Europe, and indulge in quiet talk. The perpetrator of this bit of execrable "bad form" was an American, who by some freak of European wandering had drifted to our retired university town. As a number of us, mostly Germans, were reading the journals, he began in a loud voice, apropos of nothing, to extol Count Bismarck. In the whole history of the world, he assured us with abundant emphasis, there had been only three really great human figures—Jesus Christ, Napoleon, and Bismarck. The juxtaposition of names was

suggestive of an unbalanced brain, and we heard shortly afterwards that this eccentric orator had become quite mad and was confined in an asylum in the neighbourhood.

In the summer of 1867 I travelled in Germany, the Tyrol, and North Italy. On returning to Göttingen in August I exchanged lodgings for a pension which was frequented by foreign students. It was kept by a Frau Heintze, and lay in a street known as Geismar (or "Kleine Geismar") Strasse. Our good, solicitous hostess was of a weakly aspect, and wore a sad and shrinking expression. She was old enough to console herself for any pinchings in present circumstances by going back to a glorious past when she lived in Weimar and saw the still imposing figure of the Minister von Goethe. She loved to tell us of the splendours of those days. Among nearer events she would narrate the doings of her son who was serving in the Marines. She was supported in her table-talk by a daughter, a strikingly blonde lass even in Germany, who had undergone a fine "Ausbildung," and was able to correct any inaccuracies in our German with perfect pedagogic seriousness undisturbed by any side-glance at their ludicrous character.

I set myself now diligently to study. In psychology and philosophy I was able to profit from the lectures of Hermann Lotze and other teachers. Lotze was an odd-looking little man, with a black-cherry kind of eye. A stiff-looking black stock gave an aspect of rigorous severity to his figure, but this was relieved when he spoke by queer little pursing movements of the mouth which seemed to me to punctuate some fine shade of ironical humour in his utterance. He read his lectures in a monotonous way, and I was told that he varied them but little from year to year. At pretty regular intervals he would slow his pace, dictating a *précis* of the passage just completed. These highly compressed summaries were after his death published in small volumes under the title of *Dictate*. He was one of the most popular professors at Göttingen, and his large auditorium was packed with students, including not

only members of the philosophic faculty, but many of the medical: for, like Wundt, Lotze had approached psychology and the other branches of philosophy from the physiological side, and had won fame by his *Medicinische Psychologie*. While I was at Göttingen he received an invitation to go to a larger university, and upon declining it he was honoured by his numerous student admirers with a "Fachelzug" (torch-procession). His teaching did much to widen my outlook. Indeed, his particular standpoint in philosophy, which tried to do justice at once to Kant and to Herbart—if not also to Hegel,—qualified him in a peculiar way to be the teacher of one whose reading hitherto had been rather one-sided.

Lotze lived in a queer little house outside the Vallum, which the students had dubbed the "pepper-box." His menage was noticeably simpler than that of the Ewalds, and one soon felt at ease in his bright and kindly family circle. I heard from him after I had returned to England, and he was good enough to help me in my later reading, and wrote for me a handsome testimonial when I began to aspire to a Chair. Before I left Göttingen he had suggested to me that I might try teaching work in Germany by setting up as a "privat-docent," laying stress on the value of teaching to a student of philosophy in compelling him to clear up and arrange ("in's Reine bringen") his ideas.

While busy reading philosophy in preparation for the M.A. degree of the London University, I managed to continue lighter intellectual pursuits, reading as much German literature as I could. I continued to give some time to my musical studies, having discovered a most amiable young pianist who heard and corrected my performances on the instrument. He was of so nicely balanced a nervous organisation that once when I asked him to play a piece of Schumann just after smoking a cigarette he declined in a shocked sort of way. By way of contrast I was reminded of him years later when, attending a smoking concert in London, I saw

a man quietly lay down a cigar and immediately begin to sing a rather exacting song. This young Göttingen pianist was an ardent admirer of Vischer, the author of what was at that time the most profound and exhaustive system of æsthetics, and he used to discourse with me enthusiastically on some of the abstruse Hegelian subtleties in Vischer's volumes.

At the end of the winter semester 1867-1868 I left Göttingen for good. If Germany had nipped off some early spiritual growths, she had fostered and matured others. During my year and a quarter in the country I had widened my observation of men and of life. I had come to know with some intimacy an admirable type of character, that of the "Gelehrter," which coupled with great knowledge and intellectual power a singular moderation in desire and simplicity in mode of life. I held it to be no small advantage to an Englishman to have come into daily contact with men who seemed to be the best modern representatives of the wisdom of life as conceived by ancient thinkers.

Of the personalities I met with during my stay Ewald was by far the most impressive. Even to-day I can recall his features and movements more vividly than those of friends of much longer standing. Perhaps when one has known a memorable person for only a short time, the mental image of him remains simpler, less confused with variable adjuncts, and so more sharply defined.

I continued to get news of the Professor after my return to England. A letter from a Göttingen lady, dated February 1869, informed me that he had lately got into trouble by saying something against the King of Prussia. He was prosecuted, but in the end was acquitted ("frei-gesprochen"). In January 1870 Frau Ewald, on sending me a New Year's greeting, told me that the Professor was still giving daily an Oriental lecture. It was, I think, soon after this that he was elected member of the Prussian Parliament for the province of Hanover, to which assembly he was bold enough to transfer

something of his deep-seated hostility to Prussian institutions and the Prussian spirit.¹

To-day, when Germany, while she makes a desperate effort to go on chattering about the culture which she once prized, seems at heart ablaze with the flames of war-fury, I find a strange interest in reverting to those distant Göttingen days. What a contrast in spirit and in aims does Germany of to-day make with her ancestress of the sixties! She has gained her political unity, and along with it a richer material prosperity. But has she not lost something too? On leaving Göttingen my kind friend Frau Ewald gave me, "zur Erinnerung," a dear little illustrated edition of Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*, a poem which contains a touching description of the sufferings of poor refugees driven across the Rhine by the terrors and the desolations of war. The stalwart Germans of to-day, who are probably the most unsparing devastators the modern world has seen, cannot, one supposes, feel very grateful to their greatest poet for choosing such a sentimental theme. Perhaps some of the professors who have not shrunk from offering apologies for such things as breach of solemn covenant and unprovoked attack upon a small state will further exercise their patriotic wits by giving us a new cryptic interpretation of Goethe's poem.

In the lurid light of the doings of the German of to-day, the figure of Ewald takes on for my imagination a new and profounder significance. He was not only the learned interpreter of prophets, he was himself a prophet anticipating with more than a vague "Ahnung," with a clairvoyant prescience, how the Prussian brain and hand would transform his beloved people, forcing them to bow the knee to false gods and to cast into the rubbish-heap all that was best in their old ideals.

JAMES SULLY.

WORTHING.

¹ The best English account of Ewald's life and work will be found in the volume *Heinrich Ewald*, by Professor T. Witton Davies.

THE JEWS AS VIEWED THROUGH ROMAN SPECTACLES.

PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG, LL.D.

WE feel that there is something deeply pathetic when a family becomes extinct; nay, we feel for the last survivors the same sympathy as for the crew of a sinking ship. We feel, too, the tragedy of the conquest and effacement of a kingdom or of a race, as of Poland, Carthage, Egypt. Dying languages, too, appeal to our sympathies, containing as they do the picture of the ways of thought of many generations whose ideas and ways of expression will henceforth necessarily be embodied in a novel frame in which they move but uneasily. Such are the Cornish tongue, which perished with Dolly Pentreath more than a hundred years ago; such are Manx, Gaelic, and Lithuanian, which are disappearing before the aggressions of the tongues of more powerful races than Celts and Lithuanians. Even more we are affected by the disappearance of an old religion, especially when it is one which has served as the guide and comfort of a nation of historical fame and of wide culture. In such cases it is especially interesting to catch the utterances of the last professors of the dying faith, their passionate and unavailing regrets for their deities who have failed them, and their attitude to the new and conquering religion. In the case of the conflict of Rome with the two main creeds which stood opposed to polytheism, viz. Christianity and Judaism, we have many witnesses as to the way in which these two new faiths were regarded by the last of the pagans,

and it is proposed in this paper to consider more especially the attitude of the Roman people of the Empire towards the Jews and their religion.

Polytheism is from the nature of the case naturally extremely tolerant. Generally speaking, polytheistic communities award supreme sway to a restricted number of deities of the first rank, and admit into their Pantheon an indefinite number of inferior beings who are the main objects of local, tribal, or family worship. Thus, in the Hindu religion, the number of lesser deities is so vast that none of the professors of that religion can pretend to count them accurately, but they are all looked upon as of less account than the great Hindu Trinity. Similarly the Roman adopted from time to time new deities into his Pantheon, but with the mental reserve that the greatness of Rome depended mainly upon the respect paid to the greater genuine Roman deities, of whom Jupiter Capitolinus was the chief. The deities worshipped by the mass of the Roman people in early times were, so to speak, simple guardian-angels of different departments of husbandry or family life, called into being as the need for them was felt. Thus there was a small deity to preside over the cradle, over budding plants, over sowing operations, over malaria, even over thieves, and over these petty deities the Christian fathers made themselves very merry. Thus Macrobius mentions the name of a goddess Carna, "*dea quæ vitalibus præest!*" Then came the importation of Greek divinities who were as far as possible identified with the ancient gods of Rome: they brought charm and brightness to the Roman religion, but no sense of devotional adoration, none of mysticism. At the end of the Republic and under the Empire the Oriental cults made their way into the Roman world, supplying a want felt by the votaries of the previous unemotional worship, and bringing a message of repentance, vicarious sacrifice, purification, immortality; raising the position of the priest, and enabling women to dedicate their emotions to a religion which welcomed them as its best supporters.

There can be little doubt that the mysticism of these Oriental cults, the worship of Cybele, Isis, Mithras, created an atmosphere favourable to the spread of Christianity, but not favourable to that of Judaism. But it must be noted that, in spite of the influence of alien religions, the typical Roman type of character existed in some of the finest Roman personages to the end of Rome's pagan epoch. The belief of such typical personages as Cato was that there existed, so to speak, a social contract between the Roman gods and the Roman people, according to the terms of which the Romans on their part bound themselves to perform certain rites and ceremonies which the gods claimed as their due, and that the latter admitted it to be their duty, if these ceremonies were duly paid, to forward the interests of the Roman people. Otherwise the deities, as objects of worship, came little into the mind or conscience of the people. Macrobius expressly tells us that religion is something so holy that it is completely separated from our lives, and advises us, if we enter into conversation with a "religiosus," to ask him by what special rites or ceremonies he gained the goodwill of the gods, and what was the result of his observances. At the same time it must be noticed that the ordinary Roman prided himself on nothing more than on his religion, as Valerius Maximus, after recounting a whole string of omens and signs indicative of the will of heaven, remarks: "The Roman state must always be regarded as having its attention fixed on the most exact observance of ceremonies, and the neglect of these was destined to be visited with condign punishment, as on a late occasion, when a Vestal Virgin was flogged for neglecting to keep up the sacred fire." "The Roman state has always held everything second to religion." The gods are very attentive to mark any failings to render unto their godheads their due: "Lento enim gradu ad vindictam sui divina procedit via; tarditatemque supplicii gravitate compensat." But the Roman gods were not jealous gods. Their business was only with the affairs of Rome; they fully

admitted the existence and duties of other deities whose business it was to watch over the interests of foreign countries. In some cases they regarded these foreign deities as simply doublets of their own gods; the Germans and Gauls merely worshipped some of the deities of Rome, giving them indigenous names. But it was the national Roman creed that if a country was conquered by the might of Roman arms, it was a sign that its protecting deities were not so strong as those of the aggressor. Yet even so it was considered desirable to propitiate them and if possible to tempt them to join the Roman Pantheon, and Macrobius actually gives us the formula for evoking the tutelary gods of a besieged city and supplicating them to join their conquerors. He lays stress on the fact that it was very desirable that the gods should come out of the beleaguered city before the first assault, as it would be unseemly to take deities captive. He further tells us that the Romans kept as a profound secret the name of the tutelary god of Rome, lest a possible enemy should entice him to join their ranks: some deemed that this deity was Jove, others Luna; his own opinion is that it was Ops Consivia, the god of sowing, a deity naturally much revered by a primitive people. During the siege of Veii the Romans conceived a great respect for Juno Regina, who had been gracious enough to enable the Veientes to hold out for ten years. She was clearly a deity worth evoking and annexing. They carried off her image, which apparently was not reluctant to accompany them to Rome. In the same spirit as the Romans declined to disclose the name of the tutelary deity of Rome for fear that their foes might employ it against themselves as a talisman, they abstained from imposing their own religion on others, for its adoption might render their possible foes impregnable. So far were they from being a propagandist nation that they actually regarded it as a favour to grant the request of other nations for permission to worship the Roman gods. Most modern religions are anxious to gain proselytes, deeming that salvation is more probably to be

found in the fold of their communion than in any other. The Roman view was that each nation had its own especial gods, and these were amply sufficient for its needs. Still, new objects of worship were readily admitted in Rome. The cult of Cybele or the Magna Mater introduced in 204 B.C., when Scipio Nasica had been selected as "the best man" to receive the sacred image from Pessinus, had become quickly popular, and had been incorporated without difficulty into the state religion. The Egyptian gods and others like Mithras found, too, many votaries; and as the Hellenisation of the old Roman religion became complete, an easy scepticism set in. There were, however, two religions which differed so markedly in spirit from the religion of Rome that they could not be assimilated, and what could not be assimilated must be regarded as a hostile element, and, if not crushed, be eliminated. These two religions were the Jewish and the Christian. Both of these differed from the Roman religion in two respects: both were eager to gain proselytes, and both worshipped an exclusive deity, who would admit of the co-operation of no other power in his domination.

One old Pagan, who represents a class which always must have been numerous in Rome, has given expression to his feelings with regard to the professors of Judaism and Christianity alike, and has at the same time revealed to us his true creed. He had seen the triumph of Christianity and the cruelty which characterised many of its adherents. He had witnessed the treacherous murder of the noble Stilicho by the orders of the contemptible Honorius. He had seen the epoch of religious bigotry which set in after that murder, when non-Catholic officers—that is, nearly all the barbarians—were insulted by being forbidden to appear at court in their military insignia. He had seen Alaric, the Arian Christian, besieging Rome with his hosts of Visigoths, and had witnessed to his shame the spoliation of the temples, and the statues of the gods and the statue of Virtus melted down to buy off the Arian conqueror. Well might the pagan historian say, "All is over." Rutilius

Namatianus was a Gaul who had filled the high position of Præfectus Urbi about 413 A.D. He describes his return journey to Gaul as he coasted along the shores of Italy sailing northward. His whole heart went out in adoration of the "Roma immortalis" on which he was turning his back, and his regret at leaving the object of his worship is expressed in some of the finest lines in Latin poetry :

"Hearken to my prayer, Rome, fairest Queen of the world which is thine own, Rome who hast been welcomed into the starry sky! Hearken to me, O mother of men and mother of gods! We are nigh to Heaven, thanks to thy temples. Thee we sing, and thee ever will we sing while the Fates shall suffer us. None who dwells in safety can ever be unmindful of thee. Sooner may the sun pass into accursed oblivion, than the thought of thy high honour pass from my heart! For the bounties that thou dost offer are even as those of the sun: they extend far as ocean which belts the earth around tosses his waves." One of his finest lines represents the feeling of a non-Roman admitted to the lofty privilege of Roman citizenship: "Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat."

This then was, I am convinced, the real creed of the old-fashioned Roman: Roma immortalis, who had conquered the world and then civilised it, and had generously called on all her subjects to partake of her glories and her triumphs.

On the voyage his ship put in for the night at a place where there was a garden belonging to a Jew, whom he describes as a morose old creature, typical of his race, whom he frankly detests. The son of Moses demanded compensation for damage done to his fruit trees, and received "the abuse due to that filthy nation." He loathes the whole nation for their *cold* Sabbaths and their hearts which are colder still. He calls their Sabbaths *frigida*, because the Roman idea was that the Jewish Sabbath was a fast, and not, as it really was, a feast. He shares the view of many of his countrymen that the Jews at a yearly festival ate human flesh, and he adds his regret that this pestilential race should ever have been let out on the

world by Vespasian and Titus. At a further point in his voyage he comes on a colony of monks, for whose manner of life he expresses the greatest contempt; he brands them with the epithet "lucifugi," which Vergil applies to cockroaches.

The satirist Lucian seems to share the contempt of Rutilius for the Christians, for whom, however, he has no hatred. In his memoir of Alexander, the mysteries of the false prophet were prefaced by a proclamation, "If any Atheist, Christian, or Epicurean has come to spy out the sacred rites, let him flee." In his treatise on the death of Peregrinus, the arch-charlatan, who publicly burnt himself to death at Olympia, he has this interesting passage about the Christian dogmas: "The Christians still reverence that great man who was crucified in Palestine because he brought this great mystery into the world. The poor creatures have persuaded themselves that they will be immortal, hence they despise death and often actually court it. Then their first law-giver persuaded them that they were all brethren when they had renounced the Hellenic gods and worshipping their crucified *Sophist*."

What, then, was the general sentiment of the Romans about the Jews as a class? It was very much as that described by Rutilius, and the reasons for this hatred on the part of a nation whose attitude to other than their own co-religionists was one of more or less contemptuous toleration are clearly brought out in a series of different authors. St Jerome expressly says that everyone abominated the Jews; and that there were multitudes of them in Rome even in Cicero's time we learn from his speech for Flaccus. Their very numbers rendered them dangerous. Strabo, quoted by Josephus, uses language about them which is equally applicable to them at the present day: "It is not easy to find a spot in the world which has not given a home to this tribe, and is governed by them." Those who held by the state religion of Rome felt resentment against a nation which professed that its tribal god was supreme when the nation itself had passed into the subjection of other deities. As a French writer has put it, this was little

short of a blasphemy in a period when a god owed his godhead to the sole fact that he was powerful, and when power, and power alone, was the title by which the god reigned. And, as we have before noticed, the Jews were active proselytisers, thereby differing from their policy in modern times. Augustus expressly applauds the conduct of his grandson Gaius because he went to Jerusalem and never joined in Jewish worship. It also appears that the Jewish in common with other Oriental cults had great attractions for women, and it was generally believed that adherence to these religions was a dangerous menace to chastity. Then the keeping of the Sabbath by the Jews was a great stumbling-block to the pagans, who saw in it nothing but a sheer waste of time, and who suspected any mysteries in which they were not asked to join, in much the same spirit as a good Catholic regards freemasonry.

Josephus tells us that every nation of his time, Greek and barbarian alike, has come to adopt the custom of keeping the Sabbath. This statement, in which there may be some exaggeration, goes far to explain the objection of the Romans who have forced on them still another day of idleness, when their own "dies nefasti" were numerous enough to interfere seriously with daily work, and when work of all kind was expressly forbidden by the priests to be performed on many "feriæ."

The next objection lay against the nature of the supreme god of the Jews. The Roman and Greek deities alike were clear-cut beings with definite functions divided among them, and even their personality must have seemed familiar to a nation who could not visit its main places of business without passing by statuary representing the form and features of its national gods. Juvenal reproaches the Jews as mere cloud-worshippers, and Lucan speaks of the "dedita sacris Incerti Judæa dei." Tacitus tells us that they regard those as profane who make images of God out of mortal materials; hence the Jews permit of no representations of the deity. There were indeed some even among the old-fashioned Romans like

Varro, who alleged that the primitive Romans had worshipped the gods for many years without the use of images, and who thought that they might well imitate the Jews in abstaining from fashioning such images. The fact that they employed no outward and visible symbol in the worship of their god gave occasion to calumnies such as that spread by the Egyptian Apion that they worshipped the head of an ass. The idea that they worshipped the clouds seems to have come from the custom of the Jews to avoid uttering the name of God except in acts of worship, and of substituting for it some such expression as "Heaven."

The exclusiveness of the Jewish religion was also, naturally, particularly offensive to the Romans, the more so that it was so much involved in mystery. Quintilian says that those who are founding a new city ought to be careful of admitting into it any race which may be pernicious to others, as, for instance, the Jews. And the ruling nation was not unnaturally chagrined at finding that the Hebrews among them showed their contempt for the state religion by sending fixed temple dues and occasional alms to Jerusalem every year. When Pompey took Jerusalem he was anxious to find out the "arcenum" of the Judaic worship, and his curiosity led him to insist on entering the Holy of Holies, where he gazed on a shrine without a god, and at the golden table and candlesticks and the censers and the incense. It is fair to Pompey to note that he respected the sublime simplicity of a religion which he did not understand; he left the sacred objects in their place, and ordered the temple to be cleansed and restored. In this case he showed himself nobler than the brutal Antiochus Epiphanes, who, a hundred years before Pompey, had also burst into the temple, and found there a bearded statue seated on an ass, and holding a book; this he supposed to be the statue of Moses, the founder of the misanthropic institutions of the Jews. Accordingly he killed a swine and poured the blood on the statue and the altar, and ordered his attendant to dress the meat and to pour the gravy from the unclean

animal on the sacred books which contained the laws which he regarded as hateful.

Tacitus, however, among the failings, notes the undoubted honesty and piety which characterised the dealings of the Jewish community.

There were other personal peculiarities attaching to the Jews which struck the Romans unfavourably. One of these was of course the distinctive mark adopted for health's sake and cleanliness, which they shared with the old Egyptians. Another was the unpleasant odour which the Romans ascribed to the Jews; they commonly refer to the *fætor Judaicus*. The Emperor Julian expressed his dislike of them for this peculiarity. It must be remembered that most of the Jews resident in Rome exercised the trades of petty hawkers and lived in crowded hovels; they were thus not likely to have the opportunity of showing themselves as particularly fragrant specimens of humanity. But apart from the trade or occupation which may affect those who may be employed in it, it is well known that many races possess an odour which is obnoxious to other races. We notice this when we find ourselves among a crowd of Chinamen, Japanese, Maoris, or, worse than any, the natives of Australia. Even in Europe Germans have often stated that the Englishman newly arrived in Germany betrays himself by his British odour, which is in no way disgusting or offensive, but apparently depends on his coming out of a smoky atmosphere.

The constant expressions of surprise and disgust at the abstinence of the Jews from swine's flesh may strike us as remarkable. But the existence of this prejudice is evident and constantly referred to. Juvenal scoffs, "Ancient feeling of pity makes the Jews clement to their aged swine." Caligula received an embassy from the Jews and thought it a smart sally to ask them solemnly to disclose the very important reason why they would not eat pork; at which his courtiers laughed heartily. Their abstinence from pork appeared more singular than ever, owing to the heathen calumny that the

Jews at a yearly festival ate human flesh, which the Romans deemed most wicked ; which reminds us of the belief current even at the present day among some Russian fanatics that it is part of the Jewish religion to drain the blood of a Christian child. Cicero makes a jest on the subject when a certain pervert from the national religion of Rome, a Jewish proselyte, desired to accuse Verres : " Quid homini Judæo cum Verre ? " " What has a Jew to do with a Hog ? " And Augustus says, " I would rather be Herod's pig than Herod's son." Tacitus knows the reason for the abstinence of Oriental nations from the flesh of the animal which served them as scavenger ; he says they were afraid of contracting leprosy, which at one time afflicted them to a fearful degree. It also appears that the observance of a particular diet, coupled with that of the sanctity of the Sabbath day, made the Jews unwilling to serve in the army. Even with us, in modern times, the presence of a guest who cannot partake of our ordinary diet is felt as burdensome. A nut-eater, a vegetarian, even a teetotaller, would not feel that he was quite at home at a Lord Mayor's dinner. But it so happened that the favourite animal food of the Romans was pork. The very term "*caro suilla*," a diminutive form, has been noticed as showing the weakness of the Romans for their national dish. As the German proverb says, " Objects loved have many names." It is the case that in Latin we find more terms to express " swine " than to express any other animal. In Roman farces the swine appears as a constant object of diversion ; the writer of Atellanes, Pomponius, named no less than four pieces after this animal : *Porcetra*, *Maialis*, *Verres Ægrotus*, and *Verres salvus*. Where the French said, " On ne peut pas toujours manger du perdrix," the Roman equivalent for perdrix was "*cocti porci*." It seems worth while to dwell upon this fact : the abstinence from their national dish must have struck the Roman nationalists much as an insult paid to " the roast beef of Old England " would have done to an old-fashioned person who believed that patriotism and roast beef were in some ways connected.

It seems strange at first sight that the Romans did not at least appreciate and admire the pious and obstinate adherence of the Hebrews to their own laws. Of their fidelity in this respect there can be no possible doubt; and it might be supposed that the nation which elaborated a system of law which has served as the basis of most of the jurisprudence of modern times would have been attracted by this trait in their Jewish fellow-citizens. Josephus says: "Let a man ask any of us the laws, he will tell them more easily than his own name. Therefore, learning them off by heart as soon as our intellect awakes, we have them as it were imprinted on the soul, and transgressors are few." Another authority says that the Jews are taught, so to speak, from their very swaddling-clothes, to believe in one God, the Maker of the world. Hecataeus, quoted by Josephus, after describing the Old Testament, dwells on Jewish reverence for the Law, and insists that the Jews were ready to brave all fortunes and to accept death cheerfully rather than transgress it. What Greek, he asks, would accept death in like spirit to save his whole literature? When Jerusalem was stormed by Pompey in 63 B.C. the priests served in the order of their courses while men were being slain in the temple; a dignified action which might well have appealed to those who reflected with pride on the noble behaviour of the Roman Senators when attacked by the barbarous Gauls.

Josephus describes a riot which arose in Jerusalem because the Law had been affronted by the sacrifice of some birds on the Sabbath, at the entrance of the synagogue. Two things must be remembered to account for this characteristic want alike of curiosity and of chivalry on the part of the Romans. In the first place, they could not tolerate a system of laws applicable to a body existing in Italy itself, other than their own national code, which was altered or added to from time to time by the edicts of the magistrates. Indeed, one of the most obvious ways of exercising the *imperium* with which the chief magistrate was invested, was to lay an injunc-

tion upon a citizen and enforce his obedience, or to confer upon him some advantage and maintain him in its enjoyment. It was thus, and only thus, that public order was protected, and to contravene the highest magistrate's *imperium* would have seemed the first step to anarchy. It is well known that each prætor on entering on his office announced his jurisdictional programme—of which the greater part indeed was transmitted from his predecessors; but he added, to meet present needs, certain paragraphs representing his own contribution. Under Hadrian the edicts of the prætors were subjected to revision and consolidated with the edicts of the Peregrine prætors and provincial governors, and finally sanctioned as statute law for the Empire through the medium of a *senatus-consult*. It is evident that the Roman legislation, adapted for the changing needs of a nation to whom the idea of theocracy was unthinkable, could not endure a rival whose laws were at once unchanging and inspired. Then it must be remembered that the Romans, unlike the Jews, had no fixed and fast dogmas which, if firmly believed in, could not but influence legislation. The Romans had no fixed, definite, clear-cut creeds; no one had the authority to draw up such; everyone was free to hold his own religious opinion within certain very wide limits. Jewish history was full of legends, miraculous interventions, and the like: so, indeed, was that of Rome; but the Roman was free to regard the legends of his history as poetical fictions which entailed no obligation on anyone. Even the most hardened sceptics, the most vehement opponents of dogma, like Lucretius, find in these legends matter from which to construct poetry so beautiful that it is hard to believe that this is not inspired by belief in their reality.

Cæsar and the older Pliny might fearlessly assert their disbelief in immortality; Cicero and the younger Pliny might mock at the puerilities of the miraculous in the history of their country: they knew that no anathema pronounced against religion would or could touch them, for deeds and

not religious opinions were subject to state control. There was then no impiety in refusing to accept these legends; and even if educated persons wished to accept them, it was open to them so to do by professing to see in them a series of allegories as propounded and laid down by the Stoics. It was open to these, too, to appeal to the philosophers whose aim it was to construct one omnipotent godhead from different forms of popular beliefs. "Under different names," said an educated pagan (Maximus of Madaura), in a letter to St Augustine, "we adore the only Divinity whose eternal power animates and pervades all the elements of the world; and if we thus pay homage to his different manifestations, we are certain to adore his godhead in his entity. It is by the aid of inferior deities that we invoke the father of gods and men, to whom all mortals alike, in acts of worship, now contrasting and now corresponding, address their prayers." Does it not seem tragic, in the face of the facts of history, that the Romans should have been so indifferent as to the creeds and the spirit underlying the dogmas of foreign nations? Surely, had it been otherwise, and had they seen the tendency of the worship of even a tribal deity to a general acceptance of monotheism such as that adopted by their own philosophers, aversion might have been replaced by sympathy, oceans of blood might have been spared, and the course of religious history completely changed. As it was, they stood by coldly and regarded Judæa expiating by political nullity and dispersion the spiritual intensity which imposed her faiths, in some form or other, upon civilised man.

H. A. STRONG.

BLAIRGOWRIE.

GEORGE MEREDITH AND HIS FIGHTING MEN.

THE REV. PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFATT, D.LITT.

MEREDITH was in close touch with the two services.

He was born at Portsmouth; his father was a naval outfitter; and his first wife, Mrs Nicolls, was the widow of a naval lieutenant. Admiral Maxse, one of his most intimate friends—at that time (1868 f.) in his Radical phase,—was the prototype of Nevil Beauchamp. Nelson is Harry Richmond's favourite hero, and the praise of Nelson throbs in the verses upon "Trafalgar Day" and "October 21, 1905." Even the Harringtons count an admiral among their distinguished kindred. There are no sailors—and, for the matter of that, no soldiers—in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, but one of Richard's uncles had been a naval lieutenant, and Lucy's father, like Crossjay's, is also a naval lieutenant; little Temple, in *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, becomes a midshipman, and the same novel recounts the social powers of Captain William Bulstead, a seaman of the older school like the bluff, gouty, chivalrous Admiral Fakenham and the untamable Captain Kirby, whose breezy doings and sayings enliven the opening pages of *The Amazing Marriage*. Jane Austen's admirals were "all passed over and all ill-used." So was Captain Kirby. "His heart was on salt water; he was never so much at home as in a ship foundering or splitting into the clouds. We are told that he never forgave the Admiralty for striking him off the list of English naval captains." But Kirby was

of the Cochrane type, and was more keen upon enforcing than upon obeying discipline, so that there was probably a case for the Admiralty. The ideal type of the fighting man in this service, however, is Nevil Beauchamp, clean, keen, modest, and fearless, like his shipmate, Jack Wilmore. Even in his dress he had caught to perfection "the individual style of a naval officer of breeding, in which you see neatness trifling with disorder, or disorder plucking at neatness, like the breeze a trim vessel." Best of all, in his ideas, he held to naval efficiency without abandoning democratic aims.

Meredith's novels analyse English society, for the most part; he applies his psychological methods to men and women who enjoy some leisure, and the exigencies of their profession seldom allow naval officers to take any place there till they have retired. It is not so with soldiers. Hence the novels include more military officers than naval. The army and its interests pervade large tracts of his prose, and even of his verse. His first venture into literature was a set of verses on the tragic defeat of the British by the Sikhs at Chillianwallah in 1849, and seventeen years later he acted as war correspondent for *The Morning Post* in the Austro-Italian campaign,¹ an experience which, for all his conviction that justice and right were with the Italians, confirmed his admiration of the Austrian army, and particularly of its cavalry. Indeed, he seems to have had a special liking for cavalry in any army. But, mounted or foot, the military characters in his novels are numerous, and they meet us on the outskirts as well as at the centre of the plot. The society he depicts has room for brainless, idle officers like Captain Abrane, Lord Suckling, Captain Marsett, Captain May, Captain Evremonde, and Major Worrell; for soldiers who, like Heriot and Captain Gambier, serve Venus rather than Mars; and for officers who gamble, like Major Dykes, or eat and drink, like Algernon

¹ His correspondence is reprinted in vol. xxiii. (pp. 163 f.) of the Memorial Edition. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, he wanted to go to France in a similar capacity; but even then France would allow no correspondents.

Feverel and Captain Jorian de Witt ("Poor Jorian! I know no man I pity so much. . . . He has but six hundred a year, and a passion for Burgundy"). Captain Oxford, in *The Egoist*, has not a speaking part; and Colonel Horace de Craye is there, not because he is an officer but because he is an Irishman, a friend of the bridegroom who finds himself unable to rejoice in the bridegroom's voice. Lætitia Dale's father is an army surgeon, like Aminta's brother. Colonel Goodwin, in *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, is mainly important as the father of a charming daughter, like Colonel Halkett and General Sherwin in *Beauchamp's Career*. Mrs Lovell in *Rhoda Fleming* is a soldier's widow; Victor Radnor's father had been a general; his wife's brother was a colonel; and so forth. Caroline Harrington marries a Major Strike of the Marines, who, as a husband, lives up to his name. Lady Camper first marries her nephew, who is in a cavalry regiment, to General Ople's daughter, and then marries that susceptible officer herself. Even Sir Lukin Dunstane is a dragoon, and the great Mel, tailor though he was, became a lieutenant of militia dragoons, "in the uniform of which he revelled" and was buried. A nobler and more important rôle falls to officers like the sinewy, intrepid Captain Dartrey Fenellan, Captain Philip O'Donnell and his rollicking cousin Captain Con, and the quiet, generous figure of Major Waring, who almost represents Meredith's ideal of the British officer. "Major Percy Waring, the son of a clergyman, was a working soldier, a slayer, if you will, from pure love of the profession of arms, and all the while the sweetest and gentlest of men. I call him a working soldier in opposition to the parading soldier, the coxcomb in uniform, the hero by accident, and the martial boys of wealth and station, who are of the army of England. He studied war when the trumpet slumbered, and had no place but in the field when it sounded. To him the honour of England was as a babe in his arms: he hugged it like a mother. He knew the military history of every regiment in the service. Disasters even of old date brought

groans from him.”¹ Cornet Wilfrid Pole, in *Sandra Belloni* and *Vittoria*, is a full-dress sketch of the rather stupid young society officer, but Meredith is more interested in him as a product of the English middle class than as a fighting man; it is his discipline under the fire of temptation to sentimentalism among women that brings out his character and value for the novelist. In the case of Lord Ormont, one of his principal fighting heroes, military genius appears side by side with some of the moral weaknesses which are the outcome of pride in an embittered man.

The fact that Meredith set his plots among the English upper classes explains not only the predominance of military over naval officers, but the comparative absence of any interest in the rank and file. We have no life-size portraits corresponding to those which Mr Hardy has drawn of Sergeant Troy and Trumpet-major Loveday; for although Robert Eccles and Van Diemen Smith were, no doubt, privates in the army, they are out of it when they appear in *Rhoda Fleming* and *The House on the Beach* respectively.² Another consequence of the same fact is the absence of any battle-scenes. It did not suit his analytic method to indulge in descriptions of adventures and exploits. He presupposed a quick-witted, thoughtful audience, who would be less interested in events than in the ideas which led up to them and in the complications which they produced for character. Thus, while *Beauchamp's Career* opens at the Crimean War, Meredith hurries his hero through the campaign, without attempting any sketches which might form the counterpart to Tolstoy's *Sevastopol*. We are merely allowed to overhear one or two of his exploits. In fact, the only fighting of which he gives any transcripts is the Italian revolution of 1848-1849 against the Austrian tyranny—"a field of action, of battles and con-

¹ *Rhoda Fleming*, ch. xxiii.

² The hero in *Grandfather Bridgman* is a non-commissioned officer, and Susan, in *Earth and a Wedded Woman*, is a private's wife. But Meredith's eye is on generals, colonels, and captains as a rule.

spiracies, nerve and muscle, where life fights for plain issues." There are no English passages which correspond to these well-known descriptions of the motion and fire of battles in *Vittoria*. His British soldiers and sailors do their active work off the stage. The Comic spirit is shy of the sword. It is more at home in country houses and London drawing-rooms.

But, while the majority of Meredith's fighting men are out of the services, he often contrives to lace his sane philosophy of patriotism to their figures. Sometimes, as in the case of Wilfrid Pole and Lord Ormont, their personalities are warnings; sometimes, as in the case of Nevil Beauchamp, they are examples. It is their exploits in other fields than war which interest him; but even these exploits, whether commendable or not, serve to illustrate some of his main ethical ideas. One of these is the need of brains.¹ Courage and brains, according to Meredith, are essential to anyone who is facing realities, instead of indulging in a sentimentalism which only leads to insincerity and its attendant mischiefs. This is a familiar axiom in his philosophy of Nature. Now, courage he assumes in his fighting men.² But he is not so sure about brains. It must be remembered that he was writing when the War Office could be criticised severely. By brains, in this connection, he meant the devotion of a soldier's mind to his business. He liked the fighting man who found something better to do than to yield to the temptations of leisure and peace. Occasionally he speaks as if he would rather that they took the opportunity of service with or against some other Power, in South America, Spain, or Italy, for example, than that they should stay at home doing nothing. At any rate, they must study their profession, like Major Waring and

¹ "Dolt won't do any longer," says the Irish captain in *Celt and Saxon* (ch. ix.), "the military machine requires intelligence in all ranks now. Ay, the time for the Celt is dawning. . . . Solidity and stupidity have had their innings; a precious long innings it has been; and now they're shoved aside like clods of earth from the rising flower."

² See the brilliant passage in *Celt and Saxon* (ch. viii.), on "two-in-the-morning courage."

Colonel Sudley ("one of the modern studious officers, not in good esteem with the authorities"!). His ideal fighting man does not seek war for war's sake; he simply prepares himself for the emergency, and does his best to see that the country is prepared for it also.

When Meredith wrote, the emergency was twofold: the problem of India and the danger of England being invaded. The defence of our Indian Empire appears in *Lord Ormont and his Aminta* as well as in *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*. The former novel is really on the theme of the hero as schoolmaster, but Lord Ormont, sketched from the Earl of Peterborough, is a distinguished Indian general who revenges himself upon an ungrateful country by emitting jets of bitter truth about the army and the empire. This modern Coriolanus insists that Old England will have a "devil of a day" over India. In the meantime, however, that problem has ceased to be acute. What has become suddenly acute is the invasion problem. It was natural that Meredith should originally look for this danger across the Channel, but, although it is now facing us across the North Sea, the point of his counsels is unaffected. It was a sharp point, and in prose and verse alike he drove it home. Britain, he makes his fighting men insist, Britain may be invaded from the Continent, unless she is on her guard; to ignore or to evade this possibility is to shut one's eyes to the realities of the European situation, for the sake of being comfortable,¹ and that is a piece of criminal folly, as disastrous for a nation as for an individual. "Invasion can't be done, they say! I tell the doddered asses Napoleon would have been over if Villeneuve had obeyed him to the letter. Villeneuve had a fit of paralysis, owing to the prestige of Nelson—that's as it happened. . . . We had nothing but the raw material of courage—pluck, and no science. Ask

¹ E.g. in "The Call":

"We fain would stand contemplative,
All innocent as meadow grass;
In human goodness fain believe,
Believe a cloud is formed to pass."

any boxing man what he thinks of the chances. The French might have sacrificed a fleet to land fifty thousand. Our fleet was our one chance. Any foreign general at the head of fifty thousand picked troops would risk it, and cut an *entrechat* for joy of the chance. We should have fought and bled and been marched over—a field of Anglo-Saxon stubble.” That is Lord Ormont. And there are others. Meredith did not belong to the Blue-Water School. He was proud of the navy, but he saw that an army was needed behind it, and an adequate army, if Britain was to fulfil all the duties imposed on her by her freedom. Don’t trust too much to Neptune’s arm, he pled; that deity may be asleep when you need him! Besides, his divinity was killed by the advent of steam.¹ England had better not hug the delusion that the Continental Powers are amiable, innocent neighbours. “If we won’t learn that we have become Continentals, we shall be marched over,”² “caught unawares by a highly-trained picked soldiery, inferior in numbers to the patriotic levies, but sharp at the edge and knowing how to strike. Measure the axe, measure the tree; and which goes down first?”³

In public and in private, Meredith emphasised the need and duty of national defence. His fighting men, especially his old soldiers, are stung to anger or depressed by the general indifference to this elementary obligation. Ships are not enough, though we must have enough of them. “Press for an army,” he wrote to Sir W. Hardman, the editor of *The Morning Post*, in 1878. “Ultimately it will come to conscription, and the sooner the better. The volunteering system gives us men no match for countries that bring their best into

¹ *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 491 (to Frederick Greenwood, in 1898).

² *One of Our Conquerors*, ch. iii.

³ *One of Our Conquerors*, ch. x. Lord Ormont, who has his own plans for defending the south of England against the invaders (*Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, ch. ix.), is more hopeful. “If we have not been playing double-dyed traitor to ourselves, we have a preponderating field artillery; our yeomanry and volunteer horsemen are becoming a serviceable cavalry army; our infantry prove that their heterogeneous composition can be welded to a handy mass, and can stand fire and return it, and not be beaten by an acknowledged defeat.”

the field, and in overpowering hosts." He recognised the need for a larger army, as a patriot. War he regarded, as a true democrat and lover of progress, with aversion. But aversion does not justify anyone in deliberately ignoring the facts of the situation. It is the mark of his *bête-noir*, sentimentalism, to look only at what we like to see, and Meredith will not do this, much as he loathes war. War is brutal. When Harry Richmond defends duelling by pleading that "war is only an exaggerated form of duelling," Princess Ottilie replies with heat and truth: "Nations at war are wild beasts. The passions of these hordes of men are not an example for a living soul. Our souls grow up to the light: we must keep eye on the light, and look no lower. Nations appear to me to have no worse than a soiled mirror of themselves in mobs. They are still uncivilised: they still bear a resemblance to the old monsters of the mud." If it is objected that this is a woman's word, or that it is dramatic rather than an expression of the author's mind, we may appeal to Meredith's own remark, in his admiring analysis of the Austrian military system, that nothing more fatal can be done for a country than to make it a nationality of the sword,¹ and again to his description of the Austrian drum-music, at the close of the same novel: "The fife is a merry instrument; fife and drum colour the images of battle gaily; but the dull ringing Austrian step-drum, beating unaccompanied, strikes the mind with the real nature of battles, as the salt smell of powder strikes it, and more in horror. . . . This regimental drum is like a song of the flat-headed savage in man. It has no rise or fall, but leads to the bloody business with an unvarying note, and a savage's dance in the middle of the rhythm."² The man who composed "The Olive Branch," "The Caging of Ares," and the sonnet

¹ *Vittoria*, ch. ix. A retrograde policy, as he declared in his sonnet on "Society."

² *Vittoria*, ch. xlv. In "Il y a Cent Ans" he satirises

"Our cry for cradled peace, while men are still
The three parts brute which smothers the divine."

on "Progress" was no Jingo. "When men's brains are insufficient to meet the exigencies of affairs, they fight,"¹ he wrote in 1870 on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War. Nearly thirty years later, in his ode on "Alsace-Lorraine," he frankly told his adored France that any war to recover the lost provinces would be the sin of Cain in a Europe² where the nations owed so much to one another :

"Our Europe, where is debtor each to each,
Past measure of excess, and war is Cain."

He would not hear of England making war to extend her empire. He was fully alive to the danger of armaments divorced from humanitarian principles. The first duty of a true Imperialism, he agreed, in a letter to his friend Lord Morley, is care for the social well-being of the people: "not a step should Imperialism take before it has cleansed and purified itself within." The British empire is large enough; all we have to do is to safeguard the territory and interests which are already ours. That we must do, but no more. Such is the line taken in his sonnets on "Outside the Crowd," and "The Warning"—addressed to

"This little Isle's insatiable greed
For continents."

To this philosophy of his fighting men, the Jingo and the pacifist appear equally parasitical, and, by a vicious process of reaction, the one tends to generate the other. Both endanger the health and sanity of the empire, the one by feverishness, the other by flabbiness. If he could have brought himself to conceive the existence of the decadents who preach an international quakerism, his answer would have been :

¹ *Letters*, vol. i. pp. 207-208. It is the thought of the sonnet "On the Danger of War."

² In a letter to Admiral Maxse, he even went the length of saying, "I am neither German nor French, nor, *unless the nation is attacked*, English. I am European and cosmopolitan—for humanity! The nation which shows most worth is the nation I love and reverence." The words in italics are his justification for war and military efficiency.

"The grandeur of her deeds recall;
 Look on her face so kindly fair:
 This Britain! and were she to fall,
 Mankind would breathe a harsher air,
 The nations miss a light of leading rare."¹

But his real concern was stirred by the sight of another set of the people who had a country and did not deserve it, the citizens who believed in patriotism but held their faith without works, who chose to have it as an enjoyment rather than an obligation—a form of sentimentalism in national responsibilities which he denounced in season and out of season. I quote a single specimen of his denunciation. In the thirty-second chapter of *Vittoria*, his difficult and splendid tribute to the Italian patriots of Mazzini's period, he describes how Vittoria and Laura came across a village priest in Italy, "a sleek, gentle creature, who shook his head to earth when he hoped, and filled his nostrils with snuff when he desponded. He wished the Austrians to be beaten, remarking, however, that they were good Catholics, most fervent Catholics. As the Lord decided, so it would end!" When they left him, Laura broke out: "Not to be born a woman, and voluntarily to be a woman! How many, how many are we to deduct from the male population of Italy? Cross in hand, he should be at the head of our arms, not whimpering in a corner."

This² is the plaint of his British fighting men. They shine most as they voice it and apply it pungently. Meredith admires them, but he does not spread gold-leaf over them to make them shine, as Horace Walpole said of Madame de Sévigné. Their lustre is natural, and it is not allowed to cover the warts on the face. They are not all overbearing as Major

¹ "The Call" (closing stanza). "The Patriot Engineer" is an earlier variation on the same theme. Love of country—a root-virtue for Meredith—should bear two flowers, one a zeal for deliverance of the poor from the tyranny of wealth and power, the other a patriotic passion for self-defence.

² Italy must "keep a warrior heart" to preserve the liberty she has won ("The Centenary of Garibaldi"). So must Britain. Even Dr Shrapnel, the democrat (*Beauchamp's Career*, ch. lvi.), "assisted in fighting Marathon and Salamis over again cordially—to shield Great Britain from the rule of a satrapy."

Strike¹ was, but they sometimes fail, even the best of them, like Carlo Ammiani, Lord Ormont, and Nevil Beauchamp, in the crucial tests of character,² their attitude towards women and their relation to money respectively.³ Still, their lustre for Meredith is measured by their belief in brains, by their perception that intelligence is required as well as bravery for the business of true citizens, and their determination to spread this belief among people who cling to a policy of drift or of muddle. Mental sloth is the enemy, in others as well as in themselves. In "England before the Storm" the poet writes:

"She! impious to the Lord of Hosts,
The valour of her offspring boasts,
Mindless that now on land and main
His heeded prayer is active brain."

The policy of brains, in this department, is to prepare, without panic or fear, an adequate army for our defence. Without panic. It would be easy to compile a catena⁴ of scathing passages from the talk of Meredith's fighting men and elsewhere upon the silliness of the panics which periodically shake our comfortable islanders to their legs, force the Government and the people to spend a little more money—but never enough—upon the army and navy, and then die away. The result is, he says, that when an emergency does arrive, our sailors and soldiers do their duty, but too much is expected

¹ "If we may be permitted to suppose the colonel of a regiment on friendly terms with one of his corporals, we have an estimate of the domestic life of Major and Mrs Strike" (*Evan Harrington*, ch. iii.).

² In his *Voltaire* (p. 107) Lord Morley writes: "The most important part of a man's private conduct, after that which concerns his relations with women and his family, is generally that which concerns his way of dealing with money."

³ "Colonel Corfe . . . is a colonel of Companies. But those are his diversion, as the British army has been to the warrior. *Puellis idoneus*, he is professedly a lady's man, a rose-beetle, and a fine specimen of a common kind" (*One of Our Conquerors*, ch. xx.). Colonel Corfe is not one of the pick of the fighting men, it must be admitted. But Lord Ormont and Carlo Ammiani are, and both are at any rate unjust to their wives by refusing to treat them as intellectual mates.

⁴ E.g. from the first chapters of *Beauchamp's Career*, the sixteenth chapter of *Celt and Saxon*, etc.

from them. Our unbusinesslike improvidence before the crisis imposes an unfair strain on these gallant fellows, when we have to call on them.

“They stand to be her sacrifice,
The sons this mother flings like dice,
To face the odds and brave the Fates.”

“There’s just something about our men at their best, hard to find elsewhere.”¹ Yes, they rise to the occasion without flinching. But, as Lord Ormont put it, “if it wasn’t for a cursed feeble Government scraping *congrés* to the taxpayer—well, so many of our good fellows would not have to fall. That I say; for this thing is going to happen some day, mind you, sir! and I don’t want to have puncheons and hogsheds of our English blood poured out merely to water the soil of a conquered country because English Governments are a craven lot, not daring risk of office by offending the taxpayer.”² Meredith’s point is, that in our island-story we have often to pay more in lives than if we had looked ahead and prepared steadily for the ordeal. “Nations pay Sibylline prices for want of forethought.” He wrote that *apropos* of England’s reluctance to see that Home Rule was due to Ireland long ago, but it applies equally well to the national disinclination to make military preparations for self-defence. We practise a false and cruel economy. Besides, this recurring fever of panic is unworthy of a great nation. To what is it due? his fighting men ask indignantly. Ultimately, to a selfish love of comfort and commerce. “Contempt of military weapons and ridicule of the art of war were common in those days among a people beginning to sit with habitual

¹ *The Amazing Marriage*, ch. xlv.

² *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, ch. ix. In his verses addressed “To Colonel Charles” he breaks out upon England:

“Cleft like the fated house in twain,
One half is Arm, and one Retrench!
Gambetta’s word on dull MacMahon:
‘The cow that sees a passing train’:
So spies she Russian, German, French.”

smugness at the festive board provided for them by the valour of their fathers.”¹ The materialism which blocks social reform is the obstacle to national defence. This conviction was at the root of Meredith’s antipathy to the Manchester School, for all his warm friendship with Lord Morley. Here he stood closer to Mr H. M. Hyndman. He was a Radical and a democrat, though he sat loose to party ties and numbered friends in both camps of politics. But, as *Beauchamp’s Career* and *One of Our Conquerors* prove, he had not a shred of patience with the foreign policy of the Manchester School, which he persisted in diagnosing as a symptom of the national Mammon-worship. Such is the theme of his lines on “Aneurin’s Harp”:

“ England clasps in her embraces
Many; what is England’s state?
England her distended middle
Thumps with pride as Mammon’s wife ! ”

But surely not the real England,² he hopes, though we sadly need Milton’s spirit to show us Moloch in his modern “grinning mask of hypocritical Peace” (“Milton”). His conclusion is that the love of money is the root of this national evil, in “a people notoriously craving peace for comfort’s sake and commerce’s,”³ which has taken to the arm-chair and imagines that her neighbours will not be so rude as to disturb her imperial siesta.

Since Meredith wrote, some of the lessons urged by his fighting men have been learned, though not all. He has not written entirely in vain. But the days in which we are living recall vividly several estimates and opinions connected with the crisis, which lie scattered over the pages of his works. It is curious, and more than curious, in the light of the present

¹ *The Amazing Marriage*, ch. xliii.

² Cf. the lines “To a Friend visiting America.”

³ In 1908 he remarked pessimistically to M. Photiadès: “We have no army. The army in India is marvellously equipped and disciplined, but what purpose does it serve as regards England? . . . If Germany were to beat us as she has beaten France, should we revive? I doubt it. France possesses wealth of many kinds; the wealth of England is strictly commercial.”

war, to note one or two items in the special philosophy of things which he connects with his soldiers and sailors.

One of these is his attitude towards Germany. At the end of his life he evidently began to realise the North Sea peril of what he called "the belted overshadower." In a letter to the editor of *The Daily Telegraph* (17th February 1903) he wrote: "Germany, once foremost among the nations for intellectual achievement, now spouts Pan-Germanism over Europe, and seeks to command the North Sea. For our part, we have only to take the warning they give us, and be armed, stationed, and alert." "Not for nothing," he observed in a letter to Frederick Greenwood, "did the Germans stipulate at the Hague for the right of mining the sea-ways. With the use of miners an inferior navy can match the giant for temporary purposes." But, while he honoured German efficiency and thoroughness of mind, he never paid homage to the German army, except incidentally in "The Call." The Austrians he admired openly,¹ but almost the only allusion I remember to the Prussians is an uncomplimentary remark of Major Weisspreiss, the Austrian fire-eater.² Still, as early as 1870, he was quite alive to the German lust for world-power. He put the expression of it into an after-dinner rhapsody from the lips of the German Prince Hermann, who "seemed robust; he ate vigorously. Drinking he conscientiously performed as an accompanying duty, and was flushed after dinner, burning for tobacco and a couch for his length. Then he talked of the littleness of Europe and the greatness of Germany; logical postulates fell in collapse before him. America to America, North and South; India to Europe. India was for the land with the largest seaboard. Mistress of the Baltic, of the North Sea and the East, as

¹ In *Vittoria* particularly, even when he is voicing the heroine's detestation of the white uniform, which was treating northern Italy then very much as the Germans are treating Belgium to-day.

² *Vittoria*, ch. x. ("Oh, you're a Prussian—a Prussian! I mean, in your gross way of blurting out everything. I've marched and messed with Prussians—with oxen").

eventually she must be, Germany would claim to take India as a matter of course, and find an outlet for the energies of the most prolific and the toughest of the races of mankind—the purest, in fact the only true race, properly so called, out of India, to which it would return as to its source, and there create an empire magnificent in force and solidity, the actual wedding of East and West; an empire firm on the ground and in the blood of the people, instead of an empire of aliens.” And so on. “This was the man,” Meredith caustically adds, by way of comment; “a milder one after the evaporation of his wine in speech.”¹ At the end of the Japanese war against Russia, Meredith thought that “the Kaiser, always honourably eager for the influence of his people, will draw a glove over the ‘Mailed Fist’ and offer it to them frankly.” A prediction as yet unfulfilled!

There is a closer anticipation of the present in the seventeenth chapter of *Beauchamp's Career*, where the hero and Cecilia Halkett are watching the smoke of an English battleship on the horizon. “‘There’s half a million gone on that ship. *Half a million!* Do you know how many poor taxpayers it takes to make up that sum, Cecilia?’ ‘A great many,’ she slurred over them; ‘but we must have big ships, and the best that are to be had.’ ‘Powerful fast rams, seaworthy and fit for running over shallows, carrying one big gun; swarms of harriers and worriers known to be kept ready for immediate service; readiness for the offensive in case of war—there’s the best defence against a declaration of war by a foreign State.’” The interest of this passage is not simply in Beauchamp’s refusal to allow his zeal for naval efficiency to be diminished by his radical social propaganda. It lies in his opinion of what were the best ships for the purpose of war. The present sea-conflict has not gone far enough to decide whether Dreadnoughts are worth the money spent on them. But already the great services rendered by the fleet have been blotted by three apparent blunders of the Navy or the

¹ *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, ch. xxxiv.

Admiralty, the third of which at least—the defeat off the Chili coast,—at once the most costly in lives and the most damaging to our prestige, might perhaps have been averted if Beauchamp's type of fast cruisers had been available in sufficient numbers.

Chillon Kirby, heading an English contingent in the Spanish insurrection of 1841–1843, put his finger on a weakness of the army which is not yet eradicated, unfortunately. His sister observes, “‘Father said the English learn from blows, Chillon.’ ‘He might have added, they lose half their number by having to learn from blows, Carin.’ ‘He said, let me lead Britons!’ ‘When the canteen’s fifty leagues to the rear, yes!’”¹ It was the same father, a naval fighting man, who “used to speak of the ‘clean hearts of the English’ as to the husbanding of revenge; that is, the ‘no spot of bad blood’ to vitiate them. Captain John Peter seconded all good-humoured fighters ‘for the long account’: they will surely win; and it was one of his maxims: ‘*My foe can spoil my face; he beats me if he spoils my temper.*’”² Meredith touches this point again in his sonnet “At the Close,” where he warns the victor, during the Boer War, to avoid harsh treatment at the close.

“If lion-like

He tore the fall’n, the Eternal was his Foe.”

An army during war and after victory may be intoxicated with the bad passion of revenge. It is the wisdom of Meredith's best naval and military men that they perceive the weakness and the mischief of this indulgence in the vodka, absinthe, and beer of the fighting spirit. Clean, hard blows, but no rancour.

We find it a curious coincidence to read, in the light of to-day, Captain Philip O'Donnell's words on the usefulness of military bands for enlisting purposes,³ and his repudiation of the term “mercenaries” as applied to our troops (“I suppose we all work for pay. It seems to me a cry of the streets to

¹ *The Amazing Marriage*, ch. xlvii.

² *The Amazing Marriage*, ch. xlv.

³ *Celt and Saxon*, ch. xiii.

call us by hard names. The question is what we fight for"),¹ as well as Meredith's sly passage in the eighteenth chapter of the same novel upon tending the wounded ("Women may be able to tell you why the nursing of a military invalid awakens tenderer anxieties in their bosoms than those called forth by the drab civilian," etc.). *Vittoria* (ch. ix), too, supplies a saying apt for Belgium at the present day: "In the end, a country true to itself, and determined to claim God's gift to brave men, will overmatch a mere army, however solid its force. But an inspired energy of faith is demanded of it." A grim remark, in the same novel, is put into the lips of one of the Italian revolutionaries: "The execution of a spy is the signal for the ringing of joy-bells on this earth; not only because he is one of a pestiferous excess, in point of numbers, but that he is no true son of earth. He escaped out of hell's doors on a windy day, and all that we do is to puff out a bad light, and send him back."² Experience is making some people utter "Amen" to that, in the allied tongues.

From what has been said about the general views of his fighting men upon Britain's attitude towards invasion, we may infer what Meredith would have thought about the present war. Probably he would have regretted the defection of his old friend, Lord Morley, from the Government. But other things would have heartened him. We may conjecture that he would have been glad to find some of his fears about British readiness disappointed, and proud to find, not only our navy stronger than it had ever been, but our War Office so reorganised by his friend Lord Haldane as to be able to despatch a small but first-class Expeditionary Force to fight side by side with his beloved France against the two robber-states of modern Europe.

JAMES MOFFATT.

OXFORD.

¹ *Celt and Saxon*, ch. xiv.

² *Vittoria*, ch. v.

“WHY WE ARE FIGHTING.”

A REPLY.

EDWARD WILLMORE.

“To confuse the moral judgment of a people,” says Sir Henry Jones [HIBBERT JOURNAL, Oct. 1914], “is the gravest of disasters.” It would be more correct to say that it is a grave fault. And is it not the fault which he, having condemned it, proceeds unconsciously to commit?

All war, says Sir Henry, is wrong. Yet *this* war is a duty, and the people have gone into it with a clear conscience. Here is paradox; and the writer tries to maintain both the Yes and the No. He observes that in this case there is a contradiction between rightness and duty. But this, we are told, arises from the fearful condition of the modern world. The intertangled wickedness of the past has at length blocked the way of righteousness. Isaiah’s wayfaring man—the “man-in-the-street” of former times—could not miss the path. But that was long ago. The way “is no longer open” (p. 54).

Life no doubt is paradoxical. But it should be a point of modesty to reflect how much of this paradox depends on our point of view and means of outlook. To solve every problem by throwing it back on the nature of things is easy. But in support of this ancient coloration of the universe Sir Henry Jones gives us a definition of tragedy which, it must be confessed, is new. Remarking that by reason of the closed way “the present condition of Europe is to the last degree tragical,” he adds that “tragedy consists in just such

a confusion in the moral world and contradiction between its elements."

What is tragedy? To Seneca it seemed that a virtuous man struggling with adversity was a spectacle for the gods. If we are to understand virtue, let us proceed, as Aristotle or a naturalist would do, from specimens. A certain man is virtuous. Like Job, he clings to his integrity though he die for it. To him arrives (say) a philosophic moralist, who tells him that the path of rectitude, by some moral convulsion, is closed. You simply cannot, says the moralist, *be* virtuous. We know the reply of the virtuous man. The tragedy does not consist in his admitting defeat; no, not though even God and the nature of things *seem* to turn against him. He preserves his own nature. He is a *virtuous* man, and he dies in his humble integrity. Thus he vindicates man's freedom, and the spectacle exalts our minds. His failure is success.

Such is real tragedy. There is another example of tragedy in Macbeth, whose success is failure. In either case "the moral law is one," as Sir Henry Jones, in quite another and a wrong sense, observes. The truth (as we all know in our hearts) is that the path of righteousness never is closed. The closing of the path of righteousness, were it possible, would be no tragedy, but a contemptible universal farce; comparable with the humorist's conception of a George Washington unable, by some mere physical or accidental disability, to tell a lie. The moral world is a world of freedom: freedom in the deepest sense of the word—the freedom of Man. Thus is the "Son of Man" (to employ the scriptural phrase) free; in other words, humanity cannot be conceived without this attribute.

The tragedy of Macbeth does not arise because, by some convulsion in the moral world, he has no alternative but to murder the King. It arises precisely because he *has* an alternative, and declines it. It is the vindication not the destruction of eternal moral law which makes the tragedy—vindication by the soul-death of Macbeth, upon which, and

not upon the bodily death of Duncan, our interest accordingly fastens. So true is it that the essence of tragedy is always the vindication of high spiritual principle, that it has been observed that *Romeo and Juliet*, wherein the vindication by the protagonists is never in doubt, is hardly a tragedy at all, except in the newspaper contents-bill sense, but rather is a splendid and even gay triumph. Juliet's family demonstrated that the only path really open to her was to marry the County Paris. A modern-novel heroine might have accepted this solution, and to an extent caught our pity and sympathy. But this is not the Elizabethan note, *Mors ante Dedecus*, our sympathy enlisted, not for a vivisected animal, but for the immortal and invincible soul of a woman.

It is strange that so elementary a proposition should have to be defended. But we live in strange times. The Jew of the heroic age could see that righteousness was not only praiseworthy, but was life. To say that righteousness is often impossible, has often to be diluted and adulterated and compromised with, and that (in short) you can best serve God “by taking the Devil into partnership”—this is the modern error now come to a head, the error of the militant suffragette, of the professional politician, of the clergyman who does not believe his *Credo*, and of the modern world in general. Prussia, with Prussian thoroughness, has placed itself in the front rank of this service, and reduced the thing to absurdity, announcing in effect that the State devises your morality for you, and that, in short, there *is* no righteousness save what Krupp makes.

But whereas Prussia says: “Might makes right; only do a thing strongly enough, and its very success makes it moral,” Sir Henry Jones says in effect: “The wrong thing is evermore wrong, but in this case you are not free to do other; and your conscience approves your course.” Prussia is at least consistent. Prussia is also (in a sense) human—because neoprehistoric. But it cannot help us to defeat the new German philosophy of outrage if we adopt as our religion a casuistic

form of the same thing, a form which makes us a Janus Bifrons, a divided personality saying Yes and No to the question whether war is just. We are facing a system which, however deluded, is frankly brutal, and possessed with no doubts. Different answers to questions about the morality of war would have been given by the profound yet simple leaders of thought and action in seventeenth-century England. Oliver Cromwell would have differed from George Fox. But assuredly neither would have said (for it comes to this): "War is both right and wrong. There is a cataclysm somewhere in the moral world. My action [in fighting, or in abstaining from fighting] is anomalous but forced." Both would have got a foothold beyond logic, and therefore beyond paradox. Both could not have been right, but both would have been human in the noblest sense, and free; and in some larger synthesis, which God alone knows, maybe their lives are justified.

Let me attempt a brief estimate of what the war means, and a brief statement of two possible attitudes towards it.

Most of us only began to learn the meaning of the war after it had commenced. The very fact that the sort of German philosophy which has led up to the war is subsidised philosophy, the product of literary slaves who dare not touch with the human intellect the thing that pays and drills them, and who have sold their Ithuriel-spears for a mess of sauerkraut, has made it poor in quality, and therefore somewhat neglected here. These remarks do not apply to Nietzsche. Nietzsche's works have long been well known in England, and in many respects he stands quite apart from and above the mass of pedants and militarists who have attached their barnacles to his pirate-ship. Now that these pedants and militarists, without a touch of Nietzsche's distracted genius, have succeeded in hypnotising their nation to its forlorn enterprise, we read their books as a laborious duty, and become acquainted, for the first time, with the exponents of a culture that would have incurred the scorn

of Goethe, and the prophets of a religion that would have been blasted by the invective of Luther. We could never have believed before that anyone in this age would have been so stupid as to proclaim the strongest the arbiter of morality. We thought that when Socrates so amusingly made mincemeat of the thesis of Thrasymachus—that “justice is the interest of the stronger”—we thought that this really juvenile error was killed and done with for ever, amongst rational adults in the world of intellect. But it is not done with. By some fearful degeneration it has arisen again, and with arms in its hands, and would impose on the world the Superman in the form of the non-moral State. Only beings whose light has gone out, creatures to whom the spiritual stars are no longer clearly visible, could have been tricked into this sinister crusade, being led to associate it with patriotism and high feelings. For of course the State is *not* necessarily “the highest moral being in the world.” So much depends on whether it is a good State or a bad. There is nothing magic in the word “State.” To Treitschke, to Bernhardt, and to others who worship it, one feels inclined to reply as Trinculo did in speaking of Caliban: “A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.” State-worship is an idolatry profitable to its professional ministrants, but comparable with the church-worship which in its decadence our ancestors flung off in the name of God, and for the sake of the highest values, the values essential to a *human* life. Treitschke is but the Machiavelli of a debased Protestantism, and Prussianism is but the Teutonic analogue of Jesuitism.

And in fact the world-tragedy which we are witnessing to-day is *the death of Protestantism*. Not for a moment do I imply by this any rejuvenescence of Catholicism. I mean that the great world-phase which began with the Reformation is nearing its end—in unspeakable holocaust; in vast dissolution; and yet, like the labouring ocean in the sublime image of Schiller: “as if striving to *bring forth another sea*.” What new thought-forms are emerging I will not here try to say.

It will be enough for the present to note that essentially the European war marks the crisis of the practical Atheism with which not Germany alone, but all the nations of Europe, despite their various religious forms, have this many a year been permeated. From every pulpit resounds the trite denunciation of the Might is Right doctrine. But is not this the very doctrine that has long been dear to the *secret* heart of all sorts and conditions of churches and men? This has been secretly in our religion, our politics, our business many a year—the theory that, after all, the power to do a thing justifies its being done, good or ill. Germany alone, unworthy heir of the great Protestant tradition, has brought out this theory logically, brazenly, openly, and as a law of the Universe. Which it by no means is. God therefore will “break down the house that He builded not”—a phrase of Cromwell’s holding his formula of human history; for the times and histories of men, he said, were nothing but this sort of building and destruction. The new German house will be broken down because a deep instinct teaches humanity that neither the State nor any other figment ought in the highest things to come between the individual and God, and that any such intervention destroys the sacred fibre of humanity itself—yes, and may even cast it irretrievably into beasthood. The State, if it is to subsist, must subsist on individualities, not on the mash of individualities; on men, not on cannon-fodder. When Treitschke tells us that “man must not only be ready to sacrifice his life, but also the natural deeply rooted feelings of the human soul” to patriotism, he shows that he does not understand the soul.

Just as the prime value of the Puritan revolt was found to be, not any particular theological dogma, but civil and religious liberty, so to-day men, if they are to continue men, will achieve, as the indispensable basis of life and progress, a clear field free from the blighting control of predatory pedants, officials, and dynasties—or at least are compelled, by a law of their being, ever to strive in that direction. A Protestantism which has

long been bankrupt, unable to absorb or reconcile with itself the new lights of criticism and science, unable to see that the old truths are all true in a higher sense, and therefore unable to keep from falling into agnosticisms and atheisms on the one hand or Neo-Romanism on the other, of all which the concomitant in the practical world is government by the imitation Superman wanting in brains for the part—such a Protestantism is foredoomed. We are reminded, however, of Luther's epigram :

“Pestis eram vivus, moriens ero mors tua, Papa,”

which may perhaps be translated :

“Poor Pope, I, living, often made you rue,
And dying, I shall be the death of you.”

Luther, to-day, is dying. His Germany is far from being even wholly Protestant; on the troop-trains one sees scrawled in chalk, “One God, one Kaiser, one Pope,” and German statecraft is profoundly influenced by the Catholic vote. Inoculated with the virus of her old foe, as well as smitten with old age, Protestant Germany is dying. But her death, which signalises, broadly speaking, the defeat of armed Agnosticism, the destruction of the last formidable phase of degeneration which has ensued on the lapse of the faith of the Reformation, will, it seems to me, be followed by a revival, in new forms, of faith and intellect, a revival which has hitherto been prevented by Nietzscheism and all its petty but fatal microbial derivatives, but which will have fatal effects on the older European beliefs as soon as it comes into power. “Moriens ero mors tua, Papa.”

How necessary it is to the self-respect and independence of publicists, and the safety of the public, to get State-interference out of the way, is illustrated by the German misrepresentation about colonies. To this fiction, which in brief is, *that Germany has no “place in the sun,” must get a “place in the sun,”* etc., Sir Henry Jones (p. 60) has evidently fallen a victim, for he suggests that Germans did not hold “that they must be content without it,” but that someone else must be ousted. The fact is that, in German South-West Africa,

Germany has a colony equal in size to her European dominions, and in German East Africa a colony twice the size, both colonies, in spite of all official denials, being largely cultivable and suitable for Europeans. Germany *already* has her "place in the sun." But of course the word of command from Potsdam has drilled the writers of books. That complacent pedant von Bernhardi, in *The Next War*, has the effrontery to say that Germany "came off badly" in the partition of Africa, and "had to be content with some modest strips of territory"—the said modest strips being actually three times as large as Germany itself. Similarly, in Prince von Bulow's *Imperial Germany* the extent of the colonies is scarcely alluded to. A delusional *Schwärmerei* has been ordered, and carried out. The object is obvious. Not colonisation, but the acquisition of colonies, is the trade of the military clique. The German artisan is not encouraged to colonise. He is forced to fight. Too base to see that the greatness and welfare of their nation, as of ours, depend nowadays upon an enlightened policy of emigration, the existing rulers have regarded war itself as the spring of life. They are answered. Hecatombs—most pitiful—attest the folly. The drill-sergeant has got into the student's library with threats, and the student has been a coward. The result, the unsounded depths of horror and profanation, are on many a battlefield. Where there is no vision the people perish.

There are two attitudes of mind towards the war which avoid the paradox of Sir Henry Jones.

The first is the pacifist attitude. Such an attitude has been ably stated in different ways by George Fox the Quaker, by Leo Tolstoy, and by many both aforetime and to-day; and their reasons against all war apply against participating in the present conflict, which is not different in kind from other wars. If we get rid, as far as possible, of theological terms and contemporary dogmas, the pacifist case may perhaps to-day be stated somewhat in this wise:

Man is imperfect. He was designed after an ideal, but he falls daily from the standard. Yet on striving constantly after this ideal his whole manhood depends. Why, when, or how he has fallen, what philosophically is the meaning of this strange depravation in a created being which all tribal legends attest, I know not: the fact itself is obvious. But his safety consists in making straight for the archetype of himself at every moment. The first Adam, says the theologian, was not fallen at first, but afterwards fell; and the second Adam (Christ) is to raise him up again to the first, the perfect state.—Historically this may be fiction. Eternally it is truth. Something teaches us that we were made for peace, not war. The religious realisation of this (not the Norman-Angell logic of it, which will never stop the firing of a shot) “brings us off from outward wars” so that we are “dead to them.” Our fights will then be mental and spiritual. We shall see that the disarray of the internal man is what causes external wars, and that only the restoration of inner order can put an end to them.

To this it is commonly objected that “if we lay down our arms the Germans will walk over us,” etc. The case here supposed is that of the unanimous conversion of England to Quakerism, and the unanimous obduracy of the Germans. It is idle to discuss such hypotheses. Let us deal with facts. Tolstoy was a non-resister in Russia. The result of his teaching has been, not to disarm Russia, but to permeate all the nations now belligerent with his own principles, so that a respectable minority of Tolstoyans exists in each nation. Continue this process, and you have the dawn of universal peace. On the other hand, war begets war, and the *levée en masse* of a revolutionary France eager for fraternity has begotten universal conscription. The non-resister runs risks. He may die—many have already been put to death in this war—for refusing military service. But no one ever yet contended that the soldier runs no risks. It is—in the lowest aspect—a question of method. Let us add, without approach-

ing the awful questions of religion, that there is a science of telepathy, mostly unknown and largely imperfect, which may one day teach us the value of the internal and spiritual, showing that the causation of wars is far other than we think, and has no vital relation with diplomacy.

The second attitude of mind I will not comment upon, but merely quote, from the example of a friend, a Territorial soldier. My friend is a labouring man, who enlisted long before the war. His turn of mind is religious, and some twelve months ago he began to have doubts as to the moral rightness of war. Though by no means a text-worshipper, and though acquainted with some broad results of modern Biblical criticism, he dwelt much on the text, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." These thoughts continued after the outbreak of the war. His condition as an enlisted man was difficult. At length the regiment were sent to guard a British possession oversea. He wrote to me for papers and particulars about the causes of the war. I supplied them. As to his doubts, I advised him—but it was always a common maxim between us—simply to look to God. Later he wrote to me that he had read about the atrocities in Belgium, and had learned something of the nature of German philosophic Atheism. He conceived it was necessary to take up a position about it all. To do nothing was to act. Consequences flowed from every attitude. The surgeon takes the line of least evil. He wished now to fight, and to go to France. "Vengeance belongs to God," he wrote; "then we are God's instruments." A storm had occurred over the Eastern seas where he was, and the whole sky over the enormous spaces flamed and worked like a furnace. "The Kaiser's artillery," he wrote, "is nothing to the lightnings of God."

EDWARD WILLMORE.

PENARTH.

THE UNITY OF CIVILISATION.

F. S. MARVIN.

A TIME of fierce and widespread animosity, of immeasurable destruction by multitudes of men of the lives and possessions of others, "the greatest war since the Roman Empire," makes one turn eagerly, but with some apprehension, to those ideas of the progress and growing unity of mankind which have been the inspiration of so much work and hope for the last hundred and fifty years of European history.

Are we to give them up? Are we to dismiss them to the region of beautiful but practically unattainable ideals? Or should we restate them with increased emphasis on neglected factors, and with warning to ourselves and others against dangers that are now apparent, and an optimism which will increase the danger, if our faith is not active, well-grounded, and forearmed.

To the present writer the choice seems clear. The disasters which are upon us are largely due to the fact that the idea of the underlying unity of interest, of culture, and of ultimate aim between the nations of Europe has not yet sunk deeply enough into the Western mind. Rather than discourage us or upset our faith, the conflict should be seized upon as an opportunity for reasserting strongly the grounds on which the faith rests. Let the Great Fire clear away some at least of the causes of the Great Plague, and enable us to rebuild more firmly and more healthily on the site which fate has given us and where we needs must live together for worse or for

better. That Europe, especially its western portion, is essentially a commonwealth ; that, though our acts may for the time savagely contradict the truth, yet the common forces are permanent and must steadily grow and subdue the disruptive passions of envy, suspicion, and dislike,—this is the thesis which it behoves us now above all to proclaim and to establish.

It is not only that vast bodies of men believe in and desire this unity ; though this is a fact of the highest moment. The fundamental truth beneath and above this is the growing unity of the process of human evolution itself. Fuller individuality in the members, closer unity in society as a whole,—these are the two aspects of progress which, since Kant first clearly discriminated and connected them, have been seen to sum up a multitude of historical particulars which the human mind has somehow to arrange in an intelligible order. And a considerable part of our present troubles must be attributed to the fact that the historians, those who know most about the particulars, have as a rule set their faces against the introduction of the great governing ideas which alone can reduce the multitudinous particulars to that order which any purpose in the world, either human or divine, must imply.

Kant gave us in 1784, with all the certainty of his philosophical insight and the cautious reservations due to the complexities of the problem, a first sketch of such an ordered sequence in human affairs. He started from the essential dualism of the process. The powers of man can only be developed by individual striving, and this striving involves conflict both between single members of every community and between communities as units. But on the other hand the fulness of man's powers can only be attained in community-life, and the communities themselves are completed by a community of the whole. The life, therefore, of every individual and of every short span of human history finds its meaning and purpose in a conception of the whole which Kant treats as a plan of Nature or Providence. Such is our necessary conclusion when we consider the nature of man *a priori*. When we

turn to history, we can detect the plan at work, but only in snatches, with frequent set-backs and by obscure bypaths, leading in the end to the great common goal, but often lost to sight in the tangle of conflicting motives. But "even in the play of human freedom Nature does not proceed without a plan and end in view: and though we are too short-sighted to detect the mechanism of her transformations, yet the conception of her plan must be our clue, which will reduce the aggregate of otherwise purposeless actions, at least in the mass, to a system. So starting from the Greeks, who preserve and make credible to us all earlier and contemporary history, we pass on to the Romans, who incorporated in their larger unity the city-state of the Greeks, and we regard the invasions of the barbarians and the history of later nations as episodes in the regular constitutional progress of our western European world, which to all appearances will govern the development of the rest of human kind. . . . If we add to this political development the progress in arts and sciences which on a broad view may be seen to accompany it, we shall gain not only an explanatory clue to past history which would otherwise be a confused and disconnected tangle, but also some confidence that in the future all the germs of good which Nature has implanted in mankind may at last find their earthly realisation."¹

A little span, Kant admits, of the great course of human evolution, which unfolds itself before us as the course of the heavenly bodies, has been unfolded; but though a little—just as the movements of the solar system are infinitesimal compared with the mass of the material universe of which they are a part—it is perhaps enough to establish a law which, if true, would be the strongest possible support to a humanity dreaming of strength and happiness in unity, and yet constantly cast down by apparent contradictions and temporary reverses.

Since Kant wrote, his little span has been enlarged at both ends by a somewhat similar process, and it is of the highest importance to re-state and confirm his first sketch of a law of

¹ Kant, *Idea for a Cosmopolitan Universal History*.

human progress in the light of the fuller knowledge which science has shed both on the earliest and latest stages of civilisation.

As to the earliest stage, the period of primitive culture,—before, let us say, man had begun to establish large empires over his fellow-men,—the science of anthropology has enormously enlarged and illuminated the field. On this primitive period Kant, while his philosophical analysis is correct, is driven, by want of facts and theological presuppositions, to a meagre and difficult reconciliation of Rousseau and the earlier chapters of Genesis. For us, it is hardly too much to say, as Lord Bryce pointed out the other day to the International Congress of Historical Studies, that anthropology has established the unity of the human family and changed the centre of gravity of history from politics to civilisation. The similarity of the earliest stages in civilisation in all parts of the world, the fact that small groups of men held together and triumphed over animal races vastly their superiors in physical strength, and over unparalleled hardships and assaults of nature, all this points to a unity and force in our primitive forefather which must largely modify the picture of warring units which Kant and Rousseau presented to us as the first page of history. Kant saw that the growth of unity was the leading note in human evolution, but he exaggerated the original conflicting elements. We now see that mutual aid and similarities in development were from the first stronger factors than had been imagined until anthropology opened the record of primitive progress. And on the general conception of what history means the spread of anthropology is even wider in its effects, comparable to the Copernican - Newtonian revolution in celestial mechanics. Just as in the seventeenth century men suddenly became aware that the earth and the whole solar system were but an item in a material whole, immeasurable in extent, but strictly measurable in movement, so in this last age we have come to regard history not as the chronicle of certain doings

of a few outstanding individuals and groups of men in comparatively recent times, but as the record of man's achievements as a whole, since man was man. The longer and wider the view, the more prominent the common, harmonising features in the record will appear, and the more attention must inevitably be given to those factors in human nature which have the widest range. Great men and leading nations will still stand out in the foreground; but those will be the greatest who have taken the largest share in promoting the general movement towards human progress of which the full recognition is the characteristic discovery of the modern age.

Kant could discern but a "small span." Anthropology has extended it indefinitely into the recesses of pre-history; and in the latter stage in which we live, a change is spreading over our conceptions of history which chimes in significantly with the leading notes of anthropology. A real identity comes in view between the earliest and latest stages in the evolution, and from the simplest manifestations of human intelligence in the savage we are learning something as to the purport and methods of advance in the vast complex of thought and organisation which now encircles the globe. History in the fullest sense is seen to be the history of civilisation, which must embrace and explain all partial histories; and to determine the nature of this process we are driven, as in other subjects, to the study of origins.

Happily, though the problem is infinitely complex in its details, it is not difficult to apprehend the main outlines of its solution. One presupposition only is necessary, which we have already made in these pages. It must be assumed that we are tracing the development of one interconnected being, that history is of humanity as a whole and not of self-sufficient, independent units, whether individual men, nations, or movements. If this be granted, the rest follows. If not, is history, is life itself worth pursuing? What hope, what purpose would there be, to any distant vision, in the world of General

Bernhardi? But if we assume, as the Stoics assumed, as the Christian Church has always preached, as the greatest modern prophets have foreseen, from Pascal and Turgot, from Kant and Goethe to this day, that man is born for ultimate unity and that all real progress consists in an approach to it, then a clear principle appears of which we can understand the roots and by which we may judge the tendency and the validity of all the isolated movements in history. The roots of such a process are intelligible. For, looking at human nature as the psychologists analyse it, we discover three aspects in an ascending scale of generality, viz. effort, emotion, knowledge. Effort—creation, activity—has in itself no generalising element. It is an individual thing, capable, however, of indefinite control by the higher forces in man which bring him into communion with other men. Emotion is the first and fundamental link with other beings. In the form of the mother's love and the comradeship of members of a small group of men, it is intense, congenital, and permanent. But it must always be graduated by distance and intimacy of relation. If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love the stranger whom he hath not seen? Sympathy and love are, however, capable of actual extension and become the real link of humanity to the multitudes who are incapable of the more perfect but more abstract unity of knowledge. And the growth of sympathy is one of the broad historical facts on which those who are concerned with progress in history must lay most stress.

The third aspect of human nature, however, knowledge or cognition, is that which most distinctly characterises man and forms the most perfect link between the different members of a united humanity. The "human prerogative" of reason is, of course, a commonplace; the essentially social character of reason has not, however, been sufficiently realised. Science or systematic knowledge is, like language, the expression and agent of human unity and advance, and the surest index of history as progress. Yet, from the absence of all reference to

scientific progress in ordinary histories, one might conclude that collective and ordered knowledge belonged to beings in another planet. Not only the "dismal science," but all science is banished to Saturn by historians—the dominant school,—who tell us¹ that Newton was Master of the Mint, and omit the fact that he discovered the greatest law of nature yet known to us and the greatest instrument of human thought as yet achieved. But from that other distant world stray thinkers, such as the late W. K. Clifford, signal to us that this other thing, of which the political historians will tell us nothing, is in point of fact the very thing we are in search of—human progress itself. "When the Roman jurists applied their experience of Roman citizens to dealings between citizens and aliens, showing by the difference of their actions that they regarded the circumstances as essentially different, they laid the foundations of that great structure which has guided the social progress of Europe. That procedure was an instance of strictly scientific thought. When a poet finds that he has to move a strange new world which his predecessors have not moved; when, nevertheless, he catches fire from their flashes, arms from their armoury, sustentation from their footprints, the procedure by which he applies old experience to new circumstances is nothing greater or less than scientific thought. When the moralist, studying the conditions of society and the ideas of right and wrong which have come down to us from a time when war was the normal condition of man and success in war the only chance of survival, evolves from them the conditions and ideas which must accompany a time of peace, when the comradeship of equals is the condition of national success, the process by which he does this is scientific thought and nothing else. Remember, then, that it is the guide of action; that the truth which it arrives at is not that which we can ideally contemplate without error, but that which we may act upon without fear; and you cannot fail to see that scientific thought is not an

¹ S. R. Gardiner, *Student's History*.

accompaniment or condition of human progress, but human progress itself.”¹

This was written forty-two years ago, but it would be hard to gather from text-books and syllabuses and examination questions, that the truth which it expresses has made any way since in the current conception of history, at any rate in England. No doubt certain more philosophical writers are aware of the truth, and great works of reference, such as the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*, tell us that all subjects will be treated historically. But the professional “historians” go on their way undisturbed. Even so enlightened and learned a writer as Mr G. P. Gooch gives us a monumental volume on *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century* without mentioning any branch of history except politics, war, and institutions, and then complains at the end of it that in the period under review little progress has been made in the philosophy of history. It is to shut your eyes on the mountain-top and then complain of the want of view.

Nothing in the whole range of history is so amazing as this apparently impassable gulf between the two points of view as to its purpose and content. W. K. Clifford, and the men of science, who tell us that “scientific thought is not an accompaniment or condition of human progress, but human progress itself”; Mr Gooch, who reads and gives us a summary of the work of every historian in Europe for over a hundred years, except of those who deal with scientific thought, “which is human progress itself.” Who can deliver us from such a dilemma?

Kant with a difference, is the answer our argument suggests, the difference being an added emphasis on the social and scientific evolution which was not so fully revealed in Kant’s day, either in its earliest or its latest phase. The main stream of history is the growth of a world-community of men, but not one resting primarily on political action or aiming at

¹ W. K. Clifford, *Lectures and Essays*, “On the Aims and Instruments of Scientific Thought.”

any form of political unity. The title of Kant's work, from which a quotation was made above, suggests the limitation which needs to be corrected. It is called a sketch of universal history from the "cosmopolitan" point of view. It is cosmopolitan, or world-civic, because the political association of men seemed to him, as to many later thinkers, of supreme importance. In the same spirit Mr A. E. Zimmern, in his recent brilliant work on the *Greek Commonwealth*, described the city-state as the greatest contribution of the Greeks to civilisation. In each case, there is from our present point of view a higher and more permanent form of human synthesis. Every word which Mr Zimmern says of the city-state may be perfectly true, and yet the construction of Greek science and philosophy will far surpass it in value to humanity. We sympathise to the full with Kant's esteem for the social spirit which built up the state, and we look forward with him to a final period of world-peace based on the union of self-respecting and independent communities. But we can see that there is a stronger link than the political, bonds that will hold men and generations together though empires crash and states destroy themselves in paroxysms of hatred and conflict. This true and permanent bond is the community of all mankind in the structure of thought which has arisen from the free interaction of men's minds in all the periods of their growth, and rides supreme above all differences of colour or nation, climate, government, or age.

This may sound transcendental, and it may be asked what real or useful relation a thing so sublime can have to the actual conditions of the world in which we live and die, and fight and suffer. Greece may again supply an analogy. The Greek states disappeared in the second century B.C. before the conquering Romans. But Greek men of science were observing and thinking in Rhodes, Athens, and Alexandria long after their political sun had set. Their work became part of the fabric of social unity which the Roman incorporation of Greece induced; and many of their ideas helped to build up the body

of Christian doctrine, which Semitic thinkers, overshadowed for the time by warring empires, had initiated in the eighth century in the smallest of Eastern nations. If this was true two thousand years ago, when science was in its infancy, how much more must it be the case now, when the organisation of science has become international, and when by alliance with industry and invention it has multiplied a millionfold the power of man over nature and his fellow-man?

This immense extension of the volume and power of science since Kant's time has altered the centre of gravity of society, and must therefore alter both the matter and the method of history, which is the record of social change. The methods are altered in so far as history becomes itself a branch of science in the widest sense. Such Clifford would undoubtedly have called it, using science in the sense of the passage quoted above, and most contemporary historians would consider themselves scientific in point of method. But it is rather the subject-matter of history which concerns us here. The growth of science and its applications, especially on the mechanical side, has been the most striking feature in the intellectual development of the last hundred years. This therefore must take its place in the foreground of the picture if history is to be in any sense adequate to the facts. How little this is the case at present has been already indicated, and the proof is abundant. Many books of general history deliberately and on principle set aside all consideration of matters not directly connected with law and politics, while others, which would admit the principle here contended for, attempt to satisfy it by detached and subordinate chapters on science and literature, art and industry. But nothing short of re-making the whole mould will really satisfy the case. The fact that, man being essentially a rational and social being, things of the mind, *i.e.* the collective mind, must take the first place in a record of his progress, is in itself a bald truism. The difficulty in the concrete problem is that the material is so enormous and complicated that it has never been digested, as a

whole. The most erudite historians have confined themselves to one or two aspects of the record, and erudition turns naturally to those things which are embalmed in state papers, town records, the correspondence of statesmen, collections of pamphlets, and the like. Heaven forbid that such labours should be belittled ! But if every historical writer in the country were buried for life in these, we might be still further than we are at present from realising the true forces which are moving the world, and their relative magnitude. For the errors of the present system are due not so much to want of knowledge as to want of judgment, and a mistaken point of view. In history as it is now commonly written and taught, there is a mass of insignificant and ephemeral fact and a preponderance beyond all reason of the political aspect in all its branches, dynastic, warlike, institutional, while matters of the widest and most profound moment are entirely and habitually ignored. It is written and taught as if the civic interest of men were coincident with the human, or at least were the only interest of history. So long as this arbitrary and irrational limitation persists, history must fail both to represent the truth and to fulfil its function as a branch of science in bringing together the various communities of mankind who are engaged in a common work, irrespective of national differences and divisions. For those matters which spring directly from man's common reason are also those most capable of universal application in ameliorating his life and strengthening his powers. The constitution and legal system of a country—though in these, too, unifying tendencies become more and more prominent—must to the end remain distinctive and national. But the science of biology is universal, and a new medical treatment based upon it is at once adopted everywhere, subject only to minor differences of race and climate, while the applications of physical science are absolutely unrestricted in their generality.

To sum up the question in the newer terms due to the spread of science in the nineteenth century, the historian must

admit the sociological point of view, while the sociologist will utilise to the full the results of scientific historical research on definite points. Unfortunately for the success of such a compact, the cry still goes up in certain quarters that "sociology" is no science; that there are no laws of social progress, that the honest worker will limit himself to the small field which he may hope by unremitting toil to conquer, and will leave the rest to others and to Universal Chance.

That little has been done in the way of disentangling the social interactions of the great changes which have taken place, is true enough. The harvest is great and the labourers are few. They would be more if the historian would consent to turn a glance on that side of the human evolution where progress is most clearly discernible. Knowledge, industry, invention, art,—in all these he barely notes the enormous advances that have been made, and then passes on to matters more suitable to detailed study and commemoration. But it is precisely these things that demonstrate the progress which is in question, that bring the masses of mankind together and make their common interests prominent. Take one definite and indisputable instance. There has been for the last two hundred years infinitely more science, more service to mankind, more internationalism, in engineering than in diplomacy; yet the former, which is a perfect example of ordered development and of the collective capacity of mankind, is completely ignored by the general historian and by superficial critics who deny any evidence for laws of progress, while the latter is studied in every detail, enshrined in countless volumes, and passes for the history of international relations.

As we get the perspective a little nearer right in this and similar cases, our outlook alters both towards the past, the present, and the future. Looking to the past, we feel a closer kinship with the myriads of early generations who built up the first structure of civilised life through the activity of the same forces which are still at work in their developed form. And in the brief span of historic centuries which intervenes

we trace with quite another interest the lines of communication which have ensured that the heritage of knowledge, sympathy, and collective effort has come down enlarged to our own day. History is seen as progress as soon as the growth of the common factors in humanity is realised. That this growth is real—has taken place and will continue—is as demonstrable as any other fact in the world of life and things. That we may delay and obstruct it, is equally patent, when men deliberately spend life and wealth in manufacturing hatred and means of destruction against other men. But towards the future this juster estimate of the social forces of the present and the past will give us an unconquerable hope. We shall see that beneath the turmoil of conflict, the outbreaks of savagery, and the just certainty of heavy retribution, there are uniting forces still at work, stronger than ever in the world, and a closer texture of international unity in science, commerce, and the arts of life which may be torn but cannot be destroyed. We shall no more believe that a great war can permanently or even long delay the onward march of the common cause and collective strength of mankind, than we can think that the loss of one or two great ocean liners will seriously check communication and transport round the globe. Science will grow and fellowship will spread. The temporary losses, the check to certain causes in certain places, will make the mass of men set their faces more firmly towards the light, and they will see that what man has achieved in the millenniums of his growth, often unconsciously, or against the odds of a hostile nature or a perverted human will, is a permanent and supreme thing, guiding and ruling us above the impulses of the individual agents or the passing hour.

There is a passage in Ranke, selected for special criticism by Lamprecht, which suggests quite shortly, almost incidentally, the point of view which, rightly understood and developed, must be the governing idea of such a conception of history as this article has maintained. Ranke, the foremost name among

political historians of the nineteenth century, was strongly influenced by the idealist traditions of Germany's heroic age. He was the greatest heir of Kant as universal historian. He is asking how¹ far a completely true history is possible, and answers that we need for it exact knowledge of (1) the particular moments, (2) the motives of the persons engaged, (3) their interaction,—the total force of the personalities and their reciprocal influence. But the final condition is that we consider the interaction of the whole (*das universales Zusammenhang*). "For the last resultant is sympathy, common knowledge of the whole" (*Das letzte Resultat ist Mitgefühl, Mitwissenschaft des Alls*). To Lamprecht this is pure mysticism, proof that Ranke's historical perspective is dominated by a spiritualist prepossession. But to others it may seem that the great master had here an intuition of the true unity of the whole historical process, that the particular actions with which history has mainly dealt have no final meaning unless we regard them as springing from, and tending to, the consummation of the forces of a growing humanity, a community realised by the spread of sympathy and of common knowledge among mankind. To this we tend, and by this we judge every agent and every act; and, looking back, we trace in the feeblest origins of our species the germs of those qualities and powers which are one day to make us completely men.

F. S. MARVIN.

¹ *Gesammelten Werke*, 53-54, p. 569.

THE SCIENTIFIC CLAIMS OF EUGENICS.

LOUIS TRENCHARD MORE,

Professor of Physics, University of Cincinnati.

By derivation, eugenics refers to good birth; and since the results of good birth may be counteracted by the subsequent life of the individual, a second science has been added currently under the title euthenics, which may be defined as the science of living well. For the sake of simplicity let us use the word eugenics to include this entire system of scientific ethics. And let us put out of our minds immediately the idea that the eugenists are concerned with the simpler problem of the well-being of the individual; like all avowed men of science, they attempt to deal with classes of phenomena. In this instance, the object is to mould the whole human race, with its immensely complex and diversified desires and actions, its egotisms and its sympathies, into a homogeneous society which shall progress toward a standard, previously determined, of a noble humanity. The reward to be expected by the individual who is born and lives well is that intense feeling of satisfaction which the eugenists say he would experience from the knowledge that the race as a whole is carried a little closer to a distant and vague goal of perfection because of his submission to the laws of eugenical righteousness.

We can now define the eugenists, if our ideas be correct, as a band of human beings who shall be the arbiters of right and wrong. This band must be a small and select body of superior beings: it must be small because it is difficult to find

even two persons who have the same standards; it must be select as there is at present no known way for a person to exercise a choice in his parents, and it will need judges of superior ability to pick out those who are worthy to be parents and to live. Parentage under eugenical guidance is certain to be a very serious matter, and I imagine that we should expect a rather large diminution in the human race for a few centuries until the system is running smoothly. At present, we cannot leave the regulation of life after birth, according to euthenic standards, to the ordinary person, because we should then not have euthenics at all, but the present haphazard society. So we must take it for certain that all people must be born and live according to the regulations of a band of superior human beings.

Having thus settled on the organisers or experimenters for this science, their next step will be to arrange the experiments and to carry them out. They will first, in order to work intelligently, decide what are the qualities of human perfection. I cannot discover that this has been done. There seems to be just as great diversity of opinion, among the eugenisists, in regard to what constitutes the perfect man, as there is among ordinary men. We meet so-called eugenic babies and euthenic adults, but as standards they are rather disappointing; in fact, they do not seem to be sufficiently differentiated from other people. Perhaps this is to be expected, for true eugenics is of slow growth. With the goal determined, the experimenters must then find some scientific way of propagating the race eugenically and of fixing and applying constraints or checks on our free manner of life which will make all individuals live euthenically.

If such a scientific method were practicable as a guide to ethics, it would seem to the writer, who has been trained in the logical science of Physics, that eugenics had a claim to the rank of a science. But it is a question whether such a system, minimising as it must the check of personal responsibility, would not fail because it would reduce society to a form of

intellectual slavery. So far the doctrines of modern eugenics have not shown the slightest indication of scientific method ; they are vague, and characterised by a lack of accurate thinking. Indeed, it is difficult to obtain an idea of what the eugenists aim to do or how they expect to work. Curiously enough, considering his lack of scientific training, it was Plato who saw the problem clearly and attempted a real solution. His doctrine, that every person desired to be born well and to live well if only he knew how, appeals to one as an explicit statement of eugenics. That is, if we could eliminate ignorance and regulate our passions, society would advance to an ideal state, and in his *Republic* Plato sketches such a polity in detail. The failure, for failure it was, came from his inability to define what ignorance is or how to check our passions. His ideal state is not only impracticable, but if adopted would result in political slavery.

If we examine somewhat in detail what is being done to make a science of eugenics and to apply it to regulate the affairs of men, we shall find that it is in no sense a science, and its methods are singularly unfitted to accomplish such a purpose.

In the first place, there are no judges who are accepted or likely to be accepted as having any unanimity of purpose or plan. Ethical systems, in the past, have been born in the heart and mind of a single man, who was recognised as one endowed with the power of righteousness and whose life had become an example. So necessary was it to have an example of perfection which should not be subject to the waywardness of human passions, that without exception all religions assign divine attributes to their founders. And in order to maintain the integrity and the unanimity of belief in even a sect, the rest of society, with its conflicting purposes, has always been explicitly banished from communion with the faithful.

The case of eugenics is quite different. To be a science it must deal with the race and not with individuals ; instead of a founder, to whom is ascribed divine or at least super-

human powers and who makes an appeal to sympathy, it must rely on a body of judges who appeal to law and reason, and who have discarded the powerful check of personal responsibility and personal reward. Instead of choosing individuals from society to form a more or less cohesive sect, the eugenists must constrain all individuals to forsake their personal desires, and must attempt to bind these heterogeneous units into a homogeneous race. And who are intellectually wise enough to be the arbiters of fate? The clinging of man to the idea of corporeal manifestations of divinity is a confession of the impotence of man to grasp the problem of humanity. Huxley stated this difficulty unanswerably long before eugenics came to life. He, the evolutionist and biologist, warns us: "I doubt whether even the keenest judge of character, if he had before him a hundred boys and girls under fourteen, could pick out, with the least chance of success, those who should be kept, as certain to be serviceable members of the polity, and those who should be chloroformed, as equally sure to be stupid, idle, or vicious. The 'points' of a good or bad citizen are really far harder to discern than those of a puppy or a short-horn calf; many do not show themselves before the practical difficulties of life stimulate manhood to full assertion. The evil stock, if it be one, has had time to multiply, and selection is nullified."

Instead of a sober and careful study, with a full realisation of the almost hopeless difficulties of the problem, we have a number of people, mostly of a very restricted outlook, who say with conviction that man is mentally defective, man is diseased, man is criminal. And, they add vaguely, these defects must be removed. But how is any one of these misfortunes to be remedied, or how are we to weigh or balance them? A man may be a criminal and otherwise a perfect physical creature; a man may be diseased and yet be intellectually and morally a giant; in fact, Lombroso—although his claim that great mentality is always associated with a diseased body is a monstrous doctrine—has shown that

some of those we most revere for their morality or intellect were diseased and quite unfit to be progenitors of the race. And these are only the simplest attributes of a good citizen to be considered.

So far eugenics has limited itself to an empty formula that only the fit should be permitted to have children. This battle-cry has been sung loudly, and it has gathered together a motley band who would interfere with the laws of nature and reform civilisation over-night. Although no one has any clear idea of what we are to be fitted for, who are the fit, or how the unfit are to be restrained—still, these enthusiasts industriously collect statistics which, for the most part, are undigested, or are drawn from questionnaires scattered broadcast and inviting inaccuracy, and frequently not even honest. Books also are written, and as an exposition of an ethical system they give the impression that the writers' loftiest aim is to turn the human race into a stock-breeding farm. The chief argument is that men can breed cattle, dogs, and plants eugenically but not themselves. But what an absurd attitude this is! The breeder of dogs and cattle stands in a relation to them much as a god would to us. Dogs and cattle are bred to bring into prominence some trait which will suit the purpose or pleasure of their master, not of their own. No one supposes that the monstrous nose of the pug dog or the inflamed liver of the Strassburg goose was developed with any regard to those unfortunate animals. The whole point has been missed. Man cannot be bred as we breed animals, because he has no recognised master. If we could be content to believe that the destiny of man is under divine control, we can have confidence; and if it is left to the rough methods of nature, which, sooner or later blot out the degenerate and the weakling, there is some possibility of hope that the race may advance to a better state.

In spite of much noise about the science of eugenics, the eugenists know that at most it is but a police regulation. Society has always assumed the right to protect itself by

isolating or by punishing, even with death, those it considers dangerous to its stability. The eugenists are advocating the same thing, and have so far limited their efforts to prevent children from criminals, imbeciles, drunkards, syphilitics, and the tuberculous. The methods of society to accomplish this safeguard have been crude, but they have been sufficiently effective to prevent any notable deterioration of the race, and it is safe to say there has been improvement. If the eugenists would try to improve the traditional methods to some extent, something might be done. But there is reason for believing that even this good is likely to be stifled by the outcries and rash heedlessness of the over-zealous.

To prevent the strains of disease, imbecility, and criminality from continuing in the race, we have the proposed surgical remedy of vesectomy. As an efficient preventative it must be a failure. No society would countenance such an operation except for cases of hopeless degeneracy. While it might reduce somewhat the number of degenerate offspring, we would still have the children of the less degenerate, who may inherit the weakness of the parent in an intensified form. No good arguments can be given against the more humane method of separation of the sexes in institutions. This method requires merely a reform in such institutions as already exist in order that their inmates may be provided with as free and useful a life as is consistent with their sequestration. The argument is frequently given that the cost of this method is great. But a strong and vigorous community may well blush at such a motive; certainly the care of its unfortunates is a solemn duty, and should be undertaken with as much solicitude as a man would shield a weakling child. And as for the plea that, after this operation, the individual loses only the power and not the desire to procreate, it strikes one as simply disgusting. Is it not giving a licence not only to the hopelessly degenerate, but also to the weakling and the self-indulgent, to be as foul as he pleases if only his sins end with himself? It would be far more manly, if the plan of isolation cannot succeed, to put

degenerate children and adults to death and at least preserve some self-respect for the dignity of human life.

Another plan proposed to promote eugenics is to rely on the legislator and the clergy to prohibit marriage, unless the contracting parties show certificates of fitness from a physician. Without the least consideration of what effect such a regulation would have, the state of Wisconsin has recently passed a law of this character. The result so far has been ridicule and a marked decrease in marriages in that state, as those wishing to be married prefer to migrate temporarily to adjoining states where they will not have to submit to such an absurd and humiliating examination. The absolute inability to carry out the purpose of such a law does not seem to have occurred to its promoters. If it were enforced over a wide area, the youth would certainly dispense with the *ceremony* of marriage rather than debase their ideals of love. And one can imagine the consternation of physicians if they were actually forced to decide when people were fit to marry. Very few of them have ever studied the laws of heredity, and those who have also know that the laws of heredity are so complex and so obscure that only a few extreme cases can be trusted. As Huxley said, the points of a good citizen are more difficult than those of a puppy or a short-horn calf.

A third class of eugenists consists of unbalanced social workers who sob over the sins of society and the innate purity of the harlot, who weep over the heartlessness of the law-abiding and the innate nobility of the criminal. So far as one can make out from their incoherent utterances, they wish to put all the sins of the individual on society, without comprehending that society itself consists of individuals. Whatever good they may accomplish, no one conversant with science will concede that they are advancing an ethic in conformity with scientific methods; for if science makes any one thing clear, it is that the actions of the individual must bring their reactions also on the individual.

Yet it seems to me that in eugenics there is a possible

good. If the advocates of good breeding—and everyone is that to some extent—will work quietly and systematically on the problems of heredity, if they will try to trace the effects of criminality and of disease on posterity, we shall have some trustworthy facts to work on. We may then hope to accomplish some more decent plan of isolating the worst of such cases than any we have now. And we are sure of the help of society itself, for we know that the human race contains the power of gradually eradicating defective stock; because if it did not possess this power, it would have degenerated long ago. But this natural process is slow, and if it can be accelerated and guided, eugenics will be valuable.

There are many of these patient and accurate investigators of the laws of heredity, but there are also unfortunately others, classed professionally as eugenists, whose methods are not so trustworthy. From their bureaus issue questionnaires which are spread broadcast. The statistics which result are mostly useless and often false, as they are given by untrained people. And they are especially obnoxious because they too frequently make a direct appeal to the morbid. Their so-called laws are based on insufficient evidence. Apparently the only two genealogies which have been worked out in America are the Jukes and the Edwards families. The first has shown itself to be an undesirable and the other a desirable strain. But, curiously enough, the first ancestress of each of these families in America was not a moral woman. It is sufficiently easy to look back and decide what characteristics were undesirable, but it is a very different thing to look forward and determine who should establish a family and who should not. Not even the most enthusiastic eugenists can hope to unravel the genealogies of more than a small proportion of families. And it would require accurate genealogies of practically all families, not only of their successive generations but also of the characteristics of its members, to settle whether a strain of immorality came simply from an excess of vitality or was the

result of degeneracy. What hope is there of obtaining such knowledge?

If eugenics presents a problem too complex for solution, its companion, euthenics, is an example of trying to assign to science a problem it has no means of solving. Science knows no method of constraining an individual to conduct himself so as to further the existence of a perfect race. The greatest difficulty in all ethical systems is to provide an efficient check on the passions. The strongest check is evidently the belief that disaster to oneself will result from disobedience of the laws of right conduct. And yet the man is rare who can by his will power refrain from those habits and passions which he knows to be injurious to himself or to those nearest and dearest to him. What more ineffective system of ethics could be imagined than euthenics, which bases its claim on the plea that a man should so live that the race may move forward to some unknown goal of perfection? And he is not even to have the satisfaction of seeing the progress of the race, as little improvement is to be expected for many generations.

The average man is too busy with his own concerns even to consider those of a distant posterity, of whose needs he can know nothing. He is convinced that future generations cannot be controlled by him, and that they must solve their own problems; and he is also conscious that he is not altogether degenerate, although he is the result of a long line of careless ancestors, heedless of him and ignorant of eugenics and euthenics. However traits of heredity may affect immediate posterity, it must be recognised as a general principle that the race has attained a normal development which can change but slightly and very slowly: disease and vice must disappear just as abnormal excellences must decay. We find but little that is essentially different in moral characteristics between ourselves and the persons who formed the ancient civilisations. The eugenists forget that the great majority of all men, and a still greater majority of those of influence, lead for the most

part decent, law-abiding lives, and this quiet and unobtrusive power of example is far more potent for righteousness than a propaganda led by enthusiastic eugenists.

Side by side with the doctrine that human sympathy is the controlling factor of ethics—and this belief is evidently the basis of eugenics—there has always persisted the contrasted doctrine that the state of man is one of warfare, a survival of the fit. This school evidently relies on a law of natural evolution based on the motive of egotism. It is evidently another phase of humanitarianism. I use the term humanitarianism not to mean a philosophy of the love for humanity, but one based on human rather than on divine evidence. Of all those who have advanced this motive of egotism, none has stated it so explicitly or has made of it so complete a philosophy as the metaphysician Hobbes. "In the first place," he says, "I put forth, for a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death." It is not my purpose to follow this doctrine of egotism down to the present time, but it can be shown that Nietzsche, with his idea of the Superman, is the logical successor of Hobbes. Both the strength and the weakness of this form of philosophy have been summed up by a recent writer¹ in the following words:—

"Nietzsche regarded the self-assertive Superman as a true reaction against the prevalent man of sympathy, and as a cure for the disease of the age. That much of Nietzsche's protest against the excesses of humanitarianism was sound and well directed, I for one am quite ready to admit. He saw, as few other men of our day have seen, the danger that threatens true progress in any system of education and government which makes the advantage of the ordinary rather than the distinguished man its first object. He saw with terrible clearness that much of our most admired art is not art at all in the

¹ Those who desire to follow this conflict between egotism and sympathy to its present phase should read the essay on Nietzsche by Paul Elmer More in his *Shelburne Essays*, eighth series.

higher sense of the word, but an appeal to morbid sentimentality. But the cure Nietzsche proposed for these evils was itself a part of the malady. The Superman, in other words, is a product of the same naturalism which produced the disease it would counteract; it is the last and most violent expression of the egotism, or self-interest, which Hume and all his followers balanced with sympathy, as the two springs of human action."

A curious feature of the discussions which have arisen about these new systems of scientific ethics is that almost no attention is paid to the fundamental question whether the deductions of science are suitable to serve as an ethical principle for society; or even whether science, except indirectly, concerns itself with character at all; yet character, or the judging between right and wrong, is necessarily the essence of all systems of ethics. Now I think it is evident that the pursuit of science has for its aim to acquire power; that is, we seek through science to learn the facts of nature and to interfere with natural forces so as to make them serve man's desires. As an illustration of the mixture of truth and fallacy, which is typical of many who advocate scientific ethics, consider this statement of a writer on genetics which merely reflects a widespread opinion: "Human civilisation goes hand in hand with the degree of successful interference which man exerts upon the natural forces surrounding him." The truth of this statement lies in the correct view that the purpose of scientific inquiry is not only to discover the forces of nature but to interfere with them so as to increase man's dominating power; the falsehood consists in assuming that civilisation is based on, or even necessarily runs with, power. Everyone knows that power may make for evil as efficiently as for good; the ethical standard of a civilisation depends on the will of the individuals, who form a society, to choose between right and wrong. To deny this, is to refuse the attributes of the noblest civilisation to Jesus, to Buddha, to Socrates, each of whom was quite ignorant of science and lived in times when men exerted

themselves but little to interfere with natural forces. Nor could we to-day, in the midst of an earnest scientific endeavour, deny that a civilisation higher than our own would be possessed by a community formed of men like to these.

While it seems certain to me that eugenics is neither a science nor a practicable system of ethics, and that science is not of itself concerned with ethics, it is just as certain that in science we have our most efficient agent in acquiring power by modifying our environment. And if this power is regulated properly according to the example and precept of lofty character, it must be considered as one of the most important factors in the advancement of civilisation.

LOUIS TRENCHARD MORE.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A PHYSIOLOGIST'S VIEW OF LIFE AND MIND.

D. NOEL PATON,

Professor of Physiology in the University of Glasgow.

WE are at present too prone to pride ourselves upon the extent of our knowledge, and to forget that, when compared with the vastness of our ignorance, it is really infinitesimally small in amount. We are but settlers living in a small clearing in the midst of a dense and illimitable jungle of ignorance through which the sunlight of knowledge reaches us but dimly.

Into this jungle, it is true, investigators, equipped with the all too inadequate instruments of the senses, are pushing in some directions and are slowly widening our domain, slowly letting in broader beams of knowledge to illuminate our immediate surroundings, enabling us to see more distinctly the essential features of the land already cleared, and to project more certainly the future lines of attack which will still further widen our dominion.

Progress has been slow. Now in one direction, now in another. Often obstacles have been and are being encountered which, with the means at our disposal, we have had to recognise as unconquerable.

The early process of clearing has often had to be done blindly. Paths have had to be cut in different directions. The progress has rarely been straight, generally to and fro, now to this side, now to that, and, after much labour to right or to left, we have perhaps had to hew our way back to a point not far from that from which we started. Generally

we have thought ourselves to be on the right way, till it became apparent that the jungle in that direction was impenetrable, that advance was no longer possible, and that we must try some other route. Occasionally, sometimes quite suddenly, a thinning in the darkness at some point has shown where the real advance is to be made, and has called up the workers in neighbouring blind alleys to cut their way towards it and to join in the general advance.

Physical and chemical science has recently gained such a clearing, has enormously increased the extent of knowledge, and has widened our outlook manifold. The discovery that the atom is not the stable unit it was formerly supposed to be, and the demonstration of the possible liberation of energy in its disintegration in the marvellous phenomena of radioactivity, have changed our whole conception of matter and of energy and of their relations to one another.

Dare physiology yet venture to make a stride towards the solution of its fundamental problem? What is the essential difference between living things and dead things? Can the phenomena of the former be explained in terms of the physical and chemical processes which determine the condition and changes of the latter, or are these insufficient, and must other influence be postulated?

Of course it may be contended that changes of matter and energy as manifested in non-living matter are not explained by our present knowledge of chemistry and physics. But this is not the question under consideration.

The problem is: Do living things behave in a manner so different from non-living things that we are forced to conclude that there is a fundamental difference inexplicable by mere modification in the processes which, so far as we know them, govern non-living matter?

It seems to me that, in attempting to answer this question, we must in the first place deal with living matter in its simplest and least complicated form.

If it is found that the behaviour of such matter can be

explained in terms of ordinary physical and chemical processes, it will then become necessary to investigate how far, in the more complicated forms of living things, these same processes are a sufficient explanation, and to decide whether, at any point, it is necessary to take cognisance of some new factor, whether in this way the more complex living things differ fundamentally not only from non-living things, but from the simpler living things.

We say that a crystal of salt is not living although we have evidence that its molecules are in a constant turmoil of movement. We say that a yeast torula is living although even under the microscope it seems no more than a tiny mass of jelly enclosed in a capsule. But this tiny speck has something in it which makes it akin to the most complex of living organisms and compels us to call it living.

Under certain conditions, further molecules of salt will deposit on the crystal, and it will grow. Secondary crystals may form around it and the whole mass of substance may increase.

Under certain conditions the yeast torula will grow and finally divide and again divide till the whole mass has increased many thousandfold, each new unit becoming like its progenitors, just as each salt crystal is like those alongside of it.

In what does the difference consist?

The crystal may be decomposed into its constituent elements. Other dead materials may be oxidised, and in the process of oxidation liberate their latent energy. But this energy is lost to the substance.

The living matter of yeast may also break down and be oxidised and liberate energy. But in its case some of the energy so liberated is used to build non-living matter into living matter. The energy of breaking down, catabolism, is used for building up, anabolism. This is the essential and distinguishing character of living matter. It may be said that this implies the intervention of a directive intelligence. Perhaps it does. But no more than does the orderly behaviour of electrons or the equally wonderful and orderly emanations

of radium. If intervention occurs it is not peculiar to living as distinguished from dead matter. If it is not postulated in the one case it need not be postulated in the other.

How a substance with this property first arose on the face of the earth it is not my purpose at present to consider.

We know that the energy of the sun, either directly or stored up in the earth, has produced many combinations of the elements in the inorganic world, and if among these a compound of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, with this property of using the energy liberated in breaking down for building up, were once produced, a substance with the potentiality of developing all the innumerable properties of living matter would have come into existence.

The oxidation or the catabolism of such a substance to such simple combinations of its constituents as carbon dioxide and water should liberate a sufficient amount of energy to build up the same amount of these constituents into living matter.

But if substances more complex than these are available for the process of anabolism, or building up, *e.g.* such a substance as sugar $C_6H_{12}O_6$, the energy liberated in their combustion to carbon dioxide CO_2 and water H_2O would be sufficient to build an increased amount of living matter—the energy available for increase being the difference in the potential energy of sugar on the one hand and the CO_2 on the other.

A substance with these properties has the potentiality of increasing indefinitely—its increase being limited by the extent of catabolism on the one hand and by the supply of complex substances as food, as the source of energy and material for construction, on the other.

It has been calculated that a single paramoecium—a small infusorian visible only under the microscope—would, under favourable conditions of food supply, in one year form a mass of protoplasm the size of the earth.

Such a material is dependent upon its surroundings, dependent upon the heat energy of the sun which leads to its catabolism, and dependent also upon the supply of food. As

any particle of it grows in size the decrease of surface to the mass at once limits the possibility of an adequate food supply and leads to a want of proportion between the breaking-down and building-up changes. Its growth beyond a certain point is suicidal. Hence, only if alterations in the internal processes lead to such changes that the mass, when it reaches a certain size, breaks up into two or more separate parts, continued growth is possible. The production of such division is not difficult to understand, when it is remembered that the surface tension—that skin of greater resistance at the surface bounding the unit from its surroundings, and giving it individuality—is modified by the chemical condition, and that the conversion of larger into smaller molecules may so decrease the surface tension as to lead to such a division. It is a phenomenon which may be demonstrated in non-living matter, *e.g.* when a drop of camphor dissolved in alcohol is floated on the surface of water. As the alcohol diffuses out the drop may split into many pieces.

The manner in which alterations in the relations of living matter to its surroundings lead to modification in the nature of the chemical changes going on in it by which division—a form of movement—may be brought about, indicates that other forms of movement may be produced in a like manner. This also may be seen in the drop of camphor on water. Thus reproduction and mobility become explicable. They are frequently considered the essential phenomena of living matter, but they are really secondary to the fundamental phenomenon of using the energy liberated in catabolism for anabolism.

The recognition of the fact that changes in the surroundings may modify the course of chemical change in living matter affords an explanation of the protean form in which it occurs. The size which each unit attains before dividing, its movements and its shapes, depend upon its interaction with its surroundings.

And here the factor of the struggle for survival comes in; for as the whole mass of living matter increases, the problem of food supply for the living units is introduced. Most of

them must disintegrate and disappear in the face of adverse surroundings—how many may perhaps be inferred from the difference between the theoretical increase of a paramœcium to the size of the earth in a single year and its actual small increase or possible complete disappearance. Those units in which the internal chemical changes are most favourably adapted to the surrounding conditions must necessarily have an advantage, and thus adaptation to its surroundings becomes a character of living matter.

So far the units of living matter, which for brevity we may call cells, have been looked upon as structureless. But we know that in nearly, if not in all, living cells a structure may be detected. Is it possible, in the light of the interaction between living matter and its surroundings, to understand how such structure arose? The difficulties do not seem insurmountable.

Recognising the existence of surface tension between the protoplasm and the medium it inhabits, and knowing that through this surface layer interchanges of material between the cell and its surrounding medium occur by the processes of osmosis and diffusion, the possibility of the appearance of points of less concentration within the living matter becomes probable. Hence more fluid parts or vesicles might form. With such vesicular formation, the unit of living matter becomes a series of separate laboratories each with chemical processes going on more or less independently of those in the other vesicles, but modifying them and being modified by them. It is no longer a simple mass of uniformly acting material; and with such a differentiation of internal structure the possibility of differences in the movements is greatly multiplied.

But a further differentiation of structure, the result of modified chemical change, must be considered. Building up or anabolism may be for the time incomplete, and substances on their way to the formation of living matter, anabolites, may temporarily be stored in it. Through the yeast protoplasm are scattered little masses, which in their staining reaction correspond to more definite rounded bodies, the nuclei, of

more highly developed cells. This nuclear substance is simply phosphorus in organic combination as nucleic acid. It is known that this substance may undergo increases and decreases in amount according to the condition of the living matter in which it lies. It may be used when required. It is to be regarded as primarily a stored anabolite. But such an anabolite may play an important part in the general metabolism of the mass, and its presence or absence, its abundance or scarcity, may lead to profound changes, and may influence the onset of division.

The reproduction of living matter and the phenomena of heredity have been seized upon by ultra-physicists as phenomena that cannot be explained by the ordinary laws of physics and chemistry. In dealing with the problem they have confined themselves to the consideration of reproduction in higher forms of life, and have not tried to analyse the probable course of evolution of the process.

As already indicated, the first form of reproduction was the simple division of the unit, due to altered chemical processes, the result of the disproportion between the increase of volume and of the increase of surface leading to alteration in the surface tension which maintains the mass as a separate entity from its surroundings. The chemical processes in each of the two parts formed are those of the original part, but are accelerated or modified by the decrease of size.

In such a simple form, reproduction and heredity are no great mystery. Nor are the phenomena of conjugation as a precursor to division difficult to understand. Conjugation may well be determined simply by alterations in the surface tension of two adjacent units, the result of modification in their chemical changes. The same phenomenon is seen in non-living matter, *e.g.* in the running together of globules of mercury. The increase of size resulting from conjugation might alone determine the further division and reproduction. Conjugation, in fact, must accelerate the division which simple growth might otherwise have brought about. In the resulting offspring the characteristic metabolism of each of the

two conjugating cells would exert their influence, and the chemical changes would be the resultant of these two factors.

In these unicellular organisms the unit is both the gametic and the somal entity—is both the reproductive and the nutritive part.

But in all higher forms these are separated, one set of cells forming the reproductive part of the creature, the gametes, another set forming the body or soma through which it obtains its nourishment and through which it is acted upon and reacts upon its surroundings.

How did the differentiation of soma and gamete occur? How did multicellular organism develop?

It is unnecessary to assume that in cell division the separation of the parts must be complete. A more partial separation might lead to the aggregation of separate units in mutual nutritional relationship to one another—to multi-cellular organisms. In this way the somal cells might be grouped round the gametic cells. This at once introduces a further possibility of modification in the chemical changes, since each of these connected units must interact with the others, just as the whole interacts with the surroundings.

The form of chemical change which produced this agglomeration of cells in the original cell would be a character of its daughter cells. Each of the gametic cells, formed by its division, would undergo the same changes, produce the same process of partial division, and become the centre of a similar accretion of cells. It is the application of Newton's first law to living matter: "Every particle of matter in the Universe continues in a state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line unless in so far as it is acted upon by external forces." A similar mass of protoplasm placed under the same conditions as that from which it arose must undergo the same changes and develop on the same lines. I have ventured to call this the Hereditary Inertia of living matter—using the term Inertia in its broadest sense.

It seems to me that much of the mystery that has been

made of the phenomena of heredity is due to the failure to recognise this kinetic aspect, to recognise that it is not some representation of the whole structure of the parent, gametic and somatic, that is transmitted to the offspring, as the doctrine of preformation postulates, but simply the special mode of chemical change.

The importance and significance of the part played by the nuclear substance in these processes seems to me to have been exaggerated. The influence of the accumulation of nuclear substance has been already indicated; but the amount of that nuclear substance at any one time is determined by the chemical processes in the protoplasm, and it might well be that the characters of these changes which lead to the throwing out of half of the nuclear substance are the same as those which modify surface tension to lead to conjugation—that the nuclear changes are an expression of alteration in the chemical changes in the protoplasm rather than a determining factor in them. To my mind there has been too great a tendency to regard the spindle round which the later nuclear changes take place as a structure rather than as an indication of lines of changes in the chemical processes of the protoplasm. There is no more reason to believe that the centrosomes are definite structures than that they are centres of special activity. That such centres of special action may exist has been indicated in considering the vesicular structure of protoplasm. Admitting that the nuclear substances can be acted upon by the protoplasm, so it, in its turn, may react upon the chemical changes in the cells, and may materially modify development. Thus the final result of their subsequent division may be determined by the amount of particular nuclear substances received from one or other of the conjugating cells. The determination of sex is a case in point. The presence of the special elements of the nucleus, known as X chromosomes, in pairs in the ovum seems to determine the development of the female gametic and somal cells, while the presence of a single X chromosome seems to be associated with the development of the male.

The special form and extent of development of the somatic cells from the gametic cell is originally determined by the relations to the surroundings. But once that particular process of development—the result of a definite sequence of chemical changes—has been established, it must necessarily be repeated in all succeeding generations—unless in so far as these are modified by the action of environment. Each modification thus introduced will, if sufficiently fundamental, of necessity be manifest in the next generation. But many of such changes may not be fundamental. Thus, removal of parts of the soma may not overcome the tendency to move in a straight line, may not overcome the hereditary inertia, the continuance of the same kind of chemical change, which has been derived from the parent gametic cell, and thus may not influence the course of development of the succeeding generation.

Regarding heredity from this chemical or kinetic standpoint, and recognising the interaction between the organism, as the multicellular creature may properly be called, and its surroundings, the possibilities of adaptation to these surroundings appear endless. Evolution, the development of more complex structure, may occur, but the other possibility of adaptation, involution and simplification of structures, as in many parasitic and other organisms, must be remembered. Nor is development to complexity ever general. It may and does frequently go on in one direction. In man the adaptation to his surroundings has been evolved by the special development of a nervous system by which, in spite of his poorly developed musculature, he has been able to cope with the antagonistic agencies around him; in birds the adaptation has taken place by the evolution of the marvellous mechanism of flight with the perfection of the balancing action of the brain; in the mole by special osseous and muscular developments and by modification in the breathing apparatus; and in the intestinal parasite by suppression of all structures not required for their simpler process of nutrition and for repro-

duction. Each of these is an example of adaptation, but not necessarily of evolution to a higher level. What a high level is we do not know; all we can say is that the process of specialisation is most advanced when adaptation to surroundings is most perfect.

The development of such retrogression in the course of evolution is epitomised in the life-history of many animals, such as the barnacle, where the free-swimming nauplius becomes the fixed and immobile adult; and the specialisation of adaptation is illustrated by the life-history of insects, where in the grub condition the organs of nutrition are specially developed, while in the later imago state the evolution is entirely to secure reproduction. To our imagination the butterfly fluttering in the sunshine may appear more highly developed than the caterpillar crawling on the leaf. But, if perfection of adaptation is the measure of evolution, the one state is as perfect as the other. Regarded from this standpoint, the process of evolution gives no support to the idea of its being an advance towards some abstract perfection, the existence of which has been argued from the very striving of evolution towards it.

The process of adaptation is not merely passive. As the surroundings act upon the organism, so the organism must act upon its surroundings. External condition produces changes in the living thing which lead to alteration in the surroundings of benefit to it.

Thus a change in the chemical composition of the medium in which the animal or plant exists may lead to changes in the direction of absorption or rejection of constituents in its medium, and thus to changes in the character of the medium. A striking illustration of this is to be seen in the effects of differences in the surrounding media on two sides of a living creature. When such differences exist they may and frequently do lead to movements towards the one condition and away from the other, movements which may be explained in terms of the alterations in surface tension and in the internal chemical

changes already considered, and which may ultimately lead to the organism acting upon its surroundings. Such movements may be of the most complex nature, and in their peculiarly selective character may simulate so-called voluntary action. Perhaps the behaviour of the *Vampyrella spirogyræ*, a tiny infusorian consisting of a single cell, in its approach to the filaments of *Spirogyra* and in its devouring the contents of these filaments, is one of the most wonderful of such effects. Little less wonderful is the streaming of the white cells of the blood from their home in the bone marrow outwards to any wound infected with bacteria to attack and devour these intruders.

The marvellous correlation between the organism and its surroundings on the one hand, and between its several parts, when viewed in the light of the process of adaptation by which they have developed, appear to be only the necessary result of the processes of elimination of the less adapted by which the special form has been reached. Survival has been impossible except where a high degree of correlation has been attained. This process of elimination has been ruthless and relentless, and has involved the vast majority of living units. In spite of this, adaptation is never perfect—were it so, the existence of the life of the individual might be indefinitely prolonged.

So far the phenomena of living matter require no more for their explanation than do the phenomena of non-living matter. Its origin, its persistence and spread, and its reproduction and adaptation to its surroundings can all be explained in terms of physical and chemical changes.

All this would have gone on just the same had no mind been present to perceive it.

But the consideration of how *we* have gained this information or knowledge at once introduces something quite new—the phenomenon of consciousness. The very use of the personal pronoun, the idea of personality, implies something in the higher forms of life beyond the domain of matter and energy.

We recognise that in the case of each one of us the reactions of the body to the surroundings are accompanied by changes in our consciousness.

What is this consciousness? How did it arise? How does it act?

Here is a something about the relationship of which to matter and energy we know nothing, and in my opinion cannot hope to know anything.

We come, in fact, to a part of that jungle of ignorance which has never been penetrated and which, with the instruments at our disposal, seems to be impenetrable. Generations of men have faced it boldly, but have only blunted the axes of their intelligence upon it. Many have been content to sit down before it and to devise methods by which it may be opened up, or have spent their time in vain imaginings of what it contains—imaginings which ensuing generations have either accepted as facts, and to which they have added still further imaginings, or have pulled to pieces to make room for equally futile theories of their own.

In formulating the difficulties that face us we can hardly avoid truisms.

Sensation may be taken as the simplest manifestation of consciousness, as the basis of all its more complex activities. Each of these sensations is initiated by the activity of a physical mechanism consisting of a receptor structure, generally acted upon by a special kind of change in the environment—heat or light or sound or contact—linked by nerve fibres to certain parts of the brain. Without this physical basis we have no knowledge of the existence of consciousness. But the same change of consciousness—the same kind of sensation—may not merely be associated with changes in the environments, but may be produced by direct excitation from within of almost any part of the mechanism. Further, if the mechanism is out of action, sensations of the particular kind are impossible.

The more complex activities of consciousness depend upon the association of sensations, and this association is

dependent upon the activity of nerve fibres connecting different parts of the brain, so that, when these are interfered with, the change of consciousness as the result of any stimulus from without may be quite different to that observed in the normal conditions. A further difficulty is introduced by the fact that the same mechanisms through which consciousness is affected are also the mechanisms by which muscular reactions are produced, sometimes with, sometimes without the implication of consciousness.

The consciousness of each one of us can be brought into relation with that of another only through this physical mechanism. The activity of another consciousness can be deduced only from changes set up in the receivers of our nervous mechanism by changes produced in another body. And these latter, unfortunately, may or may not involve the action of a consciousness.

Through the symbolism of words it is possible that one consciousness may dimly reveal itself to another, but words are so purely mere tokens, the exact value of which is obscure, that it is impossible to know clearly what they represent.

Outside the use of language, the power of communicating changes in consciousness is practically non-existent, for the various manifestations of the nervous disturbances which are connected with what we call emotions, may occur without the occurrence of these emotions. A general stimulation of the sympathetic nerves in a cat *with the brain removed* will lead to erection of the hairs, acceleration of the heart, contraction of the blood-vessels, and other signs of "fear" or "anger." Hence, to gain any knowledge of the nature of the consciousness of young children or of lower animals is nearly impossible. We may conclude, from the experience of the growth of our own consciousness from simple to complex, that theirs are in a less differentiated condition. But of the degree of simplification we can know little.

In attempting to learn anything of the activity of matter the difficulty of the imperfection in the sense-organs has to be

considered; but in attempting to learn anything of another consciousness the difficulty of knowing to what extent, let us say, the words spoken, represent the change going on in the consciousness, becomes insurmountable.

It has been found possible to investigate extensively and to analyse exhaustively by introspection and by experiment many of the changes in consciousness, and to trace their connection through previously existing states of consciousness with the elementary sensations from which they originally arose. But so far no one has been able to discover anything of the true nature of consciousness, to form any conception of it in the way in which we, all too imperfectly, have formed a conception of matter and energy.

Nor has it been possible to determine how far changes in consciousness are able to react upon the body, to determine how far actions are the results of states of consciousness, and how far the states of consciousness are mere accompaniments of the actions. All activities of the body are accompanied by increased activity of the chemical changes by which the energy for these activities are liberated. But the most severe mental work, which is really a series of changes in consciousness, causes not the smallest increase in the evolution of energy.

There is no evidence that consciousness is an essential of living matter. It can be regarded only as an epi-phenomenon linked to the more complexly developed living things.

In conclusion, it seems to me that, if we adopt the kinetic view of heredity, there is no difficulty in extending the physical and chemical laws which explain the phenomena of dead matter to the explanation of the phenomena of life. But it is at present, and I think always must be, impossible to apply them to the explanation of consciousness. The great and profound mystery is not the difference between living and non-living things, but the nature of the difference between creatures without and those with a consciousness.

D. NOEL PATON.

THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.

GEORGE HAW.

BEFORE the European Crisis overshadowed the world there were influences at work in the Labour Movement making for a religious revival such as Democracy has never known since it became organised.

The influences are still at work while the war proceeds. They promise to produce with the establishment of peace a wonderful return on the part of Democracy to the old standards of the Christian Faith. This is all the more remarkable since the great labour movements of the nineteenth century — Socialism, Trade Unionism, Co-operation, the Friendly Societies,—which are bound to wield a vast influence on the twentieth century, were founded without aid from the Church and often in face of opposition from the Church. Indeed, on the Continent Socialism was formed on a definitely anti-religious basis. Karl Marx and his disciples, Lassalle and Engels, who first established Socialism as a part of the political life of industrial nations, were uncompromisingly anti-Christian, "The idea of God," says Marx, "must be destroyed." Engels declares that "The first word of religion is a lie."

There has never been in Britain the same anti-Christian attitude in connection with these great popular movements, but their British prophets—William Cobbett, Robert Owen, Thomas Cooper, Carlyle, Ruskin, William Morris, and Robert Blatchford—have all been bitter critics of orthodox Christianity

and of the Church. The noteworthy exception was the group of Christian Socialists who gathered round F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley. Their successors are seen to-day in the Christian Social Union of the Church of England and in the several Social Service Leagues which have been more recently established by Nonconformist Churches.

It is well then before considering the revival of religion in the Labour Movement to consider the reasons why so many of the great democratic leaders turned against Christianity. According to Bishop Gore it is because the Church as a body has failed to champion the cause of the weak and oppressed. There are other reasons. The Church took no heed of Labour for such a long time that Labour ceased to think about the Church at all. The Church passed out of Labour's ken.

Another reason might be described as individualism in religion—the individualism that so often forgets that Christ stands for mankind rather than for man, that Christ taught the gospel of the Kingdom rather than the gospel of the individual. "I have been twenty-five years in the Church, and I know its weakness," says Mr Arthur Henderson, the Labour M.P. for Barnard Castle, "and the mistake of the Church has been in preaching an individual salvation for heaven."

There never was a time when the people were farther apart from the Church than during the period that the Manchester School of Economics held sway. It was individualism in religion that first produced individualism in economics. Self-help springs from self-righteousness. It was the boast of a congress of Church-people in the United States a few years ago that all but five of the richest men in America were members of one or other of the Protestant Churches. As though this boast in itself were not enough to prove how far from its Founder modern organised Christianity had strayed, the further statement was made that of the men who possessed each over twenty million dollars, 95 per cent. were members of the Evangelical Churches.

Contrast this boast with the state of things among the rich

men of Rome in the early days of Christianity. One of the signs by which the citizens of ancient Rome knew that one of themselves had accepted the Christian faith was his love of the poor and his readiness to share with the poor. To-day when a man's wealth is hinted at among workmen, the question often follows: "I wonder what Church he belongs to?"

About the same time that this American Church Congress was boasting of its millionaires, the ministers of several churches in Brooklyn were lamenting that they had not a single working man among their congregations. And we know that in London Mr Charles Booth ended his minute survey of the religious influences in this five-million-peopled city with the bodeful admission that "the general conclusion is that the great masses of the people remain apart from all forms of religious communion."

Last summer Canon Alexander of St Paul's Cathedral pointed out in the *Standard* that in the East End of London the most optimistic calculation is that not more than two or three working men in every hundred attend any place of worship whatever.

Things would seem to be no better in the Roman Church. Since this revelation of the state of things in London and New York, there has appeared a thoughtful little volume on *The Working Classes in France*. There we learn that "the great mass of workmen in Paris are professedly on the side of opposition to the clergy, and never miss any opportunity of giving vent to their feelings on the matter." The general opinion among them is that the teaching of the Church "is a piece of ridiculous nonsense or at best an invention for purposes of statecraft, which the priests themselves do not believe but which it is their trade to preach."

It has been calculated that in Berlin less than two per cent. of the working classes attend Church. "The peasants remain faithful to ecclesiastical traditions," says Pastor Erich Forster of the German Reformed Church, "but the rural labourer and the town workman are everywhere inclined to throw off

their yoke. A few cultivated people hold to the Church, but they are more or less worldly. . . . The rest of its supporters are society people, who have no personal religion and really distrust and dislike the Church, but maintain it as the rampart of privilege."

Another German, Herr Classen of Hamburg, writing in the spring of 1914, says: "The great mass of our population are spiritually impoverished, and they are descending to a lower spiritual and moral level. . . . In our internal development in Germany we are responsible for a great negligence in failing to understand how to deepen the thought of organisation through Christian principles."

If individualism in economics intensified the oppression of the labouring man, individualism in religion neglected the labouring man in his oppression. The Church did not pass by on the other side; it passed down another street. In his neglect and poverty the labouring man sought aid and inspiration and service in other things. On the Continent he turned to Socialism with its great ethical ideal of a society organised in the interests of all. In England he turned to Trade Unionism. For we know that while England got its Socialism from the Continent, the Continent got its Trade Unionism from England. At a time when individualism in this country was most pronounced both in religion and economics, the labourers and artisans combined for their common good. The historians of Trade Unionism, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, give us a side-light on the spiritual character of this movement:

"Amid the almost universal preaching of individual selfishness as the only motive of any sensible man—at a time when economists and moralists were taking it for granted that a man rightly always aimed at pecuniary gain—amid a social and industrial polity constructed on the basis of 'every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost,' it was the humble labourers, the despised 'lower orders,' who by their acts denied the universal gospel and raised the standard of a nobler faith. . . . There is nothing in the short and simple annals of the poor that transcends in nobility and spiritual beauty the unselfish devotion, the long unremunerated work, the heroic self-denial, and even the willing sacrifice of self and family, which abound among the unrecorded incidents of Trade Union history. In many a humble organisation the

wage-earners with the scantiest of resources, without any of the social consideration and glamour of Parliament and the Cabinet, are evolving all the moral and intellectual qualities that participation in the work of government demands. And this sense of fellowship and social service becomes almost a religion."

"Becomes almost a religion," say the Webbs. The working classes have found out why something that is almost a religion is not enough. They yearned for something that is entirely a religion. They found it in the Christian faith. The brotherhood, the fellowship that belong to Socialism and Trade Unionism did not carry them far enough. They saw that the ideal failed because it rested on man alone. They learnt anew that that which is born of the flesh is flesh. They saw that fallen man could not regenerate fallen society. They found that the brotherhood of man without faith in the Fatherhood of God is an impossibility.

The greatest religious movement of to-day is this awakening of spiritual life among the working classes. The Spirit bloweth where it listeth. Labour comes as a new evangel. If you would know how, consider the testimony of the chief Labour leaders of this country. The Browning Hall Settlement at Walworth in South-East London has for the past four or five years observed the first week in May as Labour Week. Nearly every Labour member of Parliament has addressed crowded week-night meetings at Browning Hall during Labour Week. Listen to their testimony. These men have hurried from the House of Commons and talked to crowded audiences in Walworth in this strain:—

Mr William Brace, the member for South Glamorgan, who worked in the mines from early boyhood :

"The great driving power behind the Labour movement must be the Christian religion. It is in the Gospel of Jesus Christ that we find our charter. In it and through it we have the right to go to men and demand not only equity of treatment, but justice, mercy, and compassion."

Mr George Lansbury, who at the time he spoke was the Socialist member for Bow and Bromley, and who is a communicating member of the Church of England :

"What I want to do with the Socialist and Labour movement is to fill it right up with religious fervour."

Observe how the then Chairman of the Labour Party in the House of Commons spoke—Mr J. R. Macdonald :

“The force behind our movement is not material, it is spiritual. . . . The full propaganda that the Labour movement wants, steady, persistent, year after year, is the propaganda that is inspired by religious conviction.”

His successor in the Chair of the Parliamentary Labour Party, Mr Arthur Henderson, of the Ironfounders' Society, says :

“That which we call organised Christianity in this land has misunderstood democracy, and on the other hand democracy has not really understood Christianity. . . . While democracy is estranged from the organised forms of the Christian religion, it is not positively hostile to the teaching of Jesus Christ. I will go further and say from actual experience, from close knowledge and observation of working-class life, that there is no section of the community which right down in the depth of its heart has such an admiration for the life and character, the teaching and principles of Jesus Christ, as has the British democracy.”

The Labour member for Newcastle, Mr Walter Hudson, tells how when he was a railway guard he and his fellow railway workers would often talk together about Christ as the Lamp of Life. “We could not,” he says, “have a more significant illustration, because we were using the lamp on our trains every night we were out at work ; and in the winter months we had a very great deal of lamp work.”

Mr Philip Snowden, an ex-civil servant, and a former Chairman of the Independent Labour Party :

“The religion of the Labour movement is seeking to attain to the highest good that man can possibly conceive. It is a religion that believes in the sublime Christian precept that we should love our neighbour as ourself. The purpose of the Labour movement is to make real the profession of human brotherhood. But we must make conditions such that it is possible for men to live like Christians, and then you will not find it to be difficult in your appeal for men to live like Christians.”

Perhaps the worst abused man among the Labour members has been Mr Will Crooks. Having as a child tasted the bitterness of the workhouse and the workhouse school, he has waged unceasing war as a man against the Poor Law system. Mr Crooks told his Walworth audience of an incident that

occurred during the time he was apparently crushed by his Poor Law opponents. He received a letter one morning urging him not to think of failure, but to remember that "the greatest Failure the world ever knew was the Triumph of the World."

"I showed the letter to my youngest daughter, who asked what it meant. 'It means, my child, that when Christ was crucified it was thought to be the failure of that movement, but it is the triumph of that day and this day and will be for all time. We may talk of martyrdom when we remember all we have gone through; but remember that eternal truth that Jesus Christ suffered a martyrdom for you and me incomparable with anything that we are ever able to go through.'"

The Secretary of the Steel Smelters' Association, Mr John Hodge, Labour member for Gorton, thus gives his testimony :

"I am not ashamed of my religion; and sometimes I have had a bad quarter of an hour as a result of interfering when I have heard God's name taken in vain, or protesting against sneering references to churches or religion."

Mr T. Richardson, the Labour member for Whitehaven, who began life in a colliery :

"I want to claim for this new Labour and Socialist movement that, while it has no association with any theological doctrine or creed, while it is not allied to any particular church, yet in its very essence, in its very expression, in its very work and mission, it is born of God, and is bringing into the world of religious thought and activity a new spirit, a larger expression, a nobler development of the spirit and the mind of Christ."

A former general labourer, Mr James Parker, the Labour member for Halifax :

"The things that are worth keeping, the things that will stand by us, the things we shall finally have when the soul leaves the body, will be the service we have rendered in endeavouring to follow God."

An ex-pupil-teacher, Mr Frank Goldstone, Labour member for Sunderland :

"If the Church has no message to those who conduct our social affairs, the Church is lacking in power. If the Church would command universal respect, its leaders must be outspoken at all costs. They will be driven from their posts: so was their Master. They will be termed unorthodox: so was their Master."

Finally, let me give the most striking testimony of all. It was uttered by the man who is described as the father of the

Labour Party—Mr J. Keir Hardie, who between the ages of seven and twenty-four worked in a coal mine :

“If I were a thirty years younger man, with the experience gained during the past thirty-five years, I would go forth among the people to proclaim afresh and anew the full message of the Gospel of Jesus of Nazareth. We are all of us somehow or another off the track. What is wanted is a fresh inspiration, a fresh vision of the great truth which Christ gave His life to proclaim, that not only have we individual souls to be saved, but that the individual soul cannot be saved unless the collective soul be saved likewise.”

These are not voices from the Church. These are voices from the mine, the railway, the foundry, and the factory, proclaiming to the people a new evangel. “I am more and more convinced,” Mr J. Seddon, M.P., of the Shop Assistants’ Union, wrote to one of these Browning Hall meetings, “that whatever may be our economics, unless we have the ethics and spirit of Christ, effort will be useless.” In the same strain wrote Mr Albert Stanley, M.P., of the Cannock Chase Miners’ Association : “It is only as social reform is wedded to spiritual uplifting that man realises the full development of all his faculties and the broadest life.”

The spirit of Christianity is finding expression among the working classes in new forms. The most significant form is that represented by the Brotherhood movement. To-day this movement numbers about 550,000 members, of whom, it is said, about 80 per cent. belong to the wage-earning classes. It represents a new religious movement in our midst greater than any we have had since Methodism. It has grown in membership more rapidly than Methodism. The largest of the Methodist Churches, the Wesleyan, numbers to-day in Great Britain some 950,000 members after a history of one hundred and fifty years. The Brotherhood movement has attained more than half that membership after eight years. The second largest Methodist Church, the Primitive Methodist, returns its members at 454,000—100,000 fewer than the adherents of the Brotherhood movement. The whole of the Baptist Churches of the United Kingdom cannot equal this new religious force in numbers. Their membership is given

at 416,000 for the three countries—134,000 fewer than that of the Brotherhood's.

What exactly is this new religious movement which is winning the democracy?

The Brotherhood movement grew out of the P.S.A. movement, which was founded in the Midlands by John Blackham in 1875. Just eight years ago the Rev. Dr F. B. Meyer, Mr William Ward, and others sought to strengthen the movement by the formation of a National Brotherhood Council. Since then brotherhoods in affiliation with this central body have sprung up rapidly all over the country. Their aims and objects have been summed up as follows:—

1. To lead men and women into the Kingdom of God.
2. To win the people for Jesus Christ.
3. To unite men in brotherhoods of mutual help.
4. To encourage social study and enforce the duties of Christian citizenship.

If that simple statement of faith does not suggest the creeds or observances of the Church, it contains the essence of Christian life; and Frederick Denison Maurice never tired of teaching that Christianity as a mere system of doctrines and practices will never make men brothers.

Women are included in the movement. There are Sisterhoods connected with it. Besides, many of the ordinary Brotherhoods are open to all. One of its founders, Mr John Ward, says:

“Our relations with the Church have been most cordial throughout. Most enlightened Churchmen realise by now that we are a true mediating force. To the man in the street everything about a church is foreign. He does not understand its genius, and its atmosphere oppresses and disconcerts him. Our movement is doing a great work in acclimatising him to the atmosphere of worship, and no one with common sense can fail to see the immense value of this to the Church.”

The movement has been called the New Protestantism. Dr George Adam Smith, the Vice-Chancellor of Aberdeen University, says that the Brotherhood movement is the greatest ally the Church has had since the Reformation. Mr Keir

Hardie puts the case differently: "The rich and comfortable classes have annexed Jesus and perverted His Gospel. And yet He belongs to us in a special degree, and the Brotherhood movement is tending to restore Jesus to His rightful place as the Friend and Saviour of the poor."

Another great modern religious influence among the working classes is the Adult School movement. This movement numbers some 100,000 members who gather together regularly every Sunday morning at some 2000 centres throughout the country. The various centres are affiliated under thirty county unions, and these are associated with the National Council of Adult School Unions. There are four guest-houses and two settlements connected with the movement.

The Society of Friends founded Sunday Morning Adult Schools some seventy years ago, primarily to teach members of the labouring classes to read and write in the days before the Elementary Education Acts. The reading was confined to the Bible, but Bible reading soon passed to Bible study and to discussion of how to apply Scriptural truths to the problems of the everyday life of labour. For the first fifty years members of the Society of Friends were the principal teachers, but since then men of all denominations and men distinguished in the professions and in commerce have co-operated. There are women's schools and junior sections. The creed of the movement is this: "To help men and women to understand and to live the life of Jesus Christ."

The motto of the Adult School movement is "One and All." That reminds one of the motto of the Church of England's Men's Society: "All in One." Here in this Society is another great Brotherhood of men. The comparatively small proportion of working men in the Church of England are almost without exception members of the C.E.M.S. The rapid growth of this Society during the fifteen years of its existence is a further remarkable testimony to the yearning of men to express the Christian life in forms and formulas not associated directly with the Church services.

It has now a membership of nearly 140,000, with branches in nearly all the Colonies. In the words of the Archbishop of York, who is Chairman of its Council, the experience of the last few years shows that the Brotherhood of the C.E.M.S. has become not a mere phrase but a reality. Its objects are fourfold :—

1. To deepen the spiritual life of its members.
2. To band Churchmen together in a common effort to promote the glory of God and to help forward the work of the Church.
3. To provide for the commendation of members from one branch to another on change of residence or place of work.
4. To promote opportunities for friendly intercourse among its members.

There is that other great people's movement in religion, the Salvation Army, which last June drew 80,000 of its adherents to London for the international celebrations from well-nigh every country in the world. In spite of the disguises of tongue and skin, they are obviously one people, with a common citizenship that ignores the boundaries of kings and states, of colour and speech, with some secret of fellowship that unites them and makes them conspicuously happy. "They are attracted to the Army," says A. G. G. in the *Daily News*, "because it gives them religion and not theology, a way of life and not a creed. . . . Its methods may seem crude and violent, but at the bottom it anticipates much of the new philosophical movement which seeks to substitute the rule of the Spirit for the rule of nature."

And the secret? Is it not revealed in these words from *The New Statesman* of the 20th June?

"Just as Lord Northcliffe saw that there was room for a halfpenny paper, General Booth saw that there was room, as it were, for a halfpenny religion. We say this without disrespect. There had grown up a penny solemnity in the churches as well as in the Press, and General Booth was the first to see in sensationalism a new method of popularising religion. . . .

"Many sensitive people shrink from their vulgarity as from something

belonging to the gutter, but it is possible to achieve humanity by way of vulgarity. The Salvation Army has simply made a crude attempt to annex for religion, as the Catholic Church once did, the arts of music and colour and everything else that makes life imaginative instead of somnolent. Their appeal is to a mass of human beings who care no more for Palestrina and Fra Lippo Lippi than for kumatology, but who love 'Yip-i-addy-i-ay' and the coloured pictures on grocers' calendars."

Unlike the Brotherhood or the Adult School organisations, the Salvation Army keeps itself strictly apart from all secular movements, including the Labour movement; but it still remains a movement of labourers. Its leaders and adherents are poor people. Even among its staff of world-wide administrators and organisers no one is paid a salary of £300 a year. Its General is paid nothing, for, like his father before him, he lives on the interest of a small sum invested for his maintenance by an admirer.

The Christian revival among the working classes in this country is producing a similar revival on the Continent. Materialistic Socialism has always had a stronger hold upon Continental workers. Just as the British Trade Union movement inspired Continental workmen, so has this new religious movement among our workpeople inspired the workmen of other lands.

The Brotherhood crusades on the Continent in the last year or two stand out as an inspiring chapter in the history of Christian mission work. As a result, Brotherhoods have been started in Paris, Havre, and Lille. At the Belgian town of Charleroi the Brotherhood party were received by a procession representing all the Protestant Churches and the trade unions of the place. With bands and banners they led their English visitors to the Town Hall. The Brotherhood party carried banners bearing these inscriptions: "We represent 500,000 English workers," "Our basis is the teaching of Jesus Christ."

Groups of Brotherhood members have visited France, Germany, Belgium, Canada, and the United States. In these two last-named countries the Brotherhood movement is

spreading rapidly. Canada alone boasts of a membership exceeding 100,000. Brotherhoods have also been established in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.

At one of the recently formed French Brotherhoods an English Labour M.P. gave an address at the close of which the French workers present broke out into enthusiastic cheers for the Sermon on the Mount.

The signs of a religious revival among the Democracy of France have been steady and sure ever since the dismemberment of the French Church. It seems as though the Church had to decrease before Christianity could increase. "As wonderful as a natural process," wrote the Abbé Ernest Dimnet in the *Nineteenth Century* of last July, "is the movement towards Christianity we are witnessing: it ought not to be looked upon as a passage of a man from a house to another house, but as a gradual and almost unconscious return of a family to a disused but very convenient room."

Nothing old-fashioned in France is popular to-day but religion, is Paul Sabatier's testimony. Secularists are seen in the churches. The quarrels between Churches and State have largely been forgotten and forgiven, and a new religious spirit is alive in France. Not for generations have priests and people in France been so closely drawn together in service and suffering and mutual trust as they have been since the commencement of the present war.

The National Brotherhood Council, as soon as they realised the devastating character of the invasion of Belgium and France by the Germans, addressed a letter of sympathy to each of the recently formed Brotherhoods in those two countries. In consequence of the reply received from Professor Vallée, President of the Lille Brotherhood, the English Brotherhood sent a small party to that city with tons of food-stuffs, by arrangements with the English and French authorities. At one of the evening meetings one of the English party pleaded with the Lille Brotherhood members to refrain from harbouring feelings of bitterness and hatred

against the German people. His statement that they must stand by their former pledge to go some day, French and English together, to bring the German people into the International Brotherhood movement, was received with enthusiasm.

The English party then went to Paris and spent some time discussing plans for the development of Brotherhood work in France. Pasteur Gounelle assured them that one outcome of the war would be a great religious awakening amongst the French working classes, and that the Brotherhoods, owing to the democratic character of that organisation and their unconventional methods and adaptability to varying needs and circumstances, would have an unexampled opportunity for uniting the thoughtful section of the artisan population in Fraternities on a Christian basis.

Let me emphasise also the international character of the movement represented by Labour Week at Browning Hall. The speeches of the Labour members of Parliament already referred to have been translated by request into several European languages, including Spanish, and sold extensively by Labour organisations abroad. In a preface to the Danish edition Professor Ammundsen, of Copenhagen University, says: "Socialism has far outrun in its spirit of enthusiasm the materialism that was once its professed creed. . . . Here we have Labour leaders, mostly Socialists, preaching Christianity." A nobleman from Finland, who was present during the Labour Week of 1913, and has since had the speeches translated into Finnish, declares that it came to him as a startling "revelation that the Labour movement had raised up active forces which seemed destined to save the working classes of Europe from materialism and atheism."

About a year ago Mr Keir Hardie, M.P., pointed out that in those countries of Europe where Socialism is most developed, for a long time Socialism and Atheism were practically synonymous. "Remembering how the Church posed as a defender of privilege and oppression, this was

scarcely to be wondered at. But of late years a most remarkable, and to me a most gratifying, change has been coming over the movement. Great leaders like Jean Jaurès in France and Vandervelde in Belgium and others less known in Germany have been discovering that behind nature there is a Power, unseen but felt, that beyond death there must be a Something, else were life on earth a mere wastage. And that idea is permeating the entire movement."

So we find the Labour movement sweeping by the churches and ignoring them, working out its own stupendous problems regardless of their aid and reviving Christianity among the working classes by its great ministries of laymen somewhat in the spirit of the early Christians. We see the Labour movement making for Christian life while remaining apart from Church life.

This new evangel of Labour came only after the old Evangelicism of the Church broke down. The Evangelicism of the last few centuries has achieved great things. It set men free from the dead hand of Church tradition and the arrogance of priestly claims. It awoke mankind to new life with the knowledge that redemption came not by Church organisation but by direct fellowship with Christ. Its teaching of the rights of man to his inheritance from Heaven led to the later agitations for the rights of man to his inheritance on earth. It set free great moral and material energies that have changed the face of the Western world. It produced the industrial revolution; but by that time there had come about a waning of the moral energies and a widening of the material energies. It lost itself in the material well-being that makes for individual wealth but national decay. The individual increased, while Christianity decreased. The industrial revolution was accompanied by spiritual decay. "The uprising of the Labour Party," says the Labour M.P. for Gorton, "has given to the churches their lost ideal."

Under the industrial revolution great masses of the people were sent into outer darkness. According to the Rev. F.

Lewis Donaldson, the Christian faith has never been put frankly and lucidly before the people for generations. There are few darker pages in the history of this country than those recording the earlier years of the industrial revolution. With the Church of England largely an appendage of the upper classes and the Nonconformist Churches largely an appendage of the middle classes, women and girls worked in coal mines like slaves, little children were literally bought from Poor Law Guardians for soul-destroying toil in factories, and men laboured brutishly fifteen hours a day for scanty wages under conditions that destroyed limb and life more ruthlessly than war. The occasional voice of a Shaftesbury or a Kingsley was for years like a voice in the wilderness. "I can scarcely remember an instance," wrote Lord Shaftesbury in 1849, "in which a clergyman has been found to maintain the cause of labourers in the face of pew-owners."

Thus while the labouring classes worked out their travail and tragedy, the Church stood aloof. The revolt that set in was bound to be a revolt against the Church as well as against the industrial system. For the oppressed knew that their oppressors were nearly all members of churches or chapels. The early stages of Trade Unionism, Socialism, and Co-operation were marked by bitter hostility to the Church, and, as we have seen, often by avowed agnosticism and atheism. But there came a time when Labour in revolt found that the material things for which it strove were not the whole of life. Labour learnt that man does not live by bread alone. "At no time in the history of Christianity," says Mr George Lansbury, "have the people longed for the Christian message as they are longing for it to-day." Hence we have seen that Christianity has taken new forms among them and found new methods of expression. From the outer darkness into which the Church had banished the Labour movement, there now comes a light that is illuminating the Church.

That light has been in no wise dimmed by the war. The Labour Party in Great Britain, having refused to accept the

Manchester faith that mankind will be saved by competition in commerce, refuses to accept the Prussian faith that mankind will be saved by competition in bloodshed. In order to remove misconceptions, a manifesto has been issued signed by the majority of the Labour M.P.'s, by Trade Unionists on behalf of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, and by representatives of the General Federation of Trade Unionists. There it is stated that while the British Labour Movement has always stood for peace, and has made special efforts to promote friendly relations between the peoples of Great Britain and Germany, they realise that if England had not kept her pledges to Belgium and had stood aside, the victory of the German army would have been probable, and such a victory would have meant the death of Democracy in Europe.

In a separate manifesto to its members and to its affiliated Affiliations in Europe and America, the General Federation of Trade Unions, which represents over one million Trade Unionists, states that it is obvious that the immediate participation of Britain in the war was neither desired nor expected. "Loyalty to herself, to her best traditions, and to her Treaty obligations made abstention from the conflict impossible, and to-day her people, especially her workpeople, are determined to support not only the neutrality of heroic Belgium, but the honour of nations and the inviolability of treaties."

The English Labour Party, therefore, has taken its stand not on the religion of Nationalism, like the German Labour Party, but on the religion of brotherhood and freedom. Professor G. D. Herron, late of Iowa University, lectures the German socialists somewhat severely for what he calls their moral failure: "We stand awed and bewildered by the German betrayal of the international socialist movement, and many are looking with disgust and despair upon the unworthiness and puerility of the apologies put forward." But Herr Bebel, the late leader of the German socialists, who inculcated them with his anti-religious teaching that "Christianity must

pass away as a better social order arises," always predicted that his party would promptly join in any war of aggression promoted by the Government. He added, however: "As long as all goes well and victory crowns our banners they can do little but let themselves be swept along with the triumphant flood. But once let the impression take root that Hohenzollern prestige has lost its magic—once let the War Lord's pride be greatly humbled by a genuine disaster to his arms—then prepare for a miracle."

Germany has made her Nationalism her religion, with its predominating principle that, so far as the State is concerned, power is the ultimate righteousness. Just as individualism in religion produces individualism in economics, with its oppression of the weak and defenceless among mankind, so Nationalism in religion brings about the oppression of the weak and defenceless among nations. The English Labour Party, as we have seen, has not taken its stand on Nationalism, but on Brotherhood and Liberty. It learnt, with great sacrifice, to co-operate for the common good in the formation of Trade Unions and of Friendly and Co-operative Societies. Out of these the great Brotherhood movement arose and opened new ways to Christian life. When the great strife ceases on the Continent, not the least of the new lessons learnt will be that all that is best in the Labour Movement co-operated for right against might, and therefore for righteousness; and that while international Socialism, so largely based on Agnosticism, fell to pieces at the outset of the crisis, the international Labour Movement, so largely infused of late with the spirit of Christian Brotherhood, remained faithful to the great principles that bind rather than dismember nations.

GEORGE HAW.

LONDON.

GERMANS AND TARTARS AND A CHINESE PATRIOT.

DAVID ALEC WILSON.

IT is commonly said that the horrors of the present war are greater if not worse than the world has ever seen, but that is a mistake. It is not even needful to go very far back to match what is happening to-day. Chingiz (Genghis) Khan and his company are the obvious parallels of Kaiser William and his officers. These Tartar heroes are very credibly depicted in Gibbon's 64th chapter and Mr Bury's notes, and in many other good books.

There are curious parallels to recent events. In 1215, the date of our Magna Charta, Chingiz exacted from the Emperor of China, as the price of peace, a big indemnity ; but he had not delayed his requisitions till then. Of ninety cities stormed in the war between 1208 and 1215, only ten escaped ; and the very worst of the deliberate brutalities of the Kaiser's men might have been suggested by this :—Chingiz, “ from a knowledge of the filial piety of the Chinese, covered his vanguard with their captive parents.”

In the war against Persia a few years later, he and his sons led into battle seven hundred thousand men, with cunning Chinese engineers for siege work. His grandson mustered a million and a half, not counting the European and Arab mercenaries, retained on good wages for their professional skill in various kinds of slaughter.

The Polos, for example, earned favour by a performance

which vividly recalls the surprise given to us all by the siege guns at Namur. Marco Polo tells us of the achievement of his father and uncle. The scene was "Sa-yan-fu" or Siang-Yang, on the Han river, a great Chinese city protected by the river on three sides. For three years it successfully resisted the myriads of Kublai Khan, receiving supplies by water, and remained invincible when every other place had yielded. "His Majesty felt extremely hurt," as no doubt Kaiser William is to find the Belgians prefer to be independent of him. "The circumstance having come to the knowledge of the brothers Nicolo and Maffeo (Polo), who were then resident at the imperial court, they immediately presented themselves to the grand khan, and proposed to him that they should be allowed to construct machines, such as were made use of in the West, capable of throwing stones of three hundred pounds' weight, by which the buildings of the city might be destroyed and the inhabitants killed. Their memorial was attended to by the grand khan, who, warmly approving of the scheme, gave orders that the best smiths and carpenters should be placed under their direction; among whom were some Nestorian Christians, who proved to be most able mechanics. In a few days they completed their mangonels, according to the instructions furnished by the two brothers; and a trial being made in the presence of the grand khan, and of his whole court, an opportunity was afforded of seeing them cast stones, each of which weighed three hundred pounds. They" (*i.e.* the machines) "were then put on board of vessels, and conveyed to the army. When set up in front of the city of Sa-yan-fu, the first stone projected by them fell with such weight and violence upon a building that a great part of it was crushed, and fell to the ground. So terrified were the inhabitants by this mischief, which seemed to them to be the effect of a thunderbolt from heaven" (meteoric stones are prominent in Chinese history), "that they immediately deliberated upon . . . surrendering. Persons authorised to treat were accordingly sent from the place, and their submission was accepted on the same terms

and conditions which had been granted to the rest of the province." The Chinese annals date this siege, 1269-1273.

If the Chinese had suspected the Tartar leaders of thinking treaties mere "scraps of paper," the surrender could not have been arranged as it was, and the many other cities and towns around might not have surrendered, and the only possible conquest would have been of the kind which makes a solitude. In horses and equipment, discipline and courage, the "conquering hero" professionals of Germany to-day may match the Tartars of the twelve hundreds. Setting the better German arms against their inferior mobility and commissariat, they may be called the equals of the Tartars in material. But morally and mentally the Kaiser and his advisers are visibly as far below the level of the Tartar leaders as the German people are above the level of the ignorant shepherds of Asia, who were the willing conscripts of Chingiz.

In strategy and diplomacy, for example, the Tartars "left nothing to chance," and, as modern European historians admit, the Europeans opposed to them were in comparison "like childish barbarians." Gibbon was nodding for once when he wrote: "The Tartars themselves were awed by the fame and valour of the Franks." The generals of Chingiz had the sense to discover quickly that the Franks would fight well, and they looked upon them and their corner of Europe much as Tacitus looked on Germany, and as we in India look upon the Afghans and their corner of Asia,—a poor place, plentiful in nothing but fighting men, and not worth the expense of conquest.

In character even more than in cunning, the inferiority of the Kaiser and his courtiers is palpable. Chingiz was a man of his word. He had made an inconvenient promise which bound him to keep peace with the Chinese emperor, Chang-Tsong, and he kept the peace till the death of Chang-Tsong, and then openly refused allegiance to the succeeding emperor. Similarly, in his dealings with Persia, he wished "to establish a friendly and commercial intercourse" with Sultan Mohammed;

but Mohammed, according to the historian, was bent on the imitation of Alexander the Great, and arrested and murdered a caravan of three ambassadors and one hundred and fifty merchants; "nor was it till after a demand and a denial of justice, till he had prayed and fasted three nights on a mountain, that the Mogul emperor (Chingiz) appealed to the judgment of God and his sword." There must have been something of an Oliver Cromwell in him, as the results abundantly showed, whereas the Kaiser can only mimic such men.

It is with the German people that peace can be made, when the time for peace arrives. They are undeniably better than the Tartar rank and file, whose vulgar ideals were curiously like those of Kaiser William's officers. "The victorious nation was held sacred from all servile labours, which were abandoned to slaves and strangers; and every labour was servile except the profession of arms." Indeed, it may be doubted whether any earthly paradise that ever existed could have fitted the dreams of Potsdam so well as that of Kublai Khan, the grandson of Chingiz, who might be forgiven if he agreed with the sentiment attributed to his grandfather: "As there is only one God in Heaven, there should be only one king on the earth." Most men would feel so if sitting on the throne of Kublai Khan, and "enjoying" as he did the greatest empire known to history. It included the whole of China, the most civilised part of the world, and extended from the Straits of Malacca to the Arctic, and from Korea to Hungary. Japan at the East and the Celts and Saxons at the West of this great dominion were like the stones which a farmer, cultivating a great field, leaves at the edges.

This world-wide empire was won with a great price. Chingiz himself was grieved at the desolation of Persia, where his hosts had treated every city as the Germans were made to treat Louvain. In the words of a Persian:

"They came, conquered and burned;
Pillaged, murdered, and went."

Chingiz declared his intention of rebuilding the wasted towns, but, as Bismarck remarked, with authority on that point, "In a year or two much evil may be done, but not much good." Chingiz died "in the fullness of years and glory," but the desolation done was never undone, and long afterwards it was told of his armies: "From the Caspian to the Indus, they ruined a tract of many hundred miles, which was adorned with the habitations and labours of mankind, and five centuries have not been sufficient to repair the damages of four years."

The Tartars themselves were little to be envied, the most fortunate subsiding into moral and intellectual atrophy. The nemesis that follows successful violence is inevitable, like gravitation. Their empire was soon a geographical expression. But it lasted long in a fragmentary condition, especially in Europe. Sir D. M. Wallace (*Russia*, chaps. xxii. and xxiii.) has told how the Moscow princes gradually in the course of centuries emancipated European Russia from Tartar dominion; but it should be better known in the West that little more than one century sufficed for the Chinese to drive the "frowsy Tartars" back to the deserts, and make the "flowery land" a free country again, or at any rate a country where their masters "were still at least their countrymen."

The Chinese had never been conquered before, in all the three thousand years their civilisation had then endured. They were and are as brave as any Scots or Swiss, and as cunning as any people in the world, and wont from of old to co-operate politically. They were also happy enough to have in Wen-Tien-Hsiang a minister of the Chinese dynasty that Kublai Khan defeated, a superlative patriot and poet, whose example was like a morning trumpet in the minds' ears of his people—"Awake, arise, ye men of Han, or be for ever fallen!"

As became a good Confucian, he "acted first." He had waged war faithfully, but for the time the Tartars won; and he was taken and carried captive to Peking in 1279. "Eight days without eating" did not kill him, nor three years in prison. He made a poem there which became popular, and

a scholar in the seventeenth century tells how, when himself confined in an unwholesome prison for two years, he kept up his spirits and believed he saved his life by reciting Wen-Tien-Hsiang's poem "several times over every day" (see Giles' *Chinese Literature*, p. 249). The episodes of heroic devotion which form the core of it cannot be given here, for lack of a complete translation; but the beginning and end of it may thus be rendered, and deserve to be studied as the words of a man as earnest as Luther or Carlyle. The writer was alone in the world, facing defeat, sorrow, and death, articulating thoughts which reveal as by magic light the innermost core of Confucian sentiment. Unheeding who might hear or see, he was uttering sweet melodies as spontaneous as the song of the skylarks, and as profound as the sky itself. Be it also incidentally observed, as characteristic of Confucian constancy and courage, that this great man, one of the glories of China, a man whose example is admired to-day, had put all thoughts of suicide beneath his feet as completely as any Christian saint.

"In all that is or ever was
 Or ever yet will be,
 THERE IS what shapes the Sun and stars,
 And makes the land and sea.

In man it's Spirit; but unnamed
 In earth and sea and air,
 Below us, and above, around,
 Behold, it's everywhere :

And though in harmony and peace
 It's not perceived by men,
 When storm and stress the nation shake,
 We all can see it then. . . .

. . . (So spoke the hero to himself,
 Recalling stories true
 Of heroes whose example showed
 How heroes ought to do.) . . .

(Then spoke again :) O, it pervades
 The sky, Sun, land, and sea ;
 From all eternity has been
 And ne'er can cease to be.

The Great and Good in Earth and Heaven,
Whereby what's right is done,
Binds men together like the stars,—
The life of all is One!

My fate is stern. When left alone,
And carried north in chains,
I would have gladly died; but live
And face what yet remains.

The firefly is my only lamp:
No spring air comes to cheer.
Like ox and horse together penned,
We crowd on foul earth here.

Disease is round me, shivering
And wet with mist and dew;
Expecting, as the others die,
I'll soon be dying too.

But No! For two revolving years
I watch the clouds go by,
And bear a sorrow in my heart
As boundless as the sky:

But never weak nor sick at all,—
As if in Heaven I stay:
For there is something in my soul
Which none can steal away.

I've read of heroes. Long ago
The suns that saw them set;
But as the wind goes whistling by
I read about them yet.

Behold, I feel before them now:
It warms me such to see:
The fire that's burning in my heart
Was lit by them in me."

"Every effort was made to induce him to own allegiance to the Emperor," one reads with a shudder, knowing what kind of "efforts" they might make; but they must have been more humane than the Holy Inquisitors, for the man lived. Even the wiser mildness of the Mongols or Tartars was unsuccessful. After "three years" in prison, he was brought before the Emperor (1283). The readers of Marco Polo can picture the scene; for in those years Marco Polo was one of Kublai Khan's officers. Was Marco one of the courtiers

attending at this great trial? He may have been; but has not mentioned it. Perhaps he was ashamed.

“What is it you want?” asked Kublai Khan. After three years in prison, it was time to know. “What is it you want?” To such a question from Napoleon, Mme. de Staël is reported to have answered: “The question is not what I want. The question is what I think.” It was a witty word, and true, such as might be permissible to a woman; but this was a different and sterner scene.

Wen-Tien-Hsiang replied to Kublai Khan serenely but gravely, as befitted one who was looking into the darkness of eternity with open eyes: “By the grace of the Sung emperor, I became his Majesty’s minister. I cannot serve two masters. I only ask to die.”

So they led him to execution; and it was remarked that he made obeisance to the south, in the direction of Nanking, as if the victories of Kublai Khan had never been won; and then he died, with composure.

This is the kind of thing which makes history worth reading—one of the greatest scenes preserved by human memory. And yet—for even the wrong-doer should get justice—it has to be remarked that Kublai Khan comes out of it less shamefully than a contemporary, King Edward I. of England. Twenty-two years after this great event (August 1305), William Wallace, the hero of Scotland, was similarly brought captive to London; and what did Edward do? The histories tell it; and one can only forgive him as one forgives a Red Indian who knows no better, or a cannibal, or a cat. They produced William Wallace before the Courts at Westminster on a preposterous charge of treason; and summary sentence of death and immediate execution at Smithfield was the fate of Wallace. They hanged him, instead of beheading him, in the hope of putting him to shame, and making simpletons think him a common criminal. Then they cut his body into bits, and distributed the bits. But Wallace also was a spirit, and invulnerable. Their brutal foulness but

befouled themselves. Yes: give the Devil his due. There are gentlemen and gentlemen; but on the whole most people would rather deal with Kublai Khan than with a medieval English King or a modern Kaiser; and whatever be the fate in front of us all, it is bracing to remember men who could be killed, but could not be conquered.

Events never repeat themselves, but the laws of Heaven never change; and if the Chinese are right, as I think they are, in their doctrine that Heaven makes no mistakes, then we need not doubt that nations, which are hurried into doing wrong as the Germans allowed themselves to be this year, shall in the years to come have plentiful leisure for repentance.

It may not be amiss to explain in conclusion that the Germans openly planned to make Kiao-Chau the base for a conquest to end in a German-Chinese "empire of exploitation," such as they supposed the English, Dutch, and French "Indies" to be, but far surpassing these. The fear of such a thing inspired the "Boxers," whose motto was—"China for the Chinese." The Kaiser was replying to them in talking of the "mailed fist" and bidding his men be Tartars.

The Chinese were not frightened; but remarked that the Kaiser's men were the clumsiest and most shameless of all the European thieves who sacked Peking when the "Boxers" were suppressed. The Germans had apparently been misled by the mistake of Montesquieu, very natural when he wrote, but palpable now. He thought that in China the people "act only through fear of being bastinadoed"; and so was landed in a dilemma (*Spirit of Laws*, Bk. viii. ch. 21). He could not conceive how the Chinese had nevertheless such a "proper mixture of fear, honour, and virtue" as the missionaries reported then, and nobody now denies. Montesquieu had been misinformed about Chinese politics, that was all. They are practically the most democratic people in the world; but the Germans, simple without being innocent, supposed the Chinese were like themselves, only more so, easily bullied and driven; and saw visions of El Dorados to be won by exploiting

four hundred millions of slaves. "We will take the place of the Manchus," said the Germans in effect. But the Manchu dynasty had come to the throne of China exactly in the same way as William of Orange, in the same century, came to that of England, at the express invitation of reforming parties ready for rebellion; and no German need ever expect any such invitation. A tottering Government may be willing to borrow men or money from the West, for

"He that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up";

and that is how they got control of Turkey. But that is not the road to empire. Even in Turkey it may rather prove the road to ruin; and at any rate so plain a trick is now impossible at the expense of the intelligent Chinese. Their Wen-Tien-Hsiang, who faced Kublai Khan in all his glory, and defied him unto death with perfect composure, has long been illuminated by the halo that belongs to ultimate success; and he is merely one of the many heroes who have taught the Chinese to surpass the Tartars and the would-be-Tartar Teutons in what remains the most difficult of all human arts, the valuation of men.

DAVID ALEC WILSON.

AYR.

THOUGHTS ON PACIFICISM.

G. H. POWELL.

THERE are moral convulsions, wars, and other crimes to be fully prepared for which is almost to be a partner in their wickedness. And there is an *insouciance* which, even if fatal to its victims, is more creditable than a universal cynicism, a Machiavellian distrust of all human nature. In such dread crises the prophetic gambler and the *ex post facto* omniscient have their opportunity. Supreme triumph awaits only that heroism which, through the heat of the fiery ordeal, can

“keep the law
In calmness made,”

and have self-mastery enough to judge friend and foe impartially, neither unduly elated by what may be accidental success of one's own, nor by the failures of others.

As we survey the ghastly conflagration in this spirit our first exclamation will be “Never again!—not if we can fathom the philosophy of the thing, and it be not a new evil dropped upon us from some malign planet!” “Never again!” And our whole store of dreadful experiences will be hoarded up in the hope that, when carefully sifted, we shall find among the remains—the ashes, it may be, of all that was most precious to us—some clue to the *causa causans* of the mischief.

At the moment of such an inquiry every faddist and grievance-monger will rush in with his particular scandal or *bête noire*, averring that it and no other was the real incentive. And here we begin to see that there must be peace—the peace of consistent wisdom and self-restraint—within the

borders of our race or society, within our individual selves, before we can hope to solve the problem or find the remedy.

To the Englishman with his enduring enthusiasms, his immense reserves of emotion, history would perhaps assign something of this temper, of the requisite self-knowledge and straightforwardness. It is not merely pride, ignorance, jealousy, greed that have to be detected and kept within bounds; we have further to cultivate the courageous sincerity of the ideal social relation, as embodied in the finest individual friendship.

"I was angry with my friend :
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe :
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears :
And I sunn'd it with smiles
And with soft deceitful wiles."

What a tragic picture of the diplomacy of peace and of war, of the half-stifled animosity of an ambitious nation towards a successful rival, a passion nursed by secret and bitter alarm, but masked by public professions of amity and courtly histrionics! How the peccadilloes—the spites, the follies, the ill-tempers and insincerities, so petty and ridiculous on a small stage, when multiplied by the figures of racial difference, raised to national "power," cultivated by political malice and watered by popular misunderstanding, grow to the dreadful proportions of the poet's "poison tree," laden with the fruit of envenomed hatred and insatiable revenge.

Candour, then, is the only weapon with which to clear the jungles that separate one nation from another. The courage to "tell our wrath" — in painful truth — to a friend may save us from exchanging deadly blows with an enemy. And that is no true idealism which, by clinging to a *couleur de rose* view of humanity, deceives friends and foes; as may only too easily be done by attributing an excessive virtue, an impossible degree of ingenuous harmlessness and placidity either to them—or to ourselves.

It has been suggested in certain quarters that "after the war," at a period, that is, perhaps distant enough for impartial contemplation, our politics will have to be "more *Utopiste* than ever." We must not have our belief in humanity "staggered" by any amount of individual atrocities, nor our tempers permanently embittered even by years of strife. We must look above and beyond, and hope for better things, though the eagles, red in beak and claw with ravine, shriek against our creed.

But there is a sense in which this counsel may appear somewhat alarming. For the past ten years our country may be said to have been indulging in an orgy of idealism. Of the ethereal pabulum upon which all living nations must feed in their measure, Great Britain may be said to have had a surfeit.

Clearly, if our general and international attitude had been *less* Utopiste, if our most prominent official spokesmen and journalists had shown a little *less* pious horror of war or violence, and a little *more* candour in asserting English rights and duties, there might never have grown up in the mind of an ambitious and unscrupulous enemy the impression, clearly traceable in the State papers, that we, as a nation, should remain neutral under almost any conceivable circumstances.

In any case, and at any time, those who lay down the principle or mechanically reiterate the maxim that "we must not fight" are likely thereby to involve themselves in the reality they dread. The "non-resistant," of whom, amid the torrents of eloquence outpoured on the subject of war, we have lately heard again, need not detain us seriously. If true to his principles, he may be briefly set aside as, in any practical emergency, non-existent. If not, he presents the spectacle of a good man entangled in miserable dogmatic sophistries. There are, perhaps, few absolute "musts" or "must nots" in social or international philosophy, but only better or worse alternatives. A broadly human view of the world around us is the first essential.

The abstract idea of European unity is far too fanciful

an aim for any but those philanthropists whose enthusiasm "varies," as Napoleon III said, "with the square of their distance from its objects." Nations do not want to be united to one another. They want to develop on their own lines. And in the gradual approximation of those routes lies our only hope of a public and securely policed highway.

We fight, meanwhile, for ideals which we believe to be of substantial use to humanity in general, even though they include no dream of a European Utopia wherein discordant nations, with their teeth drawn, shall acquiesce in the rule of an international bureaucracy. If our exertions leave law and order more firmly established, and the general conception of right and justice raised even by a few degrees, we may be thankful, without looking for precipitate revolutions or denaturalising miracles at home or abroad. And it may encourage us to remember that everything, even the stupendous tragedy now enacting, shows that the bonds of the world are tightening, that public (international) opinion is a stronger and more homogeneous influence than ever before.

There are theorists so engrossed in moral problems that they scarcely notice the most obvious *material* difficulties in the way of universal amity, the fatal and unalterable influence of geography. What are the bare facts? Here is Germany, for example, the Teuton, radically opposed to the Celt. Here is France, the Latinised Celt, radically opposed to the Teuton. In the mass, on every plane, personal, social, moral, intellectual, each is hostile to the other. Their union, except in the most elementary of human compacts, is inconceivable.

When individual human beings have these feelings, their remedy is a simple one. They avoid each other. For two great and uncongenial nations separated only by a hedge or a highroad this is impossible. Their geographical position—and how many nations could expect to be logically confirmed, by a committee of experts, lawyers and historians, in the precise territorial area they now occupy?—is perhaps the crowning grievance, the head and front of their mutual offending.

Unlike any other past grudge or historic wrong, this for evermore perpetuates itself. The thing is preposterous. The fields, woods, landscape on either side are alike, innocent, impartial, unmeaning—yet the inhabitants radically different, and filled with mutual animosity. How is it possible that a question to which nature and art provide no final answer should not perpetually suggest itself?

And what preserves an insular kingdom from such embarrassing enigmas? Is it logic? History? Superior virtue? Say rather mere physical accident. And when we realise that circumstance, we may understand the ebullition of ferocious anger roused by our declaration of war, an outburst really directed not so much at our mere act of self-assertion as at the supposed implication that, whatever our forces, we could ever enter upon the ordeal on equal terms.

The frontier is the vital difficulty. An overwhelming posse-comitatus of international police may compel the stronger to respect, for the time being, the rights of the weaker. But who can eliminate from natural enemies the normal appetite to take what seems as naturally the property of one as of the other?

Hopeless of complete solution, the problem—embracing more than half the science of pacificism—may be met and frankly dealt with here and there. International peace-makers in conference have at least certain clearly definable principles on which *not* to act. In the old days, the first overthrow of Napoleonic tyranny was followed by what historians can only describe as the quarrels of vultures over carrion.

The new humanity of the twentieth century will at least be Utopian enough to demand that though a desperately offensive combatant must be effectively repressed and “set back,” yet, speaking generally, no nation should be exposed to any action or punishment which would be a perpetual exasperation and consequently a source of malicious encouragement to her reviving nationality.

The principle may be excellently illustrated by a suggestion made the other day (by an eminent professor of history) that, in the event of our victory over the Germans, we should take back the strongly fortified position of Heligoland, originally given up, it was suggested, by an impulse of unreasoning generosity.¹ Doubtless the place might be of use to us: and on much the same principle might the victorious enemy demand the cession of Dover and its forts, as a check upon our naval activities.

But common sense and humanity do not suggest the multiplication, by the above policy, of unnatural permanent elements of discord. England really surrendered Heligoland, it may be urged, because the islet belongs to Germany about as "naturally" as Dover cliffs belong to England. And in the absence of any very special distinction to be drawn by naval or military experts, it may be fairly argued that, in such a case—here merely selected as an example—the sense of wrong and the artificial stimulus to a renewal of war would be dangers outweighing the advantage of the occupation. Gibraltar may, of course, be suggested as a parallel case, but our peculiar relation to the sea and the history of the place make a considerable difference.

The principle is clear. We do not make war against nature—human or geographical, spiritual or material. We make war, as Aristotle says, for the sake of peace, as we work for the sake of leisure. We are enclosed in one world with "the other peoples," and as we cannot escape them, if we wished it, we must devise means of living happily together. There is no other resource. Even if we could inspire it, universal fear would not, we believe,—in spite of the apparent dissent of certain profound intellects—counterbalance the force of universal hatred.

¹ A more practical and, as the writer understands, perfectly practicable suggestion is that the small and geologically perishable islet on which Germany has spent so much should be destroyed, *blown up*, as one burns a dangerous toy injudiciously entrusted to a mischievous infant.

The contrast, the true conflict, is between the ephemeral and the egotistical on the one hand, the universal and eternal on the other. There is no resource but to hold aloft the banner of those rights and principles "which endure and go forward and are not dropped by time."

It is well, perhaps, that those of us who have believed too much in words should be reminded of the basic fact of civilisation, that "the fair flower of right" flourishes only on "the gnarled and rugged stem of might." But it is to be remembered that there is a force, a "might," before which facts, figures, fleets, armies, forts and cannon are as nothing, and that is—the human heart.

There is perhaps one preliminary consideration that may inspire our hope. The nation best at the great game of war has long been believed to inhabit these islands, and our freshest, most sanguinary experience scarcely indicates any loss of that supremacy on sea or land. If such a nation is best qualified to establish and inspire enduring peace, may not that be because the ostentatiously professional and specialised "destroyer" is *not*, after all, the true lord of war?

The true "Happy Warrior" is rather the enthusiast of high and enduring ideals—of liberty, industry, democracy—who will, with all these lifelong enthusiasms condensed into the one conflict, turn and rend those who cross his path of peaceful evolution. Of the two antagonists it remains to be seen which can conciliate most of that world-sympathy, without which permanent success is for either impossible.

Life—as great and disturbing cataclysms only drive home to our conviction—is one thing, including in its plane of human activities both war and peace. On those who would spiritually differentiate the two extremes, making of peace an armistice of luxurious decadence, or of war an orgy of demoralised egoism—Destiny surely attends.

G. H. POWELL.

LONDON.

SURVEY OF RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

PROFESSOR G. DAWES HICKS.

MR BERTRAND RUSSELL'S Lowell Lectures on *Our Knowledge of the External World, as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy* (Chicago and London: Open Court Company, 1914), taken in conjunction with his article on "The Relation of Sense-Data to Physics" (*Scientia*, July 1914), presents in a lucid and suggestive way a bold attempt to solve the problem of knowledge, differing in many important respects from the author's previous attempts in the same direction. Mr Russell seeks, in his new mode of treating the problem, to illustrate what he calls the logical-analytic method in philosophy, a method the first complete example of which is to be found in the writings of Frege, and which he holds is perfectly adequate, in all branches of philosophy, to yield whatever positive scientific knowledge it is possible for us to gain. The problems and the method of philosophy have, he thinks, been wholly misconceived from the time of Thales to that of Mr Bradley, but the science of philosophy, understood as he understands it, may hope to solve its problems with all the precision and certainty to which the most advanced sciences have attained. I have not been able, I confess, to derive from the writer's exposition any clear idea of the province he would assign to this new science, or of its exact demarcation from other sciences, nor can I discover the reason why it should henceforward monopolise the title of "philosophy." The "classical tradition" in philosophy represents, on the whole, we are told, a decaying force, but we are not furnished with the grounds that have led to this, by no means obvious, conclusion. The "classical tradition" is, we learn, the last surviving child of two very diverse parents: the Greek belief in reason, and the mediæval belief in "the tidiness of the universe"—a cryptic saying which sets one wondering about the parentage of many other children whose relationship to this "child" is, according to the historical records, exceedingly close. Apparently Mr Russell considers the distinguishing characteristic to the "classical tradition" to be the belief "that *a priori* reasoning could reveal otherwise undiscoverable secrets about the universe, and could prove reality to be quite different from what, to direct observation, it appears to be" (p. 5)—a belief, surely, against which the batteries of Kant never ceased to concentrate their fire. The "large untested generalities" which thus ensued were recommended, so Mr Russell is persuaded, "only by a certain appeal to imagination"—and here, again, one is inclined to ask where, in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, for example,

such an appeal is to be found. Philosophy as a science will, like other sciences, seek a "theoretical understanding of the world" (p. 25); it will aim at "what is *general*, and the special sciences, however they may *suggest* large generalisations, cannot make them certain" (p. 236). Do, then, generalisations of the scope of the modern theories of the constitution of the atom and of relativity belong to the science of physics or to the science of philosophy? And if to the former, how is the stage of generality, beyond which the resources of the physicists are no longer of avail, to be determined? Again, after the condemnation passed upon the use made of imagination in speculative inquiry, it is somewhat startling to meet with the assertion that "fertility in imagining abstract hypotheses" has "most of all been lacking hitherto in philosophy" (p. 239), and that the two processes of doubting the familiar and imagining the unfamiliar "form the chief part of the mental training required for a philosopher" (p. 238), for it can scarcely be contended that the imaginative faculty of such a thinker as Plato, for instance, was confined to the familiar. Mr Russell's new theory of sense-data and of their relation to the objects of physics is worked out with extreme care and subtlety, and will certainly call forth much discussion. The influence of Mach upon his thought, in this connection, has been, I should suppose, considerable. Sense-data at the times when they are data are, it is contended, all that we directly and primitively know of the external world; they are not mental, but physical in character; what the mind adds to them is, in fact, *merely* awareness. By a "sense-datum" is meant not the whole of what is given in sense at one time, but such a part of the whole as might be singled out by attention: particular patches of colour, particular noises, etc. In physics as commonly set forth, sense-data appear as functions of physical objects; when such-and-such waves impinge upon the eye, we see such-and-such colours, and so on. But the waves are in truth inferred from the colours, not *vice versa*, and physics cannot be regarded as resting upon a valid empirical basis until the waves have been expressed as functions of the colours and other sense-data. Mr Russell tries to show how this may be done. The supreme maxim in scientific philosophising he takes to be: "Wherever possible, logical constructions are to be substituted for inferred entities." A single space, a single time, and permanent things or matter, as assumed by physics, can all, he thinks, be interpreted as logical constructions. Starting, for example, from a world of helter-skelter sense-data, we may collect these into series, each of which series can be regarded as consisting of the successive appearances of "one" thing. Thus we may arrive at the persistent "matter" of physics, without the metaphysically illegitimate hypothesis of permanent substance. It is unnecessary, for the enunciation of the laws of physics, to assign any reality to a persistent matter. Just as the one thing simultaneously seen by many people may be interpreted as a construction, so the one thing seen at different times by the same or different people may be interpreted as a construction, as being in fact nothing but a certain grouping of certain *sensibilia*. I think Mr Russell's

argument, able and ingenious as it unquestionably is, is vitiated by a wholly unwarrantable psychological assumption adopted at the outset—the assumption, namely, that *sensibilia*, as he defines them, are or can be *objects* of direct apprehension; an assumption, it seems to me, that is open to most of the objections that have been successfully urged against Hume's theory of "impressions." Whatever may be thought, however, of his treatment of our knowledge of external things, every philosophical student will be grateful to Mr Russell for his exceedingly valuable and lucid account of the modern mathematical theory of continuity and infinity, to the working out of which he himself has largely contributed. The points and instants which mathematicians introduce in dealing with space and time may not, it is urged, be actual physically existing entities; they may be logical constructions, whilst yet the continuity of actual space and time may be more or less analogous to mathematical continuity, which is a property only possible to a series of terms, that is, to terms arranged in an order. The continued bisection of a distance gives us an infinite series of diminishing distances; but just because the series has no end, we cannot say that in the end the distance will grow infinitesimal. We shall never reach a distance that is not a finite distance, and, therefore, of course, never reach by such continued bisection the mathematical point. Mr Russell gives, also, a most interesting account of Frege's theory of number. "The number of terms in a given class" is defined as meaning "the class of all classes that are similar to the given class"; *e.g.* the number two is the class of all couples, and the number three the class of all triads. This definition is, it is pointed out, equally applicable to finite and infinite numbers, and it does not require the admission of some new and mysterious set of metaphysical entities. Accordingly, it is apparent that it is the class or the general term, not physical things, which is the proper subject of number.

In connection with Mr Russell's treatment of sensation, the symposium on "The Status of Sense-Data" by Dr G. E. Moore and Professor G. F. Stout in the new volume of the *Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society* (N.S. vol. xiv., 1914, London: Williams & Norgate) will prove helpful. Dr Moore does not indicate whether he is satisfied with the theory of physical objects as logical constructions, but he takes the same view of *sensibilia* and of their relation to mind as is taken by Mr Russell. There is a fundamental difference, he insists, between the relation I have to a *sensible* when I am actually seeing or hearing it, and any relation (for there may be several) which I may have to the same *sensible* when I am only thinking of it or remembering it. The former relation is that of "direct apprehension," which, however, does not imply that the *sensible* is in my mind in the sense in which it may be said the mental act of apprehending it is in my mind. There is no reason why *sensibilia* should not exist at times when they are not experienced. As regards the relation of *sensibilia* to physical objects, Dr Moore thinks one of two interpretations may be true. The one is expressed by the statement that, if certain conditions are fulfilled, I, or some other person, would directly apprehend certain other

sensibilia; the other is, that the physical object has some particular kind of causal relation to my experience, the physical object being its "source." Confronting the latter interpretation is the serious difficulty of explaining how we ever come to know that *sensibilia* have a "source" at all. Professor Stout maintains that in direct apprehension the *sensibile* is existentially present to consciousness as a pain is existentially present when it is actually being felt. He holds that the physical object as perceived or imagined includes not only the source but the nature of the *sensibilia* so far as the latter stand to the source in the relation of being its sensible appearances. As regards the way in which any directly apprehended *sensibile* is correlated with an existence beyond its own, Professor Stout finds an important analogy between our knowledge of the connection of an image with its primary *sensibile* and our knowledge of the connection of a primary *sensibile* with its source. The subject is also dealt with from another point of view by the writer of this Survey in his presidential address to the Society on "Appearance and Real Existence," with which the volume of the *Proceedings* opens. Here it is contended that to suppose *sensibilia*, as distinguished from physical things, are directly apprehended *objects*, is an error. It is, throughout, physical things that are apprehended (physical things being composed not merely of the constituents specified by the physicist, but possessing likewise the properties described as secondary qualities), and upon which the act of apprehension is directed; the appearances arise only in and through the act of apprehension being directed upon the physical object. Appearances are ways in which existent reality is apprehended, and are not themselves existences. Professor J. A. Smith contributes to the same volume of the *Proceedings* a most interesting paper "On Feeling." Three theories are examined which pronounce "feeling" to be (a) experience undeveloped or undifferentiated, (b) a special kind of experience, (c) some "concomitant" of experience. It is pointed out that all these theories make "feeling" significant only by relation to some other term or terms more formed, independent, and substantial. In lieu of these, the theory is offered that by "feeling" we mean experience considered in respect of its degree of perfection, and that, when we contrast it with other forms or grades of experience, it signifies what is as experience relatively incomplete or imperfect. When a positive character is attributed to it, that is always pleasantness. Unpleasantness or painfulness is relative and negative; it is failure to be even "feeling." Professor S. Alexander discusses, in a very original manner, the question of "freedom." Human freedom, he urges, is but a particular case of something much more general, which is, as Wordsworth said of pleasure, "spread through the world." Freedom is determination in enjoyment or the experience each thing has of the workings of its own nature, and it involves no feature save enjoyment which distinguishes it from natural or physical action, that is to say, which is contemplated. Not all human action is free. When it is unfree its determinants are not present in enjoyment. But when free action in turn becomes the object of contemplation it falls

into the class of determined natural action. The stone which for us is compelled from our point of view is free in its internal actions for itself. It acts, in Spinoza's phrase, from the necessity of its own nature, Dr H. Wildon Carr concludes the volume with a paper, which will be helpful at the present time, on "The Principle of Relativity and its Importance for Philosophy." Since Dr Carr wrote, two important works on the subject have appeared, the one by Dr L. Silberstein, entitled *The Theory of Relativity* (London: Macmillan & Co., 1914), and the other by Mr E. Cunningham, entitled *The Principle of Relativity* (Cambridge University Press, 1914). According to Dr Carr the principle of relativity affirms that "neither space, nor time, nor matter, nor ether (if there is ether) is absolute," for "no one of these is one and the same identical reality for every observer, but each is particular to the observer."

Two critical articles in *Mind* deserve special attention. The one, by Mr C. D. Broad, in the July number, deals with "Mr Bradley on Truth and Reality," and contains a searching examination of the theory of truth as coherence. Is the judgment that coherence is the ultimate test of truth, asks the writer, accepted simply because it is coherent with all other judgments? If so, we have a vicious circle. Unless this judgment can be known to be true independent of its coherence with other judgments, how will the fact of its coherence with them prove its truth? For, *until* we know that it is true, we have no ground for thinking the members of a coherent system more likely to be true than those of an incoherent system. Mr Broad suggests that it is not precisely the same thing that is meant by truth and falsehood when it is said that no judgment is quite true or false, and when it is said that judgments have degrees of truth. The other article I refer to is that by Mr E. J. Strange, in the October number, on "Objectives, Truth and Error," in which he examines Meinong's theory of the nature of judgment and in connection therewith the theory of Mr Russell. Meinong, as Mr Strange points out, makes the important distinction between that concerning which we judge and that which is judged in and by the act of judgment. That concerning which is judged (*das Beurteilte*) may be, for example, a prisoner, and that which is judged (*das Geurteilte*) "that he did not commit the offence with which he is charged." The former is what Meinong calls the object of the judgment and the latter the objective, and for him the distinction of true and false beliefs depends upon the distinction between valid and invalid objectives. A belief is true when it is a belief in an objective which is a fact; it is false when its objective is not a fact. Mr Strange argues that Meinong's doctrine suffers from the lack of an explicit statement of the distinction between knowledge by acquaintance and knowledge by description. The relation of the mind to objectives must not be regarded, he insists, as the same as the relation of the mind to *sensibilia*. The question here raised is, no doubt, a crucial one, but I believe Meinong is right in not pressing the distinction in the manner which Mr Strange seems to desiderate.

A work entitled *The Concept of Consciousness*, by Professor E. B. Holt, the author of one of the essays in the volume *The New Realism*, has just been published (London: George Allen & Co., 1914). The title is somewhat of a misnomer, for half the book is taken up with the discussion of epistemological and metaphysical problems before the concept of consciousness is referred to at all. Philosophy must take as its starting-point, it is contended, the fundamental category of *being*. *Being* which connotes nothing denotes everything, and consequently is absolutely universal. To *being real* or *being true* there is the opposed category of *being unreal* or *being untrue*. So that some additional determination over and above *being* is needed to make an entity real or unreal (true or untrue). But *being not* are words without meaning; there is no negative category to *being*. This consideration, valuable enough in itself, is made the ground for a number of conclusions it will scarcely bear the weight of. Subjective idealism, for example, is taken to be obviously a false doctrine, because "mind is really something, and hence everything it cannot be." But surely this easy mode of disposing of the matter will convince nobody. The idealist is concerned with the *esse* of particular realities, namely sensible things, and his thesis is that *their particular kind of being* is that of being objects for mind. He is not in the least concerned to maintain that "mind is everything." The author reaches what he calls a system of "monism" by the help of the somewhat curious conception of "neutral entities." The ultimate constituents of the universe, in other words, are, in strictness, neither mental nor material; they are all of such stuff as logical and mathematical manifolds are made of. Minds and material things are specific complexes of these entities; and although the distinction between these two is valid and not to be explained away, it is not a sharp distinction like the boundary between two countries. Very obviously, it is asserted, the purely mathematical and logical entities are inhabitants of both regions. Extravagant as the doctrine will appear, it is worked out with ingenuity and skill. But it seems to me Professor Holt has upon his hands not only all the difficulties of an atomism, such as Hume's, but also the additional perplexity of making the transition from being to existence. Yet it is assumed that all being is a single, infinite system in which the entire variety develops deductively from a small number of propositions. Certain relatively simple combinations of the neutral entities are the logico-mathematical terms and systems; certain more complicated aggregates are physical bodies in their spatial and temporal relations; whilst the yet more complicated aggregates defined by the response relation are the manifolds which are known as mental. Thus, it is claimed, the supposed gap between organic life and conscious life is closed up; the knowing process is deducible from the life-process of response. I can only say I do not see in the least how the deduction is accomplished.

Under the title of *The Idealistic Reaction against Science* (London: Macmillan, 1914), Miss Agnes M'Caskill offers an English version of Professor Aliotta's work *La reazione idealistica contro la scienza*, published

in 1912, but which the author has subjected to a process of revision in order, as he says, to improve it and adapt it to the British public. The greater part of the work consists of a critical examination of various recent attempts to solve the problem of knowledge. The criticism is often acute and suggestive. In a concluding chapter, Professor Aliotta sketches in outline a form of spiritualistic realism which he opposes to the neo-Hegelian idealism that came into vogue in Italy after the decline of positivism. In a realistic sense, he would accept Hegel's profound saying, "Mind is the truth of Nature." Just as a genius reveals to his fellow-men something which they had vaguely felt, but were unable to conceive lucidly, so human consciousness acts with regard to things in nature; in the mind which apprehends them they are raised to a higher level of reality, thus becoming truer than they would be of themselves whilst outside human knowledge. Nature, however, must not be interpreted as an assemblage of spiritual monads, endowed with a greater or less degree of consciousness. The reduction of all things to systems of conscious units is an arbitrary procedure, for the analogy is only legitimate where there is some evidence of psychic life, and affords no help from the point of view of intelligibility. Seeing that the character proper to the conscious ego is its inability to communicate directly with other egos, if we conceive matter to be an assemblage of elementary minds, we should arrive at the windowless monads of Leibniz. Monads in order to act upon others from without must cease to be merely minds, and be bodies as well; their activity would not in that case be merely psychical, but would partake likewise of the physical. The physical world in its objectivity presents itself as the necessary organ of spiritual life.

The first volume of Professor John Burnet's *Greek Philosophy*, in the series of *The Schools of Philosophy*, edited by Sir Henry Jones (London: Macmillan, 1914), is a welcome addition to the treatises we possess on the early systems, and will serve probably as the recognised University textbook for many years to come. Most readers familiar with Professor Burnet's previous work will turn with eagerness to the treatment here of Socrates and Plato. We were already prepared, by his edition of the *Phædo*, for the view he takes of the position of Socrates. After the departure of Philolaus to Italy, Socrates, he thinks, became to all intents and purposes the head of the Pythagoreans who remained behind in Athens. He accepts as historical the representation of the *Phædo* that Socrates and the Pythagoreans held in common the doctrine of intelligible forms (*νοητὰ εἶδη*), which doctrine he takes to be Pythagorean in origin, and that Socrates made important original contributions to the theory which, in fact, completely transformed it. He emphasises the consideration that the theory of forms in the sense in which it is maintained in the *Phædo* and the *Republic* is wholly absent in the most distinctively Platonic of the dialogues, those, namely, in which Socrates is no longer the chief speaker. Professor Burnet regards the *Theætetus* and the *Parmenides* as the earliest of the dialogues distinctively Platonic, and takes the distinguishing feature

of both of them to be Plato's preoccupation with the Megarians, from whose position he is here finally emancipating himself. The *Theætetus* is meant to lead up to an examination of the theory of Euclid, and in the *Parmenides* there is direct criticism of the doctrine of forms as that is delineated in the *Phædo* and the *Republic*. The author urges that his hypothesis should be tested by its efficacy in "saving" the writings of Plato himself and the statements of Aristotle and others who knew him. A second edition, in one volume, of Mr A. W. Benn's well-known book *The Greek Philosophers* (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1914) has also appeared. It contains a chapter on Plato's Metaphysics, which is in great part new. Mr Benn maintains there is no real ground for supposing that any other philosopher anticipated Plato in his daring flight of speculation. He thinks that in his later period Plato abandoned the Idea of the Good as the starting-point of his dialectical hierarchy for another Idea, the Idea, namely, of Identity, but that this also is distinctly qualified as non-existent or, as we should say, "purely ideal," and as realised only in combinations where its purity is lost.

G. DAWES HICKS.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

THEOLOGY.

THE REV. PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFATT, D.LITT.

It will be more than a sentimental regret to many students of theology to learn that the editor and publishers are no longer able to continue the *Zeitschrift für wissenschaftliche Theologie*. For half a century it was the organ of Adolf Hilgenfeld, who filled its pages with vigorous and independent essays on the lines of the Tübingen school. But the very qualities which make for the success of a one-man journal tell against it when the founder dies, and it is not altogether a surprise, although it is a pity, to find that Hilgenfeld's *Zeitschrift* has not been able, since his death, to encounter the severe competition of its rivals. We cannot part from it without acknowledging the high standard of its contents and the permanent value of several contributions which are to be found in its long file of fifty-five volumes. The last number contains two articles, one by Professor Hugo Koch on "Pascha in der ältesten Kirche," the other by Dr Hans Rust on "Die Aufgabe der Religionspsychologie." Dr Rust traces the change and development of psychology in the religious sphere. In Schleiermacher, he contends, the psychological treatment of religion was intended to form a basis for the representation of life in the "Glaubenslehre," whereas nowadays it claims the further and more ultimate right to penetrate the secret of the entire religious life. The essay describes the phases of the modern advance, with particular reference to Professor James and Starbuck, the only psychologists with whom the author seems to be acquainted outside his own country. Dr Johnson once wrote a prayer "On the Study of Philosophy, as an instrument of living," to which he

subsequently added the note: "This study was not pursued." The study of philosophy from the side of psychology has been pursued, however, by many writers as an aid to the religious life, some of whom attach more value to it than Dr Rust appears to do. A contemporary instance is furnished by Herr E. Brunner's *Das Symbolische in der religiösen Erkenntnis* (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), a trenchant protest against the claims of intellectualism or rationalism in the sphere of religion. Herr Brunner discusses "Begriff" and "Symbol" in relation to religious knowledge, upholds the right of the latter as the expression of personal life and concrete experience, and, after an elaborate analysis, argues for the inviolable existence of religious knowledge and of the religious life as against philosophical speculation. Some points in this argument are handled independently by F. J. de Holl in *Theologisch Tijdschrift* (pp. 294-330, "De objectiviteitstheorie in de ethiek"), by Professor Leuba in the third part of his *La Psychologie des phénomènes religieux* (Paris: Alcan), by R. B. Perry in "Contemporary Philosophies of Religion" (*Harvard Review*, July), and by Henri Reverdin (*Revue de Théologie et de Philosophie* (May, pp. 191 f.), in an interesting survey of the philosophical phenomenalism held by J. J. Gour, Amiel's successor at Geneva.¹

To pass from such discussions to J.-V. Bainvel's Latin treatise *De Vera Religione et Apologetica* (Paris: Beauchesne) is like going back to the days of wooden ships from an age of ironclads and submarines. The book is evidently intended for the use of Roman Catholic students who accept the scholastic philosophy; it contains some references to Roman Catholic literature on apologetics which will be serviceable to non-Catholic readers, and the appendix includes a French essay by the Jesuit father La Broise upon the development of religion in the nineteenth century, which has several points of interest. But otherwise the volume, in method and aim alike, is curiously out of touch with vital issues. Among the English "influxus" (p. 23), Liberal Protestantism is included: "sed cum tendentia, apud multos, ad aliquam quasi secularisationem rei religiosæ, et omnimodam separationem ab omni religione positiva, etiam christiana: qualem tendentiam exhibent non pauci articuli philosophiæ religiosæ in *Hibbert Journal*." The learned author hopes to follow up this treatise with another upon the Church. Meantime he publishes a brief sketch of *La Vie Intime du Catholique* (Paris: Beauchesne), a study of religious experience rather than a work of theology or devotion. There is little new in the treatment of the subject, however. Our God, the author claims, is the God of the Bible, but few types of Christian piety are further from the Bible than that outlined in this manual, and it is doubtful if its pages will attract or convince those who are outside the Roman Church.²

¹ A special application is furnished by Dr W. F. Cobb's historical and experimental study of *Spiritual Healing* (London: G. Bell), an attempt to show that the phenomena of spiritual cures are part of nature's activity and too real to be suspected by medical scepticism.

² An Anglican counterpart is Bishop Hall's devout *Exposition of the Litany* (London: Mowbray).

Dr A. E. Garvie's *The Missionary Obligation* (Hodder & Stoughton) is a thoughtful plea¹ that no changes in the social or theological outlook justify "any indifference to or abandonment of the Foreign Mission enterprise"; the mission obligation is bound up with an adequate conception of the Christian Gospel, and the author re-states this with emphasis and conviction. In this connection we may note a clear and penetrating monograph, by Professor N. Söderblom, on *Natürliche Theologie und Allgemeine Religionsgeschichte* (Hinrichs: Leipzig), which seeks to supply a much-needed basis for the rights and philosophy of comparative religion; but a closer pendant to Dr Garvie's argument is furnished by a recent article in the *Revue du Clergé Français* (June, pp. 701 f.) on Germany and its Foreign Missions, Catholic and Protestant. The authors, speaking for the French Roman Church, confess to a certain feeling of envy that Germany is taking up the rôle of France in the championship of missions abroad. "Il est donc un fait indéniable: à l'heure même où la France, affaiblie par la dépopulation, déchirée par les querelles de partis, semble se replier sur elle-même et renoncer définitivement à sa sublime vocation de chevalier du Christ; à l'heure où, peut-être, des ministres de passages sont tentés d'abandonner par quelque traité secret à des voisins avides de le recueillir notre séculaire protectorat des chrétiens en Orient;—justement fière de son merveilleux développement économique et, d'ailleurs, encouragée et comme forcée par la surabondance de sa population, l'Allemagne rêve d'hégémonie mondiale, et cherche à s'assurer d'abord dans ses nouvelles possessions l'appui des forces religieuses." The difficulties discussed by Dr Garvie are primarily those raised by the newer views of the Bible, however, and Professor Von Dobschütz's sketch of *The Influence of the Bible on Civilisation* (T. & T. Clark) sets these in their proper proportions; he considers that "the influence of the Bible on civilisation still continues, and it will grow greater the more the Bible is used in the proper way, as an influence not on outward form but in inward inspiration."² Less general, though untechnical, is Mr Neville Talbot's *Mind of the Disciples* (Macmillan), in which the author, "as an ex-soldier and no scholar," modestly and persuasively argues that the New Testament reveals a series of stages leading up to the full confession of Jesus as Lord in "the region of the theological, the supernatural, the ecclesiastical, and sacramental." Two volumes of a popular apologetic nature³ have appeared on this line: one Mr R. W. Harden's *The Evangelists and the Resurrection* (Skeffingtons), a conservative and not very strong statement; and the other Dr J. A.

¹ Mr D. C. Mackintosh's papers in the *American Journal of Theology*, now concluded, on "The New Christianity and World Conversion," are a useful complement.

² Father Plater's *The Priest and Social Action* (Longmans) is a Roman Catholic plea, written with some historical breadth, for a positive social policy of the Church in the present state of civilisation. He rightly complains that non-Catholic students in this country are apt to ignore the contribution of the German priests.

³ Dr W. M. Groton's *The Christian Eucharist* (Longmans) is also apologetic; it is an attempt to clear Paul and the primitive church from the theurgic mysticism which penetrated the contemporary cults and their sacramental feasts.

M'Clymont's Baird Lecture on *New Testament Criticism* (Hodder & Stoughton).

Professor Burkitt's Schweich Lecture on *Jewish and Christian Apocalypses* (Oxford Press), which should be read alongside of Dr Charles' little study, in the "Home University Library," on *Religious Development between the Old and the New Testament*, is a blend of impressionist and literary criticism. His views on Enoch and the Ascension of Isaiah run contrary to the ideas usually held by experts, and will doubtless raise discussion. The thesis of the lectures, that the essence of apocalyptic is the doctrine of the Last Judgment, is developed with characteristic freshness. It seems to require modification and qualification in the sphere of Christian apocalypses. Professor Burkitt's main interest is in the Jewish, however, and he succeeds in bringing out the function of apocalypses during the stress of the Maccabean period and also the factor which led to their subsequent loss of popularity in Judaism. "The religion of Jochanan ben Zakkai is a legitimate child of the religion of Ezra. I am only putting before you the view that it is not the only legitimate child; and further, that in adapting itself to the altered conditions of existence after 70, the Rabbinical Religion was obliged to abandon part of the inheritance of former generations." Much as Professor Burkitt differs from Canon Charles on some points of literary criticism, he is at one with him in maintaining the historical rights of apocalyptic to a more serious place in pre-Christian Judaism than most Jewish scholars are still willing to allow. "The Optimism of Jewish Theology," on which Dr Abelson writes pleasantly in *The Jewish Review* (May, pp. 45 f.), requires to be set in a focus like this in order to be seen in its true proportions.

We may also chronicle some Cambridge literature on two equally controversial topics. The issue raised by the Bishop of Oxford's letter¹ has drawn down a cloud of pamphlets already, but none has been quite so pungent and weighty as Professor H. M. Gwatkin's *Open Letter* (Longmans, Green & Co.), which is full of crisp answers with historical knowledge behind them. "The alleged necessity of a mechanical succession does not go well with our Lord's warning against tradition and masters upon earth, or with the purely spiritual nature of His blessings on the meek, the pure in heart, and such like; nor is it confirmed by experience, if the non-episcopal Churches of Christ show no very notable moral inferiority to others. There is a glib reply to this, but we beg the question if we say that grace is given to the Catholic through his Church, to the other notwithstanding his Church." "You lay down the law, that none may be received to Communion unless he has been confirmed (or is ready to be confirmed) by the laying-on of a bishop's hands. In your haste to shut out Protestants from our Church you shut out also the Greeks, who are not confirmed by a bishop, and the Latins, who have

¹ Bishop Weston of Zanzibar has reissued his book on *The One Christ* (Longmans), with alterations which bring it up to date but do not render it less anti-Modernist than before.

no laying-on of hands." And again, in irony: "I am sure you will pardon the misgivings and hesitations of an old student whose eyes no doubt are dazzled by the splendour of the light which, as you say, has lately risen on 'us' to scatter the thick darkness which covered alike the Reformers, the Carolines, the Evangelicals, and the great scholars of the last generation, and to guide us back into the blessed harmony of the undivided Church, so gloriously shown in the Councils of Ephesus and the Three Chapters Controversy." Cambridge has not forgotten its history or its reputation for wit, and the former, in a genuinely irenical spirit, appears in Mr A. C. Bouquet's *Introduction to the Study of Re-Union* (Heffer). Dr Skinner of Westminster College has republished, with additions, his article upon *The Divine Names in Genesis* (Hodder & Stoughton), which in its own way is an equally conclusive piece of refutation. The argument is one which only a trained scholar could deploy, and it is presented with fulness and force against the attempt of Dahse and some others to gather apologetic figs from critical thistles. The thesis of the book is that recent textual criticism has not invalidated the documentary analysis of the Pentateuch, and that there is no justification for the idea that the higher critics have put faith blindly in the inerrancy of the Hebrew text. It will be admitted generally that Dr Skinner has not only cleared his position from the misrepresentations and misconceptions which Dahse and others sought to fasten upon his great Genesis-commentary,¹ but that he has made a positive contribution, based on thorough research, to the science of the subject. He is allied, for once, to König, whose *Die moderne Pentateuchkritik und ihre neueste Bekämpfung* is a similar exposure of Dahse's errors.

On the broader subject of the Old Testament we have to note an ingenious and not inadequate translation of Job in the metre of the original, entitled *The Poem of Job* (Cambridge Press), by Dr E. G. King, and a study of "Le Poète de Job," by M. Paul Humbert in *Revue de Théologie et de Philosophie* (May, pp. 161-177), which adds little or nothing to Froude's essay or Mark Rutherford's notes.

Dr F. M. Hitchcock's *Irenæus of Lugdunum* (Cambridge) is an invaluable introduction to the study of that father. Irenæus represents the first systematisation of doctrine in its "catholic" form, with what may be called "protestant" elements. A monograph of this popular and patient kind has been long wanted in English, and the author has risen to the occasion. It is one of the most satisfactory contributions to the subject which has been made for many years.

JAMES MOFFATT.

¹ Dr H. E. Ryle has now published a compact little edition of Genesis, from the same standpoint, in the Cambridge Bible; and in the *Expositor* (September, pp. 274-282) Professor van Gelderen, of Amsterdam, argues that Nimrod is a personification of the dynasty of Naram-Sin.

A SOCIAL SURVEY.

SOCIAL THEORY.

The Church, the State, and the Poor, by Dr W. E. Chadwick (London: Robert Scott, 6s. net), seeks to supply a knowledge of the various ways in which at different times both Church and State have attempted to deal with the problems of poverty, and of the results of their efforts. In the author's view, the evil conditions of to-day are largely due to neglect on the part of both Church and State during the first hundred years of "industrial revolution." The standpoint of the book appears most clearly in the statement that "what is termed Christian social work (and of this work, that on behalf of the poor is the chief part), if it is to be wisely done, must be the issue of a real faith in the whole Christian Creed." The Rev. Will Reason, in *The Land Problem for Christian Citizens* (National Council of Evangelical Free Churches: London, E.C., Memorial Hall, 1s.), applies to one of the most difficult of our social problems principles gleaned from both the Old and New Testaments—principles which, if whole-heartedly and consistently carried out, would leave few problems to solve. In *Mothers and the Empire, and other Addresses* (Salvation Army Book Department, Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. 6d.), Mrs Bramwell Booth desires "to indicate the position of the Salvation Army in relation to many of the challenging questions of the day," and "in some degree to direct the opinions and activities of others with reference to the momentous issues involved." While we are grateful for this statement of the aims and activities of the organisation of which Mrs Booth has been so able and devoted a servant, it must be said that a judicial estimate of the Army's work by a well-informed student of social questions, trained in modern scientific methods, has long been a desideratum. *The Social Worker's Armoury* (The Brotherhood Publishing House, Holborn Hall, London, E.C., 2s. 6d.) is intended to encourage the study of social service among an active society which numbers 600,000 members, and to enforce the obligations of Christian citizenship. It contains papers on "Health and Housing," "Work and Wages," "Child Life," and other familiar themes, with practical suggestions for study circles.

One of the most remarkable books in the recent history of Sociology is *The Great Society: A Psychological Analysis*, by Graham Wallas

(Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net), every page of which is interesting, illuminating, and suggestive. Mr Wallas, whose thirty years of hard thinking, carried on simultaneously with strenuous public work, give him a special claim to a hearing, examines the facts of human psychology with a view to discovering (1) how they can be adapted to the needs of the great society, and (2) how far existing forms of organisation can be improved by a closer adaptation to the facts of human psychology. Future efforts must be directed to (1) the organisation of thought, especially by oral group-dialectic, as against the mechanical and impersonal manipulation of opinion by the Press; (2) the organisation of will (which does *not* mean mere mechanical combination); and (3) the organisation of happiness, which, as he acutely points out, must include memory of the past and imagination of the future. *Work and Wealth: A Human Valuation* (Macmillan: 8s. 6d. net) is the latest and most stimulating product of Mr J. A. Hobson's pen. Using as a norm or test the Ruskinian maxim that "there is no wealth but life," Mr Hobson endeavours "to present a full and formal exposure of the inhumanity and vital waste of modern industry by the close application of the best approved formulas of individual and social welfare, and to indicate the most hopeful measures of remedy for a society sufficiently intelligent, courageous, and self-governing to apply them." Mr Hobson's quarrel with current economic orthodoxy is on the ground of its inherently mechanical character, which renders it unsuitable for the human interpretation, and still more for the humanising, of industry. When industry has been reconstructed as Mr Hobson and most disinterested people desire, and "all property is visibly justified, alike in origin and use, the rights of property will for the first time be respected, for they will be for the first time respectable. . . . The effect of setting on a human basis the industry of the country would, of course, react upon all other departments of life — religion, family and civic morality, politics, literature, art, and science." *The Future of Work*, by L. G. Chiozza Money (Fisher Unwin: 6s. net), contends that British invention has been frustrated by commercial method and that production has been largely directed to the manufacture of useless articles. "Production has become so simple that if a people will but consent to organise for the production necessary to yield a high minimum standard of subsistence for the entire community, the necessary labour will occupy so small a proportion of the day of the community's adults of working age as to produce for everyone such a measure of liberty as can now be enjoyed in dishonourable ease by but a few." *Poverty and Waste*, by Hartley Withers (Smith, Elder & Co., 3s. 6d. net), is another indictment of the waste and inhumanity of society, all the more remarkable as it comes from the pen of a city editor, who presumably is free from mere nebulous idealism or sloppy sentimentalism. "The net result of our haphazard economic system," he says, "is that a large part of mankind is underfed, ill-clad, and ill-housed, and is shut off from many of the comforts and decencies of life, while a large part of the rest spends much of its time

in wearying itself by consuming things that it does not really want and vying with itself in vulgar ostentation and waste. . . . A remedy would be found at once if those who have money to spend would grasp and act on the very simple fact that, since the producing power of mankind is limited, every superfluous and useless article that they buy, every extravagance that they commit, prevents the production of the necessities of life for those who are at present in need of them." *Work and Wages: III. Social Betterment* (Longmans, 9s. net) is the third and concluding part of a continuation by Professor Chapman of a volume entitled *Work and Wages*, published by Lord Brassey in 1872. To read the preceding volumes of the series (*Foreign Competition*, 1904; *Wages and Employment*, 1908), not to speak of many other works by other authors, one might have supposed that quite a considerable amount of progress had been made, and that a number of valuable social principles had been discovered; yet Professor Chapman concludes with the following not very hopeful or inspiring sentence: "Our general conclusion, if one may be offered, is this: that a final choice can only be exercised in the light of a knowledge of sociological laws, of which as yet we are ignorant, but that our ignorance is no ground for precluding tentative reforms, particularly in view of the fact that through experiment alone can the requisite knowledge be acquired."

The Economic Organisation of England, by Professor W. J. Ashley (Longmans, 2s. 6d. net), is a series of lectures delivered at the Colonial Institute, Hamburg. It is an extremely clear, concise, and readable account of economic development from the days of the manor to the rise of the modern joint-stock system. Not the least valuable part of the book is an appendix containing suggestions for further reading.

The Government printers in Ottawa have issued the Report of a Royal Commission on Technical Instruction (appointed by the Canadian Government). It is the most recent account in English of the provision for technical and vocational instruction in Germany, France, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, and the British Islands, and its four stout volumes will be of value not merely to Canadians, but to residents in other parts of the Empire. *The Schools and the Nation*, by Dr G. Kerschensteiner, translated by C. K. Ogden, with introduction by Viscount Haldane (Macmillan, 6s. net), is not only a statement of abstract general principles, but a concrete account of the details of the Munich experiments in vocational schools, which of their kind are by far the most successful in the world. A shorter work, *The Problem of the Continuation School and its Successful Solution in Germany*, by R. H. Best and C. K. Ogden (P. S. King & Son, 1s. net), is also interesting and useful. *Training the Girl*, by W. A. M'Keever (Macmillan, 6s. 6d. net), by the Professor of Child Welfare in the University of Kansas, is a plea for a whole life-training which will cover every phase of the growing girl's life, through the co-operation of the child, the parent, and the teacher, and thus fit her for motherhood and citizenship. *Boy Life and Labour: The Manufacture of Inefficiency*, by Arnold Freeman, with preface by Dr M. E. Sadler (P. S. King & Son,

3s. 6d. net), summarises the results of a careful inquiry, undertaken at the request of the Education Committee of the Birmingham City Council, into the conditions of boy labour in Birmingham. What is freshest and most interesting in the book is the account of the many influences, during work and outside of it, which go to mould the life of the average boy. Like every disinterested person who has studied the question of juvenile labour, the author is in favour of a statutory reduction of hours and compulsory continued education. *Vocational Guidance*, by J. Adams Puffer (Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.), is valuable because based on personal experience in the Lyman School for Boys, the Industrial School of Massachusetts for Young Delinquents, and the investigation of industrial conditions in the cities of the United States.

Eugenics: Twelve University Lectures (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.) is an interesting and valuable reissue of lectures delivered in various universities and colleges in the United States in 1912-1913. The stand-points of the physician, the zoologist, the anatomist, the physiologist, the geneticist, the economist, are all represented, and it is remarkable that thinking men in various parts of the country concur in the same general belief and admit the same general premises. The keynote of the book is to be found in the following words: "To deny the possibility of race betterment is the worst form of infidelity: it means to be without faith in self, in fellow-men, and in the Creator. To fail to work for it is to neglect the highest duty. Race betterment, which of course includes and depends upon self-betterment, should influence our daily lives, form a basis for our ethical judgments, determine our political activities, and be a strong motive in our religion." *Human Derelicts*, edited by T. N. Kelynack, M.D. (London: C. H. Kelly, Paternoster Row, 5s. net), is intended to provide ministers of religion, parents, teachers, social workers, medical officers of health, in short, all who have to do with morbid or abnormal specimens of mankind, "with a concise and reliable presentation in non-technical language of such essential facts, guiding principles, and effective practices as are likely to be of assistance in the study and solution of social problems."

Those who wish to study the successes and failures of collectivism will find two volumes ready to hand, which may be used to set off against each other. *Where and Why Public Ownership has Failed*, by M. Yves Guyot (Macmillan, 6s. 6d. net), is a very biassed and partisan statement of the case against public ownership. *The Collectivist State in the Making*, by Emil Davies (G. Bell & Son, 5s. net), is a review of the amazing growth of collectivist enterprise in every industrial country in the world.

SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

Most welcome at the present time to all—and their number is not too large—who wish to preserve some sense of fairness and proportion in their estimate of Germany and the Germans is the reissue in a cheap edition of Mr W. H. Dawson's *Evolution of Modern Germany* (London:

Fisher Unwin, 5s. net), by far the sanest, most impartial, most comprehensive, and best-informed work on Germany as a whole in any language known to the present writer. The industry, agriculture, education of Germany are all minutely and accurately described, as are the various influences and activities which have brought about the portentous energy of Germany since the Empire. *Municipal Life and Government in Germany*, by the same author (Longmans, 12s 6d. net), is a model of painstaking investigation, lucid description, and impartial deduction. The multifarious activities of the German municipalities, whether in the region of finance, education, the drama, music, social welfare, poor relief, municipal trading, the thousand and one things which a German municipality can do, and a British municipality cannot as yet do, are all carefully and quite fairly described and appraised. The conclusion which Mr Dawson reaches is that in various matters mentioned by him Germany has the highest and most efficient development of municipal organisation reached in any country. Of smaller compass are *Industrial Germany*, by W. H. Dawson (The Nation's Library: Collins, 1s. net), and *Germany of To-day*, by Charles Tower (The Home University Library: Williams and Norgate, 1s.), both of which are worth reading. *The Mainsprings of Russia*, by Maurice Baring (Thomas Nelson, 2s. net) is an extraordinarily clear and interesting picture of a country which for most English-speaking people has been a quite unknown land. To the author—and most people who know the country agree with him—Russia is a land of boundless possibilities, spiritual and material.

Practical Town Planning and *Garden Cities and Canals*, by J. S. Nettlefold (London: St Catherine Press, Norfolk Street, 1s. net each), are extremely valuable manuals by a practical worker of unusually wide experience and sound discrimination. While the first volume is of the high standard which one would expect from the author of *Practical Housing*, the second, if it is read as it ought to be, should be more useful, as it deals with a subject which England has scandalously neglected. In this matter Spain and England have been most to blame. Mr Nettlefold desires to show that inland waterway reform can be carried out without any loss to the State or any permanent injury to existing vested interests, and that the possibilities of water-communication should be kept in mind in future schemes of town planning. *A Model Housing Law*, by Lawrence Veiller (New York: Survey Associates, \$2), a work which has been prepared under the auspices of the Russel Sage Foundation, is at once an indictment of present conditions and a series of detailed suggestions for remedy. Although aimed at American problems, the book has a far more than local interest, and ought to be read by housing reformers in other countries. The Federal Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labour has issued a pamphlet which will be of great interest to social workers in the allied countries—*Laws Relating to "Mothers' Pensions" in the United States, Denmark, and New Zealand*. Besides Denmark and New Zealand, twenty-two of the United States have schemes of pensions for widowed mothers, of whom, alas! in all the allied countries

we have many, and shall have many more before the war is over. The *Charity Organisation Review* for September has an admirable article on French schemes of relief during war time, while the October number of *Progress* (British Institute of Social Service, Central Buildings, Westminster) has a good deal of information about emergency legislation, and special measures for the prevention or relief of distress, whether by public or voluntary effort.

A work which should be an inspiration to all social workers is *The Life of Dr John Brown Paton*, by his son, John Lewis Paton (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. net). A saint and mystic, like the late Canon Barnett he had an astounding practical capacity, and besides doing a prodigious amount of work himself, he was an unfailing source of inspiration to others. He does not appear to have ever suggested a single scheme which proved unsuccessful when it was tried, and the number of thriving movements started, and often kept going, by him is almost incredible.

R. P. FARLEY.

(*British Institute of Social Service.*)

REVIEWS

The Great Society: A Psychological Analysis.—By Graham Wallas.—
London: Macmillan, 1914.

THE central problem of this striking book is indicated by the quotation from President Woodrow Wilson, at the head of the first chapter. "Yesterday and ever since history began men were related to one another as individuals. . . . To-day the everyday relationships of men are with great impersonal concerns, with organisations not with individual men. . . . Now this is nothing short of a new social age."

Sociological study may sometimes incline us to the view that human nature has not fundamentally changed during the last two or three thousand years, and this impression would not perhaps be much modified by a perusal of Mr Graham Wallas's *Human Nature in Politics*, unless by the reflection that Mr Wallas's "political animal" was a less rational being than the same character in Aristotle. But when we put down his last book, we seem, for a moment at least, to see the society in which we are in a fresh way. Out of the nebulous mass of experiences which the present-day organisation of life is giving us, the definite features of our social age stand forth, and we realise that it is indeed in some sense new, and in need of a new moral criticism.

The writer's own conception of his problem is suggested in the distinction he draws in the preface between *Human Nature in Politics*—"an analysis of representative government which turned into an argument against nineteenth-century intellectualism,"—and the present book—"an analysis of the general social organisation of a large modern state, which has turned at times into an argument against certain forms of twentieth-century anti-intellectualism."

This book does, in fact, show a very definite faith, not untouched by enthusiasm, in the value of clear thought and the efficacy of ideas. Not that this is the easy confidence of the last century. Our conviction of the inevitability of progress is gone: "We feel that we must reconsider the basis of our organised life, because without reconsideration we have no chance of controlling it." To such reconsideration Mr Wallas makes a most valuable contribution in the second part of the book. Whilst no

definite formulation of a new social system is given, the problem is here attacked on its more real, or inner, side, through a reflection on those conditions of human consciousness in society, whether thinking, feeling, or willing, which are necessary to stability, and that progress which is not inevitable but something to be won. Social psychology has not yet, it seems, aided much towards the task of reconstruction, and Mr Wallas evidently holds that its methods for this purpose ought to be widened by practical experience, and by historical study. In Part I. the main topics which concern the psychologist are surveyed. The whole treatment of those "complex dispositions," the study of which defies the exact methods of natural science, is full of interest, but the chapter on thought appears to be the most important in relation to the main subject of the book, as well as the most original. As against Mr M'Dougall, and the present wave of anti-intellectualism, it is maintained that thought is a true natural disposition, or that "we are born with a tendency, under appropriate conditions, to think, which is as original and independent as our tendency under appropriate conditions to run away." The supremely pressing problem is whether the efficiency of thought in the "great sense," i.e. for the greatest practical ends, can be improved. It is only possible to refer in passing to the penetrating analysis and brilliant illustration of those conditions, material and mental, of the thinking process, which may be more or less modified and controlled. In connection with mental conditions, Mr Wallas levels some trenchant criticism at our educational, social, and political institutions, in regard to their "moral atmosphere," whether it is favourable to the stimulation of thought. The question of the benefits and limitations of control, even of the conditions of thought, is one in which there must always be a considerable element of speculation, and Mr Wallas's recommendations will probably leave some readers still questioning how far by thought we can make thought more free to be at once the master and the servant of life. Was it the man of action in Hotspur, or the dreamer, who discovered that "Thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool"?

Much that is valuable and suggestive is said on the respective advantages of memory and record, as also of instinct and reason, and in answer to the anti-intellectualists Mr Wallas points to the testimony of history that "if reason has slain its thousands, instinct has slain its tens of thousands." There is one aspect of the treatment of thought which does not seem perfectly consistent with the general standpoint, viz. the unquestioning and thoroughgoing acceptance of the biological-genetic view, and here I venture to think that Mr Wallas has fallen into that tendency to over-simplification which he elsewhere deprecates. It is interesting to find that after his exceedingly ingenious biological explanation of æsthetic delight in the rhythm of music and art, he finds at the highest point "a splendid accident of evolution in the correspondence of the rhythm not only to the specific resemblances among things immediately useful or hurtful to man, but to the ultimate pattern which the finest effort of man's mind is able to detect in the universe as a whole." Perhaps the emotion

of thought itself, "unhelped and uncoloured by any lower instinct," which he so felicitously describes, may also be regarded as a splendid accident.

In Part II. again it is the chapter on thought—with reference to organisation—which seems the most noteworthy. The method of estimating and criticising the more salient aspects of modern, social, and political organisation by means of a grouping, based on psychology, has much to commend it, both from the theoretic and the practical standpoint. If we interpret the meeting of a Town Council or an educational committee as a form of organisation of thought or of will, we ought to be more keenly conscious of the imperfection of these institutions than if they are described by reference to the place they occupy in the social system. I must confess, however, to some degree of doubt as to the exact applicability of the term "organisation of thought." Organisation is surely concerned with the form given to certain materials for a definite purpose. Certainly it is a rational process, both form and materials are of the nature of intelligence—if only as it were solidified thought. But thought, *qua* thought, has no external purpose, only the truth-seeking, which is its life. It cannot be limited, or set under another law, since it is essentially free and creative, and all that organisation can do here is to remove obstructions. The true form of oral dialectic, as in Plato's dialogues, does not then seem to be rightly described as organisation, nor to be analogous to the organisation of a political meeting. Seldom has the nature and value of the process in the Platonic group been more happily brought out than it is in this chapter, and the difference between this process and the deliberations of a committee is justly noted. But is not this the difference between the living thought organism (to use the word Mr Wallas rejects) and the various organisations he deals with? The word organisation is chosen, as he explains, because it is less liable than organism to be taken to imply that the association has a conscious life of its own. The difficulty I have felt is perhaps not unconnected with some divergence of view on this vital question of social psychology. It may readily be admitted that the analogy between the State and the individual does not support sufficiently the conception of a collective personality or self-conscious society. The phraseology of the idealistic philosophy in regard to the spirit of the whole—the whole which is more than the sum of its parts—does seem, nevertheless, to express better than any other language some facts of which we may lose sight if we refuse to recognise any general will or thought.

It should be added that in Mr Wallas's classification the thought-organisation for practical purposes is also, in another aspect, a will-organisation, and that the typically modern type of thought-organisation is "impersonal," *i.e.* that in which the main body of the work, whilst depending on organised communication with our fellows, is not done in their bodily presence, but by means of the written or printed word. In his criticism of all these forms of social energy, as expressed in familiar institutions, the author draws from a rich field as yet comparatively little surveyed from the standpoint of the social psychologist. As his vivid

pictures pass before us in the light of his interpretation, it is at moments almost as though the veil were lifted from the spirit of our age, and we saw it face to face. It is not altogether a comforting vision, but there is a truer optimism in the strong faith in the future of democracy which looks steadily at all the difficulties to be surmounted in the vast modern community, than in the more superficial hopefulness represented by the *Fabian Essays* of 1888 to which he refers.

In this respect the criticisms of individualism, socialism, and syndicalism as forms of will-organisation are of great interest, as also the treatment of various special questions, such as the monotony of work, in relation to happiness, and the difference between the attitude of men and of women in this matter.

The reviewer ought perhaps not to omit altogether reference to the various reflections on war which are found in this book, especially in the chapter on "Love and Hatred." The present is not the best moment in which to estimate their value, but it seems to be not wholly transient.

The work is described as a "Psychological Analysis," but the reader feels throughout that it is something more, and that to this something is due a certain charm which it possesses. This vague feeling is justified in the final illuminating paragraph. Reference having been made to Aristotle's recognition that the essence of virtue demands the extreme as well as the mean, we learn that "it is rather through Philosophy than Psychology, rather through a general interpretation of the universe than through a detailed study of so small a part of it as our own minds, that the call of the Extreme makes itself most clearly heard."

HILDA D. OAKELEY.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

The Problem of Individuality.—By Hans Driesch, Ph.D., LL.D.—London: Macmillan & Co., 1914.—Pp. 81 + vii.

The History and Theory of Vitalism.—By Hans Driesch, Ph.D.—Translated by C. K. Ogden.—London: Macmillan & Co., 1914.—Pp. 239 + vii.

In former days Professor Hans Driesch was an ardent supporter of the mechanistic doctrine, full of confidence that the application of the new experimental methods of biology, particularly the ingenious and fascinating technique of embryology, would provide him with proofs convincing enough to settle, on scientific grounds, the old controversy of vitalism *versus* mechanism. He dissected and studied organisms of various types only to find himself baffled by the mystery of life everywhere; only to discover, to his astonishment, that the mechanistic theory was not merely inadequate but absolutely impossible. The volume called *The Problem of Individuality* is the latest exposition of his views, as they were unfolded in a course of lectures delivered at King's College, London, last year. It is not

practicable here to do more than refer to a few of the arguments embodied in this work and reproduced in the companion volume on *The History and Theory of Vitalism*. Briefly, the results of his skilful experimental study of the sea-urchin, and other organisms, are indicated as follows: "The so-called cleavage of the egg ends in the formation of the blastula—a hollow sphere built up of about a thousand cells forming an epithelium. If you cut this blastula with a pair of very fine scissors in any direction you like, each part will go on developing (provided it is not smaller than one-quarter of the whole) and will form a complete larva of small size." From this and similar experiments Driesch concludes that cells in all respects similar as regards their prospective potency manifest an extraordinary divergence as regards their actual fate, and every cell of the original system can play every single rôle in morphogenesis. In the words of the late Sir Michael Foster, "a cell can do what it wants to." Driesch then proceeds to argue that the machine theory, as an embryological theory, becomes an absurdity. There must be some regulating power which is able to arrange and direct the potentialities of the cell so as eventually to produce the complete individual in every case. There are some leading scientists who refuse to acknowledge the validity of this reasoning. Dr J. S. Haldane, in his book, *Matter, Life and Personality*, will not admit that the experiments referred to prove the autonomy of life, though he himself is a severe critic of the mechanistic conception. This first proof of Vitalism, which Dr Driesch advances, was also criticised at the recent Australian meeting of the British Association by Professor Arthur Dendy in his presidential address to the Zoological section. Professor Dendy seems to incline towards the mechanistic doctrine, and it is interesting, on that account, to note his remarks on the point under discussion. "The fact," he says, "that a blastula may be cut in half and each half give rise to a perfect larva is one of the most surprising things in the domain of biological science. We cannot, at present, give any satisfactory mechanistic explanation of these facts, and to attribute them to the action of some hypothetical entelechy, after the manner of Professor Hans Driesch, is simply an admission of our inability to do so. That there must be some mechanism involved is, of course, self-evident, and we know that that mechanism may sometimes go wrong and produce monstrous and unworkable results. But it is, I think, equally evident that the organism must possess some power of directing the course of events so as generally to secure the appropriate results, and it is just this power of directing chemical and physical processes, and thus employing them in its own interests, that distinguishes a living organism from an inanimate object." It is difficult to see the difference between this conclusion and that of Driesch himself. Nevertheless, Driesch's arguments are open to criticism, though it is difficult to discuss them without entering into technical questions which are beyond the scope of the present review. But it is perfectly obvious that when you cut an organism in two, the cells which immediately border on the incision are in an entirely different physical condition. Originally

these cells abutted on other cells, but after the operation half of their surface became exposed to the surrounding medium. The surface tension at the skin of these cells has, therefore, been very considerably altered, and that may be enough to modify the process of osmosis in all the other cells, recent work having shown that the forces of surface tension are very closely related to the process of cell division. It is, accordingly, legitimate to argue that the upheaval caused by the scissors is enough to put these particular cells into the physical condition which is necessary for their taking part in the development of a complete individual. In other words, the experiments, though they look promising, are not conclusive. It is possible, of course, that as we gain more knowledge about the physical changes occurring in organic cells—and we know extremely little at present—the value of Driesch's argument will be enhanced. But so far it can hardly be said that every possible mechanical explanation has been eliminated.

Dr Driesch's definition of a machine is also unsatisfactory. It is framed with the view of establishing the doctrine of the autonomy of life by means of the experiments referred to. "A machine," he says, "is a specific arrangement of physico-chemical things and agents, and it does not remain itself if you remove from it any portion you like." Now what is the *self* of a machine? A machine can only be identified by its external effects and its method of producing certain results or phenomena. A magnet, for instance, is immediately identified by its action on iron filings, and a particular magnet—say, a bar magnet—is recognisable by the pattern of the magnetic field which it produces as traced by the filings. You may cut such a magnet into any number of parts and each part will be a complete magnet in itself producing a distribution of magnetic force of the same nature exactly as the parent magnet. The magnet, in fact, remains itself though it be divided into many parts. Here, then, is a typical machine which does not accord with Driesch's definition. It would be better to state that a machine is a specific arrangement of physico-chemical things whose dispositions at any time under stated circumstances are accurately predictable. This definition is in harmony with Driesch's concept of prospective value and prospective potency, and his experiment proves that you cannot predict what part any given cell is going to play in the development of the complete individual.

There is danger in all attempts to prove the inadmissibility of the mechanistic doctrine, of forgetting that, after all, a living cell is a highly complex machine responding in a definite way to certain prescribed changes in its environment. The theory and practice of medicine, for instance, depend on this conception. The knowledge, of course, is empirical, and one cannot express it mathematically as one can express the action of a machine. The laws of physics and chemistry undoubtedly play a very important part, and sometimes they change the living cell into a dead one; but beyond the sphere of action of these forces there is the power which

the cell possesses of doing what it wants to do,—that is to say, of directing the physical forces to a particular end. In his second lecture, Dr Driesch proves clearly, along lines similar to those employed by Dr Haldane, that a machine theory of inheritance is quite out of the question. “Though there are material units,” he says, “transferred from one generation to the next, on which the realisation of inheritance depends, though we know that these material conditions are localised in the nucleus in particular, these material conditions are *not the main thing*. Some agent that *arranges* is required, and this arranging agent in inheritance cannot be of a machine-like physico-chemical character.” “Such a machine would have to be enormously complex in composition, for the adult organism in all its wonderful manifoldness to arise from it.”

The third proof offered by Driesch of vitalism, that is to say, the third characteristic of living things which cannot be explained on a machine theory, is based on an analysis of action. Taking the examples of the phonograph and the pianola as instances of machines which store up experience, he shows that such contrivances can only reproduce their experience in precisely the same order as they gained it. Whereas a man can use his past in order to create his future. “He is the sovereign of the results of his personal history.”

These three proofs are established on biological grounds, and Dr Driesch considers that the facts justify the conclusion that there must be some non-mechanical—but not necessarily psychical—agent at work, and to this agent he gives the Aristotelian name of “entelechy.” The power which entelechy possesses of directing and controlling the activities of living cells is, of course, subject to severe limitations. So far as the cell is concerned, the possibilities of certain happenings are present, which may or may not occur. “What are we to do then,” asks Dr Driesch, “if we want to account for the material limitations of life and yet at the same time introduce some kind of becoming that is alien to what we know from inorganic nature? There is but one way left open to us, it seems to me; and this is the hypothesis that the non-mechanical agent at work in life may *suspend* such kind of happening as would occur if not so suspended.” From this point of view a living cell is a bundle of possibilities in suspension which are relaxed and allowed to become actualities by the controlling agent. Entelechy is like a general in the field who uses his battalions, or keeps them back, according to the exigencies of the moment. And if the stress of the conflict is great, he may withdraw his forces though the retreat may cause him some sacrifice of men. The non-mechanical agent, entelechy, seems to possess a similar power of choosing its opportunities, of relaxing or suspending the physical and chemical forces at its command, and, in the process, sometimes, it is bound to sacrifice some of its cell units. In this way, though not omnipotent it is never defeated. It will be seen at once that this conception differs in two important aspects from Bergson’s theory of an *élan vital*, for the latter not only possesses initiative but is often defeated in its aims. “It must not be forgotten,”

says Bergson, "that the force which is evolving throughout the organised world is a limited force, which is always seeking to transcend itself and always remains inadequate to the work it would fain produce, and is sometimes paralysed by contrary forces and sometimes diverted from what it should do by what it does."

Gathering together his experimental facts, Dr Driesch utilises them in order to construct a theory of the universe. He declares that the experimental work establishes the existence of a unifying causality and a singular causality characterising, respectively, the organic and inorganic. There seems to be a curious mixture of purpose and chance in the universe, and Dr Driesch finds it difficult to decide between monism and dualism. From the point of view of the logical theory of order he leans strongly towards monism, while he feels that experience compels him to regard things from a dualistic standpoint. This apparent dilemma seems to him unsatisfactory, and with much complex reasoning he endeavours to escape it. But cannot one be both a monist and a dualist without looking really very foolish? The apparent duality is, to some extent, a mere accident of education. We have accustomed ourselves to look at the order of things from different points of view. We have not yet sufficient knowledge to help us to breach the gap between the inorganic and the organic. That there is an apparent mixture of order and chance is due to the inadequacy of our mental apparatus to cope with the task imposed upon it. After all, the word "chance" is nothing more than a short way of saying we do not see the "order." We are in the state of mind of an old woman crossing a busy street. The traffic, to her, seems chaos, but to the policeman on point duty it is well-nigh perfect order. There is something more than mechanism in an organism. May we not also say there is something more than mechanism in the solar system? When we know a good deal more about the physics and chemistry of the universe, when we have discovered the connecting links between mind and matter,—that is to say, as we gradually extend the boundaries of our limitations,—shall we not be able to trace the unifying order of things? At present we can only see its diversities, its main branches, so to speak. We have discovered a few streams and rivers in the vast continent of existence, and they must remain to us unrelated until we trace them forwards to the ocean and backwards to the clouds. Then it will not be a question of monism or dualism, for we shall perceive a perfect sequence of arrangements of gradually increasing complexity. Even now we see electrons arranged into atoms, and atoms into molecules, and molecules into compounds, and mixtures and masses of matter, and systems of worlds, and organisms, all endowed with the possibility of an infinite number of variations. Call the directing agent what we will, for the present, we find it expresses itself in a myriad different ways, some of which we can discern and many more which are, for the time being, a mystery. Chance is the term we apply to phenomena which are within our perception and beyond our wits. The apparent duality arises from our misconception of the

nature and functions of matter. Our experience teaches us that whenever man creates an instrument to express an idea, the instrument is always less than the idea, and it seems to be an essential condition that the instrument should offer resistance to the expression of the idea, just as the resistance of the air is absolutely essential to the progress of an aeroplane. Moreover, in spite of this apparent antagonism there is an idea-instrument wholeness which is incomplete without the instrument and non-existent without the idea. Whence it follows that the division of the universe into the organic and inorganic, whose characteristics are studied independently and not relatively, is bound to lead to a false theory of becoming. The real issue is not between monism and dualism, or between vitalism and mechanism. The real issue is between the cramped confines of a formula and the ever-widening comprehensiveness of a philosophy. It is true of life, as it is true of the whole universe, that its greatness is manifest only in its wholeness—its unifying totality. Standing on a hillside overlooking the Cardigan Bay, on a summer's day, I often wonder what constitutes the beauty of the scenery around me. Can it be the saddening grey of the distant mountains? They are bleak and rugged, and no man could dwell on those barren heights. Is it the quiet green of the pastureland, dotted with white sheep; or the delicate golden of the ripening corn on the gentler slopes around me? Every sheep, every blade of grass, every ear of corn has its tale of microbe, and pest, and rot, and the whole bear witness to the stress of many storms. And what of the dazzling blue of that unruffled sea, filling the foreground of the picture? It is only a veil concealing a man-devouring monster. And apart from these signs of disaster and disease, not a square inch of that beautiful panorama will bear analysis for a moment. Beauty cannot be dissected, its components are in themselves often mean and disgusting. Beauty lies in the unifying totality of an aggregate of common unbeautiful things. That is why, it seems to me, that no theory of order, or even of the autonomy of life, can be absolutely proved by the facts of embryology, or by any amount of experimental investigation. Certainly these are valuable contributions to the theory, but their full significance is apparent only when they contribute to a comprehensive contemplation of the universe as a whole. They are so many stones in the fabric of the great temple of reality.

O. W. GRIFFITH.

CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON.

The Philosophy of Biology.—By James Johnstone, D.Sc.—Cambridge University Press, 1914.—Pp. xv+391.

It has been said that everyone has a philosophy, though everyone is not a philosopher. It is certain that every scientific worker has a metaphysic though few are metaphysicians, and most would be exceedingly scornful of the imputation. Indeed the word "scientist" has probably been coined

for the express purpose of emphasising the anti-metaphysical character of the scientific attitude. But whatever the chosen sphere of the scientific worker, it is simply impossible that he should eschew metaphysics, for the world of science is a conceptual world. All our descriptions of nature are conceptual schemes. We do not describe nature as we see it, it is our conceptions we write about. There is a certain metaphysics which has become so identified with physical science that it has come by many to be considered as not metaphysics at all, but an integral part of science. This metaphysics of science is thus described in the book before us. "The universe consists of a homogeneous immaterial medium, the ether of space, and this is the true *substantia physica*. Molecules and radiation are conditions of the ether, and for the physicist it is the only reality. The 'materialism' of our own time is therefore the belief in the existence, unconditioned by time or anything else, of the ether or physical continuum; a homogeneous medium, of which matter and energy, and the consciousness of the organism, are only states or conditions" (p. 46). A short time ago this would hardly have been challenged, recently it has been somewhat rudely shaken by the principle of relativity. The important point, however, is that this doctrine, or any other which science may see fit to put in its place, is not science but metaphysics, and the only question in regard to it is whether or not it is good metaphysics. It used to be called materialism, and is now generally called mechanism, because matter has ceased to be an ultimate concept in physical science. It undoubtedly accords with physical science, so much so that we commonly and almost unconsciously regard it either as an obvious inference from our scientific knowledge or else as a necessary axiom or postulate of scientific procedure. But when we leave the sciences which deal with spatial relations and inert matter, and come to biology and the sciences of living matter, it breaks down absolutely. Not only is it inadequate, but when we study the physiology of the organism it is the very antithesis of materialism, it is idealism which seems to be obviously true. "Our perception of the universe depends on the normal functioning of our organs of sense. These perceptions constitute givenness, and we enlarge or conceptualise this givenness and call it the subject matter of science. But what is this reality that we say is external to us? It is, we see, our inner consciousness." "When we come across this idealistic view for the first time, when we are young, it appeals to us with all the force of exact reasoning, and yet it has all the charm of paradox." Can we reconcile these two antagonistic conceptual schemes? Dr Johnstone, following Bergson and Driesch, argues that the conscious organism is one that acts, that the multiplicity of the external world is an arbitrary dissociation for convenience sake, a mental artifice or device, which serves the needs of action.

"Bergson's theory of intellectual knowledge, new and paradoxical at first, becomes more and more convincing the longer we think about it, until at last it seems so obvious that we wonder that it ever seemed

new." Dr Johnstone here describes an experience familiar to everyone who has yielded himself to the guidance of that theory, but he has done inestimable service in his thorough and detailed application of it to the problems of biology. When some two or three years ago a book entitled *Modern Science and the Illusions of Professor Bergson*, issued under the auspices of Sir E. Ray Lankester, professed to expose the sophisms, and poured contempt on the science, of Bergson, it was impossible not to feel that there might be some ground for supposing that a philosopher, not a specialist in biology, had selected facts which supported his theory and neglected or glossed over those which were awkward. Let anyone who was impressed by Mr Elliot's denunciation now study Dr Johnstone's book and he will see that in the view of a working biologist Bergson's philosophy is in very truth moulded on the facts of biological science. Some of the illustrations which Bergson used are no doubt unfortunate, as, for instance, his well-known illustration of the Pecten's eye. In assuming that the histology and embryology of this organ, if it be an eye, is the same as that of the vertebrate eye, Bergson no doubt was wrong, misled by the zoologist from whom he derived it. But the argument is good, however unfortunate the particular instance chosen to illustrate it, and it would be easy enough to find a better case of convergent evolution.

Driesch in his *Science and Philosophy of the Organism*, and Bergson in the second chapter of *Évolution Créatrice*, have argued that the attempt to treat the organism as a mechanism breaks down in definite and essential particulars. In so far as the organism is material it conforms to the laws of energetics, but these leave the essential principle of life unexplained. And further, the universe itself conceived as a mechanical system is inexplicable, because, though by the first law of energetics its energy is conserved, by the second law its diversity tends to zero, and in the absence of any principle by which the second law can be reversed, by which, that is to say, latent energy can be turned into kinetic energy, with infinity to draw upon, entropy would have been reached. This exceedingly difficult argument is most lucidly expounded by Dr Johnstone. He takes as his illustration the Carnot heat engine, theoretically perfect but practically unrealisable. It is not enough, as he quite rightly says, that the student should be acquainted only with the results of biological science if he would appreciate the speculative employment of those results. But, in order not to interrupt the course of the argument, the strictly mathematical and physical notions are relegated to an appendix. The Carnot engine is the idea of a mechanism which, having performed its positive cycle, automatically reverses the process, restoring the energy from low to high potential. Were such an engine realisable the second law of energetics would be disproved. How far does biology offer us such disproof, or at least suggest to us the direction in which to look for it? Reason tells us that there must somewhere exist a reversal of the degrading movement from mutability to stability. When we study the organism purely as a physico-chemical mechanism we do not find a distinction of

kind in the functioning of the energetic processes in the organic and in the inorganic, but we find a difference of degree, yet a difference of degree so fundamental that it appears as a distinct limitation of the second law when extended to the functioning of the organism. "In all inorganic happenings energy becomes unavailable for the performance of work. Solar radiation falling on sea and land fritters itself away in waste irrecoverable heat, but falling on the green plant accumulates in the form of available chemical energy. By the agency of life degradation has been retarded."

A close and attentive study of the activities of the organism leads Dr Johnstone to indicate what he conceives may be the nature of the limitation of the second law of energetics in the organic world, and the manner in which this limitation operates. There is in the living organism a guiding or directing activity which is outside the laws of physics. Is there any place in the physical universe where such an activity may be at work? Dr Johnstone offers the suggestion that there is a sphere in which it may be operating without impugning the truth of physical laws.

The laws of physics are statistical. We cannot investigate individual molecules, and physics therefore is based on collections of molecules. The properties of a body are not those of a molecule of the same body. This is illustrated by Maxwell's famous fiction of the *Sorting Demons*. Maxwell showed how what is impossible to us, namely, to pass heat from a cold region to a hot region without doing work on the system from outside, might be conceived possible to a being who could follow every molecule in its course. Such a demon seated at a trap door between a hot gas and a cold gas might select and open the frictionless door to molecules of high velocity from the cold to the hot and to molecules of low velocity from the hot to the cold, and so bring about the inverse of the law of the degradation of energy. What evidence have we that there is anything analogous to these sorting demons in vital processes? There is one fact, very familiar to biologists and to physicists, but the enormous significance of which they seem to have failed to appreciate. This is the Brownian movement. It is the observed movement of very small particles suspended in a liquid, and is doubtless due to the impact of the molecules. These particles are not below the size of many known organisms, and also we have every reason to believe that ultra-microscopic organisms exist. Also even the mechanistic theory postulates the existence of "biophors." All these, like the Brownian particles, must be affected by the molecular impacts. May they not be able to distinguish between the impacts of molecules of high velocity and those of mean velocity, and may they not utilise the surplus energy of the former? The suggestion comes from the physicists, and Dr Johnstone quotes Poincaré as saying, "in the Brownian movement we can almost see Maxwell's demons at work."

That physico-chemical processes in the organism are only the means whereby it acts, and that in the organism as a whole there is a control or direction of these processes, is the conclusion to which all recent advance

in experimental embryology leads. The mechanistic hypothesis only survives by the addition of subsidiary hypothesis after hypothesis. Between the external stimulus and the behaviour-reaction something intervenes. Something is changed by the former which leads to the latter: what is it? It is the individual history of the organism, the most subtle and adequate concept of which is found in Bergson's doctrine of duration.

The inadequacy of the mechanistic hypothesis is increasingly evident when we pass from the consideration of the organism to the question of the nature of species and the problems of heredity. Dr Johnstone is not content until he has run the theory to earth. The material basis of inheritance in the germ plasm is the substance called "chromatin." In the process of cell division known as "mitosis" this substance becomes divided up into short rods called "Chromosomes," and these are seen to consist of discrete granules known as the "Ids." These ids cannot be resolved by the microscope into smaller structures because they are on the limit of aided vision, but the hypothesis assumes them to be composed of parts called "Determinants," which again are supposed to consist of "Biophors." These biophors are of the same order of magnitude as chemical molecules. Now we can calculate the number of atoms contained in a particle the size of the id, and we find that this number may be less than we must suppose present in the biophors of which the id is composed. In fact, although the smallest independent living organism known is a constellation of some hundreds of millions of molecules, and these molecules are composed of some hundreds of atoms, yet the complexity of the germ plasm is so great that the number of atoms it contains will not suffice to account for it.

When he comes to develop his positive theory, Dr Johnstone shows a decided preference for the *entelechy* of Driesch as being a more precise concept than the *élan vital* of Bergson. Undoubtedly he has good ground if the latter implies the notion of a "biotic energy." I should deny that it does. At the same time one has to admit that the term "life force" as expressive of this doctrine has become so common (Dr Johnstone, of course, does not use it) that it is exceedingly difficult to dissociate it from the notion that life is a manifestation of a special form of energy whose transformation we are unable to trace. "Entelechy is not energy, nor any particular form of energy-transformation, and in its operations energy is neither used nor dissipated." What then is this entelechy? "It is something that is intensive, something which is not in space, but which *acts into space*, and the result of which is manifested in spatial material arrangements and activities." It has to be admitted that the argument in support of the entelechy is largely an argument *per ignorantium*; yet on the other hand it is a concept rendered almost precise by the discoveries of bio-chemistry, and it is the only concept which will enable us to explain activities such as those of the enzymes. Compare the definition of entelechy as the concept of an agency which is neither energetic nor material nor spatial, with the

notion of the ether of space, and it will be seen that, like it, the test of its reality and usefulness is its pragmatic value.

The arguments we have singled out for notice give but an inadequate idea of the thorough way in which Dr Johnstone has expounded in this most valuable book the various problems of biology and their relation to the laws of physics. The interest is sustained throughout, but what is above all noticeable is the firm conviction that in this search for the true conceptual scheme lies the whole promise of progress in biological science.

H. WILDON CARR.

LONDON.

The Philosophy of Change.—By H. Wildon Carr.—London :
Macmillan & Co., 1914.—Pp. xii + 216.

IN this work Mr Carr offers us an account of what the philosophy of Bergson may be taken to have *proved*; he is less concerned with the many suggestions that it contains, though he does not underrate their importance. Mr Carr has had the advantage of numerous conversations with M. Bergson about this book, so we may take it that his exposition is orthodox in the main. The parts that are specially new are Mr Carr's opinion that modern physical theories (especially the Theory of Relativity) support Bergson's view of the priority of change, and discussions on the connection of Bergson's theories with the New Realism on the one hand and religious doctrines on the other. To criticise the whole work adequately would demand a whole number of the *Hibbert Journal*. I shall therefore confine myself to some points that seem specially important or difficult.

I do not think that Mr Carr succeeds in showing any close connection between modern physical theories and Bergson's view that change is prior to things. (1) He argues that modern science holds that all things are in motion. (This, by the by, follows directly from the view that motion is relative, as distinct from the Theory of Relativity, if we grant that *any* body is in motion.) But I see no logical connection between the propositions: All things move, and All things are movements. (2) When the physicist says that matter is electricity in motion he means roughly that things consist of certain states that occupy different places at different times. But he does not suggest that these states are themselves motions. (3) Mr Carr fails to distinguish the three questions: (a) Is motion absolute or relative? (b) Are there absolute distances between bodies and absolute intervals between events? and (c) Do magnitudes differ from the numerical values of themselves? It is absolutely essential to distinguish these three questions before any trustworthy philosophical conclusion can be drawn from the Theory of Relativity; and, when these distinctions have been made, it can be shown that this Theory is compatible even with the

highest and driest Newtonian doctrine of space and time. (4) Mr Carr, like Bergson, holds the extraordinary view that science teaches that in perceiving colours we perceive vibrations. This seems to me so obviously false that I hardly know how to refute it. (5) On the face of it, it would be very strange if the scientific method pursued to the uttermost led us to the same conclusions as an admittedly opposed method. (6) I find it difficult to understand why Bergsonians and so many other people should hold that it is typical of life that a whole should obey laws and have qualities which could not be foreseen from a knowledge of the laws and qualities of its separate parts. I should have thought that any chemical compound was an example of the same fact.

In the second chapter Mr Carr deals with Intuition, the conscious use of which is the special method of philosophy. It is a "direct apprehension by the mind of reality as it really is, and not under the form of a perception, conception, or idea . . . of reason." It is unfortunate that Mr Carr does not use some consistent terminology to distinguish between the act of perceiving and the object perceived. (Such a terminology need not imply that the object is different when perceived and when unperceived in any further respect.) The result is that he generally uses "perception" to mean "percept," but sometimes (and presumably in the passage quoted) to mean "act of perceiving." An intuition, then, is supposed to be an act that is not intellectual, and this is clearly thought to be its great advantage. But why should this be so? The answer seems to be as follows:—Everyone admits that there is change in the universe; but the intellect can only deal with what is static, it can only try to construct change out of unchanging materials. This attempt always ends in contradictions (Zeno's paradoxes). On the other hand, the static side of the universe can be constructed out of changes, viz. by regarding anything alleged to be static as a momentary "view" of a change. Hence a faculty that can understand change is necessary and sufficient for understanding the universe. Such a faculty is intuition, for this grasps our mental life as change. There are several points here that I must criticise.

I think Mr Carr tends to confuse two different things: (i.) the alleged permanence of physical objects like atoms, and (ii.) that of qualities and relations. Thus there arises a confusion between two different questions: (i.) the logical question: Does change involve unchanging terms and relations, and can it be satisfactorily described in terms of them? and (ii.) Are things really ever in wholly the same state at two different moments? The second of these may be answered in the negative without answering the first. Some of Mr Carr's arguments seem to me to prove that he has made this confusion. He argues in one place that, because we cannot explain how change could start, therefore the world cannot consist of anything but change. But the most that he ought to conclude is that things have always been changing, not that there is nothing but change. The only positive argument against answering the logical question affirmatively is Zeno's paradoxes. But Mr Carr takes a curious attitude towards

these. He seems to admit that the difficulties about infinity and continuity have been overcome, but to hold that mathematical continuity cannot be applied to a movement. In that case, of course, Zeno's arguments become irrelevant. "Real movements are psychical acts . . . they are pure qualities." Consequently these are indivisible, and the mathematical account of motion, though self-consistent, is wholly irrelevant. This position seems to me to rest on several confusions and fallacies. (a) Mathematics does not regard movements as divisible into other movements. The mathematical analysis is not that of a whole into parts of the same kind, but of a complex into terms and relations of a different kind. Hence, even if movements have no parts, this will not prove that the mathematical analysis is inapplicable to them. (b) It is important to distinguish (i.) the volition to move my arm, (ii.) the percept of motion, and (iii.) physical motion. The first is no doubt in some sense indivisible. Anyhow, it is not motion, and the mathematical analysis does not pretend to apply to it. (ii.) and (iii.) may both be called motion, but the mathematical account only directly applies to (iii.); it holds that some physical motions give rise to percepts of motion just as some give rise to percepts of colour. If there be some other sense of motion which is exhibited in mental life and can only be grasped by intuition, I fail to see the least evidence that it is *also* the essence of physical motions, or that an understanding of it will help you to understand the physical world better than you do now.

I now pass to Mr Carr's chapters on Body and Mind, Perception, and Memory. Mr Carr gives an excellent account of the difficulties about the relation of Mind and Body with which I have little cause to quarrel except in one respect. He seems to hold that both parallelism and interaction involve that percepts are mental. This does not appear to me to follow. Why should not the effect of a stimulus on the brain be to make me perceive a certain physical object? I do not find it easy to distinguish Mr Carr's view from interaction understood in this sense. He often says that memory supervenes on pure perception in order to enable us to deal with the world practically. But how would it help us unless mind really does act on body?

With regard to the doctrine of pure perception I have several criticisms to make. (1) The persons who hold that the immediate objects of perception are unlikely to exist when unperceived may be wrong. But their opinion is not arbitrary; it has very strong arguments on its side which deserve to be noticed and refuted. (2) There seems to me an ambiguity in the doctrine of pure perception. Is perception *simply* selection; or is it an awareness of what has been selected? (3) If we be directly aware of objects as they are, how do you explain the fact that I see an ellipse when someone else sees a circle? Two suggestions seem to be offered: (a) All selections contain some parts or qualities of our own bodies, and (b) there is no pure perception in fact, but always perception+memory. Neither suggestion seems to me to explain the facts. The elements due to my own body are what Mr Carr calls "affections," or feelings. These will not

explain a geometrical difference. Nor do I see how supervening *memories* are going to explain a difference in perceived *objects* correlated with differences of position. (4) If affections be qualities of our bodies, why do we never perceive the affections of other people? (5) The theory becomes less and less plausible when we combine it with the further conclusion that our bodies, like everything else, are really movements. How does one movement select another? (6) What among movements corresponds to geometrical relations like distance, shape, etc.? The physical theories which talk about vibrations and are so much quoted by Mr Carr have to assume these relations if they are to explain anything. (7) If the real world be homogeneous, why should we find it necessary for practice to treat it as heterogeneous? if it be heterogeneous, why should it not really be divided up in very much the same way as common sense believes?

Let us pass to the doctrine of memory. Here it seems to me that a most unfortunate confusion has happened. Just as Mr Carr used "perception" for percepts and acts of perceiving, so he now uses "memory" for things remembered and for acts of remembering. But, whereas in the former case he saw that "perception" was ambiguous, he has failed to see that "memory" is equally so. Hence the extraordinary conclusion that all memories are psychical and therefore must be stored up in a mind, and the still stranger conclusion that when I remember the past the past somehow exists in the present. The truth seems to be that there are past events (some psychical and some physical) and that I can have a present awareness whose object is a past event. No doubt there are difficulties here, but they are nothing to those raised by Mr Carr's doctrine of memory.

In a very useful chapter Mr Carr describes the relation of Bergson's theories to God, freedom, and immortality. This chapter is useful because it ought to convince the numerous worthy persons who suppose that because Bergson is not favourable to science he must be favourable to religion, that they have been a little hasty. Bergson cannot promise us immortality, nor offer us a God with any of the qualities demanded by religion; but he can give those who find such a result consolatory the glorious certitude that all their actions are incalculable.

I have been obliged to harp on points where I differ from Mr Carr. But I wish to conclude by saying that this is a most able exposition of Bergson. And if so lucid and learned an account leaves the reader, as it has left the present reviewer, with a strengthened conviction that Bergson's philosophy is so rooted in confusion as to be incapable of an intelligible statement, he must blame M. Bergson and not Mr Carr.

C. D. BROAD.

UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS.

Perception, Physics, and Reality: An Enquiry into the Information that Physical Science can supply about the Real.—By C. D. Broad, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.—Cambridge University Press, 1914.—Pp. xii + 388.

THE new century has witnessed a pronounced tendency towards Realism not only in British philosophy, but also in the philosophies of the Continent of Europe and of the United States of America. Until about two years ago the literature representative of this movement consisted almost entirely of numerous papers contributed to philosophical periodicals, like *Mind*, etc., or to the volumes of transactions of philosophical societies, like the Aristotelian Society, etc. Since then, however, there have appeared several volumes entirely devoted to the special problems of philosophic Realism. One volume has been published by six American professors; the first instalment of a comprehensive work in four volumes has been published by one German professor (Kölpe); Mr Bertrand Russell has only just published another volume; and there is the book under review now. Mr Broad's substantial volume is a valuable contribution to the philosophy of Realism, and a welcome addition to its small and select literature. Unfortunately for the educated general reader, Mr Broad's monograph was originally written as a Fellowship dissertation to be submitted to expert examiners, so that no effort appears to have been made to make the treatise more generally readable. But the book will certainly repay any pains taken with it.

The above reference to a realistic tendency or movement in recent philosophy must not be supposed to imply that there is anything like complete agreement among contemporary realist philosophers. There are considerable differences of view among them; and it would be difficult to formulate with confidence a body of doctrines to which they would all subscribe. Perhaps all that can be said with comparative safety is this: prompted by a common faith that the common-sense view of the physical world is more sound than is generally supposed among scientists and philosophers, more especially among those of a phenomenalist or idealist turn of mind, realist philosophers endeavour to justify naïf realism by refuting the adverse criticisms of scientists and philosophers, and so to reconstrue the world as to furnish also some positive ground for vindicating the realist attitude of common sense. The intimate connection between philosophical realism and the realistic outlook of common sense naturally arouses a widespread interest in the former. But it is also apt to occasion some confusion. The naïf realism of the man in the street is not a philosophy at all—it is not a critical, reflective view of reality, but rather a kind of unreflective, practical attitude instinctively generated, so to say, by the course of human experience. It is only the reflective criticism or deliberate, rational vindication of such an attitude and of its usually unformulated implications that may be legitimately described as a realist *philosophy*. Such a philosophy may employ as one of its arguments the apparent success of

the ordinary realist attitude; but the bare attitude is not a philosophy, realist or otherwise. In short, naïf realism must be distinguished from philosophical realism.

Needless to say, philosophical realism does not undertake to vindicate every assumption of naïf realism. The realist philosopher may well wish to achieve something less than that, and even so his achievements may fall considerably short of his wishes. Like Mr Broad, he may frankly admit in the end that he still hankers after a more realistic view than his philosophy can as yet justify.

Naïf realism, or the realistic attitude of common sense, may be said to consist in an unreflective, spontaneous tendency to accept the perceived world at its face value. To use Mr Broad's illustration, "When we see a tree we think that it is really green and really waving about in precisely the same way as it appears to be. We do not think of our object of perception being 'like' the tree; we think that what we perceive is the tree, and that it is just the same at a given moment whether it be perceived or not, except that what we perceive may be only a part of the real tree" (p. 1). Even naïf realism, however, is not unreservedly realistic, but discriminates. It admits the unreality of what is perceived in dreams and of all such stuff as dreams are made of. It is even induced to distinguish various grades of reality. It would say, *e.g.* that a "mirror-image of a pin (to use another of Mr Broad's examples) only exists when someone sees it, if by the mirror-image of a pin you mean something that looks exactly like the sort of pins that we can feel and with which we can scratch our fingers. On the other hand, it would say that the pin whose reflection is the mirror-image exists whether we perceive it or not, precisely as we do perceive it when we do" (p. 3). Natural science, however, is even less unreservedly realistic than is common sense. It distinguishes between the reality of primary and secondary qualities, develops a causal theory of perception, and so arrives at results far less realistic than the views of common sense. To revert to Mr Broad's foregoing illustration, according to natural science even the seen pin is not precisely what exists when it is not perceived, nor even very like it. The pin as it is in itself, that is to say, when not actually perceived, probably has (according to natural science) no colour and no temperature, but most likely consists of "little hard colourless things of uncertain shape vibrating rapidly and never getting far away from each other." And if natural science, which only professes to be common sense systematised, already relinquishes so much of the naïf realism of common sense, philosophers, or at least certain schools of philosophy, are even more iconoclastic. According to many idealists, spirits and the thoughts of spirits or of God are the only realities. Consequently the task of the realist philosopher is to review, criticise, and refute, if possible, the various arguments whereby certain philosophers and men of science try to justify their rejection of the validity of the naïf realism of common sense. And that is what Mr Broad has attempted with no little success in the volume before us.

In the first chapter of the book Mr Broad examines some of the commoner arguments against naïf realism, more especially those arguments which do not rest on causal considerations. The conclusion he arrives at is that none of the arguments there examined constitutes a really conclusive reason for dropping even the crudest kind of realism. Chapters II., III., and IV. are devoted respectively to the discussion of Causation, Phenomenalism, and the Causal Theory of Perception, with special reference to the relations between the causes of perception and the reality of their objects. Following a suggestion of Mr Russell's, Mr Broad formulates the causal relationship in these terms: "A causal law subsists between two sets of events when they are so related that the proposition asserting the occurrence of one of the first set strengthens the probability of the occurrence of one of the second set" (p. 155). Causal laws, according to Mr Broad, only strengthen probabilities; they do not give complete certainty. Again: "The possibility of causal laws merely means that there is a certain amount of unity in the world, which . . . is found to take the form of a set of more or less isolated groups within which laws hold. In virtue of this fact the world is not a perfect chaos in which nothing can be legitimately expected at one time rather than another, but it is subject to certain laws such that the happening of one event or set of events, when known, has a legitimate influence on our expectation of the occurrence of other events. . . . The only sense in which causal laws explain is that they simplify. They do not show us why an event happens in terms of some event or law that is self-evident, for one event has no distinction from another to correspond to degrees of self-evidence among propositions. What they do tell us is that we can hope to know with some certainty what will happen where and when we cannot have or do not wish to have direct experience. It is in this sense that it is right to insist that their value is an economic one, whilst at the same time we definitely take our stand against the Pragmatists and deny (*a*) that this is what is meant by their truth, and (*b*) that it is a test of their truth. It is because it is true that they are of a certain definite nature, that they are of economic value to thought, and it is because predictions made by them are found to be verified by experience that they are believed to be true" (p. 158 f.). The principal results of these long and acute discussions, which take up the bulk of the volume, are stated as follows: "It is most probable that there is a real counterpart corresponding point for point to what is perceived in most (perhaps in all) the tactual perceptions that we have of figure, though doubtless more differentiated [than they appear to perception] . . . ; and that events in this reality are the causes of our visual perceptions, according to laws which science, stating its position in terms of perceptible primaries, is able to discover. Whether there be any real correlate to the particular colours that we perceive over and above the real correlates of the imperceptible motions which science demands it is impossible to tell. That the real possesses something more than the correlate of tactual extension there is no reason to doubt; for tactual extension and visual extension are both extensions

of something. But what that something is, and whether it, or only events in it, differ when we perceive different colours, temperatures, and 'feels,' it is impossible to say. Only this much can be said, that when, as in physical optics and in the scientific theories of sound and of heat (Kinetic Theory of Gases), we can make up successful hypothetical laws of the causation of our perceptions in terms of the counterparts of figures, spatial relations, and their changes alone; the belief that there are actual correlated *qualities* in the real is *pro tanto* weakened in probability. The reality of colours, and sounds, and temperatures, or rather of a real correlate to these general qualities in the remote causes of our perceiving them, is not disproved by the scientific theory; these qualities are in the same depressing logical position as Dr McTaggart's non-omnipotent and non-creative God—"the only reason against their reality is that there is no reason for it" (p. 265 f.). No wonder Mr Broad hankers after a more realistic view than he reaches here! The fifth, and last, chapter is devoted to the Laws of Mechanics, the problems of absolute or relative motion and of the reality of force. Finally, the Theory of Relativity is briefly considered in an Appendix.

It is very difficult to give an adequate summary of Mr Broad's book, and quite impossible to discuss the numerous problems which it raises, within the limits of a review. I must content myself with one or two remarks. First, what justification is there for Mr Broad's sneer at the philosopher's "telling the scientist *de haut en bas* that his atoms and ether are mere economical hypotheses"? This view of scientific concepts, unless I am much mistaken, has been propounded and advocated, not by philosophers, but by men of science—Mach, Pearson, Lamb, etc. The view is occasionally referred to by Pragmatists in confirmation of their doctrines, but it did not originate with them, and they deserve neither blame nor praise for it. Another and more important point is this: does not Mr Broad exaggerate the value of the distinction between "objects" and "reals." The tendency is to make the "object" a *tertium quid* between the percipient and the reality, and consequently to raise the suspicion that it may mask the reality instead of revealing it—if indeed one does not end by letting the object displace the reality altogether, in which case one ends in an idealism or phenomenalism not altogether unlike those which Mr Broad condemns. It is certainly curious that although the new realist movement in philosophy at first had the effect of making contemporary idealism rather more realistic than it was wont to be, some of the exponents of the new realism seem to be drifting now towards a form of idealism or phenomenalism.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that we are indebted to Mr Broad for a very searching investigation into some of the most important problems of philosophy, and no serious student of philosophy can afford to overlook this treatise.

A. WOLF.

Il Pantheon: Origini del Cristianesimo.—Salvatore Minocchi.—
Firenze: Successori Suber, 1914.

ITALY is late in taking the field for the critical reconstruction of the history of Christianity, but it is doing so at last in a masterly fashion. Signor Minocchi, who has gained distinction in Old Testament studies, is now absorbed in New Testament researches, though he protests against the error of supposing that Christianity is but a new synthesis of Judaic elements. Granted that the new religion appeared in history in a Judaic form, in its deepest roots it is a Hellenistic creation. There are, in fact, traces in its ample folds of the entire Græco-Oriental civilisation.

Among those who hold this new historic conception there are, however, some who fall into the grievous error of basing the origins of Christianity on a negation—on the non-existence of Jesus. This, says Minocchi, is an absurd theory, full of inextricable difficulties. Certainly there are difficulties, but is there any theory of which this has not to be said? To deny that the traditional life of Jesus is connected with the stories on which the Oriental mystery-cults are based, would be a rashness of which so careful a writer as Minocchi would be incapable. All that this new critic will venture to say is that Jesus existed, and this he appears to base on the statements of St Paul, forgetting that the apostle distinctly expresses a form of Docetism—forgetting too that we have no right to use the old myth of the self-emptying and reviving God-man, without reference to that part of the myth which relates to the sufferings and death of the Saviour. I cannot, therefore, think it safe to base the historicity of Jesus on the testimony of Paul. And yet Minocchi writes these two apparently contradictory sentences:—

“For Paul, Jesus was nothing less than the Christ, the Son of God, the ideal Man subsisting in the glory of the heavens, creator of the world and of humanity in his likeness, who to save the human race from sin and death had, as it were, emptied himself of his divine essence.”

“Without a true historical Christ, which is a mere creation of Paul, as Drews maintains, but rather the presupposition on which the Pauline theology is based, the apostolic letters become worse than enigmas; they are absurd and contradictory” (p. 284).

The book is admirable, despite its imperfections, though, to those who think, as I do, that the material of our Gospels has been more edited than is commonly supposed, it will not be as helpful as they could wish. It is gratifying that Signor Minocchi makes so much use of the other religions, and that he has given such a vivid sketch of the founders of Gospel criticism. Now and then he rises into eloquence; here Renan seems to be his model. One looks forward with interest to vol. ii.

T. K. CHEYNE.

Clement of Alexandria: A Study in Christian Liberalism.—By R. B. Tollinton, B.D., 2 vols.—London: Williams & Norgate.

Clement of Alexandria: The Croall Lecture, 1899-1900.—By John Patrick, D.D.—London: Blackwood & Sons.

CLEMENT was a convert to Christianity. His Greek education had provided him with an outlook upon life from which he neither was able nor desired to free himself. His ante-Christian attitude of mind controls all his thinking as a Christian, and for that reason he differs from the general body of Christians of his day. His claim to learning remains well established notwithstanding the efforts made by some critics to reduce it, but all writers agree that he had little originality as a thinker or as an exegete. His importance to the student of Church history and doctrine lies mainly in the fact that he is a witness to the modifying influence of Greek philosophy and culture upon Christian beliefs and practice. He lived at a time when the statement of Celsus that only the ignorant and the poor were attracted to the Christian Church was no longer true. He had learned to love Homer and Plato. The Pythagoreans fascinated him and the Stoic ideal of character strongly appealed to him. Unlike Jerome, he never renounced his love of Greek classics and philosophy, and was broad-minded enough to believe that Christianity had no monopoly in truth. He sought to interpret the new religion consistently with his philosophic conception of the universe, and like Hegel to rationalise it, with this difference, that Hegel investigated the truth of the fundamental ideas of Christianity, whereas Clement accepted without questioning a certain body of Christian doctrine because it was attested by Scripture and Apostolic tradition. He stands in the position of the counsel and not of the judge, and to that extent his defence of the traditional Christianity of his age is weakened. Nevertheless he is a conspicuous figure in Church history, and well repays the effort to know him as a man and to understand his teaching.

Mr Tollinton's book is intended for the busy minister, and he has "attempted to make more accessible his [Clement's] varied stores of information, and to portray in some degree his life, his character, his relations to his own time" (vol. ii. p. 263). He has succeeded to a remarkable degree, for Clement seems to live again before our very eyes in the pages of this book. The style, though discursive, is lucid, and never tedious. The best text of Clement has been used throughout, and the author's knowledge of the sources and of Clementine literature is thorough and masterly. That he has been able to divest himself of the academic atmosphere, and has given the public an exceedingly readable book is in our view a further proof of the author's claim to the gratitude of his readers. The data upon which the early life and training of Clement can be reconstructed are few, and the author has drawn largely upon his imagination in Chapter I., but his wide knowledge of the times

enables him to draw a consistent picture of young Clement. His account of the city of Alexandria, of the forces at work within and without the Church at the end of the second century, and of some eminent contemporaries of Clement is full of information; and the same remark is applicable to the chapters on Clement's library, literary work, and on his attitude towards the social problems of his day. An excellent translation of his homily on *Quis Dives Salvetur* is added, and the discussion of Clement's doctrine of the Logos and of the Incarnation is clear and impartial. It is no part of the author's task to consider the views of Clement on these dogmas of the early Church in the light of the more enlightened standards of truth evolved by modern thought, and that omission is the one defect of the book.

The reader will not be able to discover Clement's permanent place in the history of the development of doctrine from Mr Tollinton's work. One thing is made clear by the author, namely, that Clement borrowed his Logos theory partly from Philo and partly from the Stoics, and applied it logically to the Christ of the Church, with the result that real humanity was denied to Jesus. He approached the doketic view of Jesus so closely that on the evidence Clement belongs to the Gnostic wing rather than to the traditional party in the Church. Orthodoxy with all its limitations never consented to subordinating the historical Jesus to the theological Christ, and the tendency in Clement's writings to do this told against him when the list of saints came to be considered.

Mr Tollinton is at his best when he deals with Clement's ethical ideas. The chapter on the Higher Life is worthy of Clement's noble character, and provides the key to the true understanding of him and his work. Freshness again is the characteristic feature of the author's treatment of Clement's position in relation to the Sacraments and Scripture, and he seeks to maintain no cherished theory of these by claiming the Alexandrine Master as a supporter, for he frankly admits that Clement was indebted to the Greek Mysteries for his semi-magical conception of the efficacy of the Sacraments, and to the Stoics and Philo for the principle of interpretation which he applied to the Scriptures of the Church. The liberal-mindedness of Clement is shown by the fact that he accepted the light of philosophy as emanating from the same source as the light of revelation; but, on the other hand, his lack of critical acumen is revealed by his insistence on the intrinsically improbable notion that whatever light the Gentiles possessed was stolen from the Hebrew Scriptures. On the ethical side of his teaching, Mr Tollinton shows that he took his stand on principles that have never ceased to appeal to noble minds. His conception of goodness was essentially Greek, and when it came to choosing between the Church's teaching on eternal punishment and the Greek conception of righteousness as the good that yields itself to the full to those who seek it, then Clement sided with Plato, and courageously advocated the doctrine of the "larger hope." His genuine love of humanity as well as his philosophy led him to trust that all at last would

reach the one home of the human spirit: "The whole bent of his intellectuality is towards unity. His didactic aim was the harmony of all truth. The Cosmos and man's understanding of it for him were essentially and ideally one" (vol. ii. p. 28). Knowledge of the truth is conditioned, in Clement's teaching, by man's willingness to obey the highest that appeals to him, but the final form of the human spirit's fellowship with the Infinite will be through the understanding, trained and developed in the paths of duty, until it is capable of grasping the Eternal in one supreme beatific vision—a vision that is not the negation of knowledge as the Mystics taught, but involves it and is conditioned by it. "He carries over . . . his reason into the visions of his soul" (vol. ii. p. 239).

The author is in sympathy with Clement's standpoint, and this lends warmth to his treatment of his views. Instead of tables of contents, the volumes are provided with a detailed analysis of each chapter; and selections from Clement's writings illustrating the subject-matter of the book, together with excursuses dealing with the persecution of 202-3 and with the order of priority of his writings, are found at the end of vol. ii. It has also a fairly full index, though not complete. We have noticed only one printer's slip, viz. in vol. i. p. 322, where a Greek word is left unaccented, and one oversight on the part of the author, viz. in vol. i. p. 341, where he adopts a translation of the Arian phrase $\eta\upsilon\ \delta\tau\epsilon\ \omicron\upsilon\kappa\ \eta\upsilon$ which does not convey the Arian meaning of it. The letterpress is excellent.

Dr Patrick's book is intended for advanced students of Church doctrine. It reveals a most laborious study of Clement's writings, for the author is unwilling to draw any conclusion without absolutely reliable data to work upon. The style is concise, and no concessions are made to the popular taste. The scope of the lectures is more limited than in the volumes already considered. Clement and his Writings, the Relation of Christianity to Hellenic Culture and Philosophy, the Nature and Attributes of God, the Person and Work of Christ, Scripture, its Nature, Interpretation, and Extent are the titles of the six lectures. There are also appended careful analyses of the three chief extant works of Clement, a discussion of the order of his writings, a collection of all the references in his works to New Testament books, a list of non-canonical sayings in Clement, a valuable bibliography, and an index.

No student of Clement can dispense with this book. Lectures II. and VI. are a real contribution to Clementine literature. The only criticism we wish to make is that Dr Patrick's analysis of Clement's teaching of the relation of the Logos to the Absolute Being is incomplete, for in Lecture III., in dealing with God and His attributes, he concludes that Clement's emphasis on the transcendence of the Divine Nature did not amount to denying all forms of immanence. In the next lecture the Logos is made to mediate between the transcendent God and finite creation, but what the relation of the mediating Logos to the divine immanence already mentioned was we are not told. Clement's own ideas were not clear on this relation-

ship, and this should have been pointed out, because it is vital to the question as to whether personality can be ascribed to the Logos in his writings or no.

If the Logos is but the modern theory of immanence under another name—and it is difficult to distinguish them—then Clement's ascription of personality to the Logos was due to his inability to bring God into rational relation with His creation, and his views are only historically valuable.

M. B. OWEN.

THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE,
CARMARTHEN.

The Unknown Guest.—By Maurice Maeterlinck.—Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.—London: Methuen & Co., 1914.—Pp. 339.

It is not surprising to find M. Maeterlinck, who is a mystic, becoming interested in psychical research; but it is a little surprising, and also wholly gratifying, to find him dealing with the subject in an admirably cautious, cold-blooded, and scientific fashion. In his latest volume he deals with apparitions, psychometry, precognition, the "thinking horses" of Herr Krall of Elberfeld, and the subliminal consciousness—which last-named is the "unknown guest" of the title. He also makes little excursions into other sections of the same field, describing the Indian rope-trick and the various fire-walks in a properly non-committal way, but tripping when he says that physical phenomena such as movement without contact are "incontestable" (pp. 9, 10). They are believed in by many able investigators, but this department is exceptionally difficult, and opinion is yet far from unanimous. M. Maeterlinck is also too sweeping in his assertion that proof of psychometry can be had for the asking, and that psychometrists are rarely spiritualists (pp. 57, 58, 70). But these are very small defects, and need not be dwelt on.

In the chapter on apparitions, M. Maeterlinck quotes many cases from the S.P.R. *Proceedings*, and inclines for the most part to a telepathic explanation, while admitting that this explanation becomes difficult in such cases as that of Captain Morton's haunted house, where the apparition was that of a person long since dead. He points out, with a pleasant humour which is specially acceptable in these portentous and perspective-upsetting matters, that the modern and genuine ghost is usually quite unpretentious and ordinary in its clothing, and that it avoids chain-clanking, groans, and stage effects generally. Of the genuineness of psychometry the author is fully convinced, partly by his own experience and that of Mme. Maeterlinck. A worn article, or a letter, if handled by a suitably endowed sensitive, somehow enables the latter to get gleams of knowledge about the owner or writer—details of personal appearance, state of health, occupation, etc., too accurate to be attributed to chance coincidence. This

is a side of the subject which has lately been rather neglected in England, in favour of experiments in telepathy and automatic writing. M. Maeterlinck gives merited praise to the excellent book of M. Duchatel, *Enquête sur des cas de psychométrie*, and opines that all material objects have a psychic side; presumably an old tie may somehow absorb part of its owner's personality in such a way that a suitably sensitive person can intuitively "read it off."

Dealing with precognition, M. Maeterlinck quotes cases, and affirms his belief. As to the theory, he sides with the mystics and poets. Time is an illusion. Past, Present, and Future are all really Now; it is only because of our limitations—which clairvoyants occasionally transcend—that we see this Now split up into three. The thunder and the flash occur together, but we see the one before we hear the other; why may not years elapse instead of seconds, between our perception of two really simultaneous events? The spiritistic explanation of premonitions—that spirits see ahead and give warning—is not in itself unreasonable, but on the whole M. Maeterlinck prefers the "subliminal" theory, though admitting with a rueful smile that it does not really explain much. Connected with his notion of all objects having a psychic side is his suggestion that in a case of explosion-premonition there was perhaps telepathy from a portion of matter which was reaching the limit of existence and which was consequently in a highly emotional state. This certainly agrees with the established fact that human beings, when similarly *in extremis*, have abnormal power of psychical projection. As to premonitions of disaster which nevertheless fail to avert it and therefore seem to have been uselessly disturbing, it may be that the wiser subliminal has caused them as a pitying preparation for the coming sorrow.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the chapter on the Elberfeld horses. These remarkable animals have been trained to do some very curious things. This much at least is certain, whether the whole thing is fraud by surreptitious signalling or whether it indicates real mental powers of the kind claimed. One horse in particular will extract the square root of a number running into thousands, indicating the answer by scrapes of its forefeet. M. Maeterlinck confesses that mathematics always inspired him with invincible terror—a matter in which some of us can sympathise with him,—and when invited to set the horse a sum he had a fit of something like stage fright, in which he hastily suggested the first number that came into his head. The horse stood with forefoot poised in air, obviously perplexed. The owner asked if the number gave an exact root, but M. Maeterlinck was as helpless as the horse. On examination, it was found that it didn't. All this sounds like romance or trickery, and M. Maeterlinck expects smiles and not belief. He himself regarded the thing at first as absurd. But his personal investigation convinced him; and he reports it—he tells us—with as much seriousness and care as if he were giving evidence in a case on which a man's life depended. The horses gave correct answers: it is not fraud, for the owner willingly goes

out and leaves the horse alone with the investigator, who can set his own sums—though it certainly seems that the animal was less successful when the owner was absent, in M. Maeterlinck's case; and it is not telepathy, for the answer is correct even when no one present has yet worked it out. M. Maeterlinck's opinion is that horses have a "subliminal" which gets the answer intuitionally, as in the case of calculating boys of the Gauss and Bidder type. But there is more than this. These weird quadrupeds have learnt to spell out words, by a code of hoof-strokes indicating the various letters, and one of them—the stallion Muhamed—answers questions, with what seems like intelligence. At this point, even if it has stood the strain thus far, the belief-potentiality of most readers will probably break down. The thing is too outrageously absurd. It must be clever trickery. On the other hand, there seems no real reason to accuse Herr Krall of elaborate hoaxing. He has nothing to gain by it. He is a well-to-do jeweller who apparently trains his horses as a scientific hobby. And it is certain enough that horses—also dogs, elephants, etc.—do understand many words when spoken, so perhaps the claimed phenomena do not represent as great an advance as might at first be thought. So we sit on the fence. What is certain is that more experiments of this kind ought to be tried, by as many people as possible. Herr Krall believes that his horses are not exceptional, for he has succeeded more or less with six out of seven that he has tried to teach. Their capacity varies, but all can learn something. The dunces can manage simple addition, if they cannot do square root or spell out words. So he says, anyhow.

On psychical research in general, M. Maeterlinck very properly lays stress on the importance of contemporary and well-attested documentary evidence, and of rigorous conditions in experimentation. He believes that psychical phenomena may be due to the strivings of the cosmic intelligence seeking fresh outlets, and that a careful and persistent investigation of these phenomena may open up hitherto undreamt-of realms of reality. It is only now, for the first time in history, that these things have begun to be studied in a scientific manner. And the method which in the last three centuries has carried us so far in the understanding and control of the physical world may do the same for us in the psychical. The results already achieved are amply sufficient to justify such an expectation.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

BRADFORD.

Essays on Faith and Immortality.—By George Tyrrell.—Arranged by M. D. Petre.—London: Arnold, 1914.—Pp. xv+277.

ALTHOUGH the essays which comprise this volume have been collected from material and notebooks written for the most part before Tyrrell came into open conflict with the Roman authorities, and therefore represent the penultimate rather than the final stage in the development of his specula-

tions, they are of vital importance to a true understanding of his influence and position in the religious world. We are apt to lose sight of the real Tyrrell in the memory of the tragic close of his deeply fruitful life. We are apt to think of him as a Catholic reformer thundering against the Vatican, as a fighter for freedom in the Church, as a hero who was sacrificed for the forlorn hope of Modernism. He was in truth all these things, but he was much more; and when the controversies which wrecked his life have passed away or into new forms, there will still remain of his work a substantial residuum that is truly imperishable because it is the product of a unique and highly personalised spiritual experience, and because it is charged with the powerful devotional appeal of one to whom were vouchsafed rare "glimpses of incomprehensibles and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch." In his strangely complex character, which, seen from one angle, seems to contain a multiplicity of contradictory features, and from another impresses us with its taut singleness and harmonious completeness, there was an à Kempis as well as a Luther, and it was the power of the former which enabled him to become for many souls the master psychologist of the spiritual life, the resolver and interpreter of modern doubts, the loving seer who could say, "Thou ailest here and here," while he directed hope to "the little spring of sweet waters, Arethusa, that thread of grace" which is our salvation. It is so that he appears to us in these essays which Miss Petre has edited with so much care and skill. The main theme, which is the doctrinal authority of conscience and its bearing on faith and immortality, is ever reappearing in Tyrrell's works. It figures prominently in his *Hard Sayings*, *Lex Credendi*, and *Oil and Wine*. "It is in recognising God's will and presence in the urgency of conscience that interior life consists. Union with God is but union and peace with conscience viewed in a higher and truer light." Here Tyrrell is on common ground with widely differing thinkers—with Newman, for whom conscience was the aboriginal vicar of Christ; with Kant, for whom it was the supreme categorical imperative; and with Martineau, who defined it as the sense of the better alternative. For Tyrrell it is the "rock of irresistible reality, the sense of the Right and of its absolute claims"; and it is only by obedience to conscience that man can transcend his natural life and enter the Kingdom of Heaven as a freeborn son of God. "Conscientiousness," he writes in another place, "is the sum and substance of the love of God." It is not by external signs and evidences—valuable as these may be—that the soul is saved, but by trusting itself to the inner light, by obedience to the still, small voice within. If much of the current talk about conscience seems platitudinous and even meaningless, it is because the popular conception of conscience as a sort of moral register and as something independent of the growth of personality is mischievously wrong. Tyrrell reminds us that it is not a mechanical register but "a spiritual sense of what is right—a feeling, a taste, a touch, an intuition. . . . Its development is not that of an ethical science, but of a living faculty, a spiritual sentience." For its perfection it requires the constant

submission and co-operation of the will. We must clear the mind of prejudice, we must detach the heart from worldliness, we must make the eye single; then we may hope that the promptings of conscience will ring true and evoke a quick response in us. In other works, and notably in *Christianity at the Cross-roads*, Tyrrell has elaborated the eschatological and transcendental elements of faith, but in this volume he is primarily concerned with the development of religion from morality. He would agree with those who say that there can be no true virtue without religion, without, however, accepting their theory that religion is the *causa causans* of morals. "Eternal life or some equivalent of immortality," he writes, "is really wrapped up in the very notion of disinterested goodness, and Christ 'has brought life and immortality to light' only in the sense that he has made explicit a belief that is implicit in every truly moral act." Thus morality is not comprehensive of religion but rather the root of it. When criticism has done its utmost it cannot shake Kant's great doctrine "that there is nothing really or absolutely good, no end on which man may fix his whole heart but good will. And good will is just God's will." What is it that unfolds and completes the implications of the moral act? What is it that ripens morality to the fruition of religion and deepens the sense of eternal life? It is the impression or experience of a revelation which may be produced from within, but appears more frequently to come from without, abruptly as though it were independent of all our efforts. It is the flash of consciousness which reveals the co-operation of a transcendent element with the immanent, the sense that in every true act of conscience we are being aided by a force not ourselves which makes for righteousness; a force, too, which gains in power over us when recognised as having found its supreme embodiment in the Incarnate Christ. This is the revelation that was given to every conscience-loving soul that it "might have life and have it more abundantly." This it is that transforms morality from a cold and formal code into a well of living water. "It is under its dynamic, not under its notional aspect," says Tyrrell, "that we must look for the originality of the Gospel. 'I came to send fire upon earth; and what will I but that it be kindled?' Men needed heat more than light—the fire of an enthusiasm for humanity; the same enthusiasm that brought Christ to his death in the cause of God's Kingdom on earth." He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, because he is the Human Conscience Incarnate, the God made man.

JAMES WALKER.

CARDIFF.

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

LIFE AND MATTER AT WAR.

PROFESSOR HENRI BERGSON.¹

“*COMPRENDRE et ne pas s'indigner*”: this has been said to be the last word of philosophy. I believe none of it; and, had I to choose, I should much prefer, when in presence of crime, to give my indignation rein and not to understand. Happily, the choice has not to be made. On the contrary, there are forms of anger which, by a thorough comprehension of their objects, derive the force to sustain and renew their vigour. Our anger is of that kind. We have only to detach the inner meaning of this war, and our horror for those who made it will be increased. Moreover, nothing is easier. A little history, and a little philosophy, will suffice.

For a long period Germany devoted herself to poetry, to art, to metaphysic. She was made, so she said, for thought and imagination; “she had no feeling for the reality of things.” It is true that her administration had defects, that she was divided into rival states, that anarchy at certain times seemed beyond remedy. Nevertheless, an attentive study would have revealed, beneath this disorder, the normal process of life, which is always too rank at the first and later on prunes away its excess, makes its choice and adopts a lasting form. From

¹ The opening portion of Professor Bergson's Address as President of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. This is the only translation authorised by Professor Bergson.

her municipal activity there would have issued at length a good administration which would have assured order without suppressing liberty. From the closer union of the confederated states that unity in diversity, which is the distinguishing mark of organised beings, would have arisen. But time was needed for that, as it always is needed by life, in order that its possibilities may be realised.

Now, while Germany was thus working out the task of her organic self-development, there was within her, or rather by her side, a people with whom every process tended to take a mechanical form. Artificiality marked the creation of Prussia; for she was formed by clumsily sewing together, edge to edge, provinces either acquired or conquered. Her administration was mechanical; it did its work with the regularity of a well-appointed machine. Not less mechanical—extreme both in precision and in power—was the army, on which the attention of the Hohenzollerns was concentrated. Whether it was that the people had been drilled for centuries to mechanical obedience; or that an elemental instinct for conquest and plunder, absorbing to itself the life of the nation, had simplified its aims and reduced them to materialism; or that the Prussian character was originally so made—it is certain that the idea of Prussia always evoked a vision of rudeness, of rigidity, of automatism, as if everything within her went by clockwork, from the gesture of her kings to the step of her soldiers.

A day came when Germany had to choose between a rigid and ready-made system of unification, mechanically superposed from without, and the unity which comes from within by a natural effort of life. At the same time the choice was offered her between an administrative mechanism, into which she would merely have to fit herself—a complete order, doubtless, but poverty-stricken, like everything else that is artificial—and that richer and more flexible order which the wills of men, when freely associated, evolve of themselves. How would she choose?

There was a man on the spot in whom the methods of Prussia were incarnate—a genius, I admit, but an evil genius ; for he was devoid of scruple, devoid of faith, devoid of pity, and devoid of soul. He had just removed the only obstacle which could spoil his plan ; he had got rid of Austria. He said to himself, “ We are going to make Germany take over, along with Prussian centralisation and discipline, all our ambitions and all our appetites. If she hesitates, if the confederate peoples do not arrive of their own accord at this common resolution, I know how to compel them ; I will cause a breath of hatred to pass over them, all alike. I will launch them against a common enemy, an enemy we have hoodwinked and waylaid, and whom we shall try to catch unarmed. Then when the hour of triumph shall sound, I will rise up ; from Germany, in her intoxication, I will snatch a covenant, which, like that of Faust with Mephistopheles, she has signed with her blood, and by which she also, like Faust, has traded her soul away for the good things of earth.”

He did as he had said. The covenant was made. But, to ensure that it would never be broken, Germany must be made to feel, for ever and ever, the necessity of the armour in which she was imprisoned. Bismarck took his measures accordingly. Among the confidences which fell from his lips and were gathered up by his intimates is this revealing word, “ We took nothing from Austria after Sadowa, because we wanted to be able one day to be reconciled with her.” So, then, in taking Alsace and a part of Lorraine, his idea was that no reconciliation with the French would be possible. He intended that the German people should believe itself in permanent danger of war, that the new Empire should remain armed to the teeth, and that Germany, instead of dissolving Prussian militarism into her own life, should reinforce it by militarising herself.

She reinforced it ; and day by day the machine grew in complexity and power. But in the process it yielded automatically a result very different from that which its constructors had foreseen. It is the story of the witch who, by a magic

incantation, had won the consent of her broomstick to go to the river and fill her buckets: having no formula ready to check the work, she watched her cave fill with water until she was drowned.

The Prussian army had been organised, brought to perfection, tended with love by the Kings of Prussia, in order that it might serve their lust of conquest. To take possession of neighbours' territory was then the sole aim; territory was almost the whole of the national wealth. But with the nineteenth century there was a new departure. The idea peculiar to that century of diverting science to the satisfaction of men's material wants evoked a development of industry, and consequently of commerce, so extraordinary that the old conception of wealth was completely overthrown. Not more than fifty years were needed to bring about this transformation. On the morrow of the war of 1870 a nation expressly made for appropriating the good things of this world had no alternative but to become industrial and commercial. Not on that account, however, would she change the essential principle of her action. On the contrary, she had but to utilise her habits of discipline, method, tenacity, minute care, precise information—and, we may add, of impertinence and spying—to which she owed the growth of her military power. She would thus equip herself with industry and commerce not less formidable than her army, and able to march, on their part also, in military order.

From that time onwards these two were seen going forward together, advancing at an even pace and reciprocally supporting each other—industry, which had answered the appeal of the spirit of conquest, on one side; on the other, the army, in which that spirit was incarnate, with the navy, which had just been added to the forces of the army. Industry was free to develop in all directions: but, from the first, war was the end in view. In enormous factories, such as the world had never seen, tens of thousands of workmen toiled in casting great guns, while by their side, in workshops and laboratories, every invention

which the disinterested genius of neighbouring peoples had been able to achieve was immediately captured, bent from its intended use and converted into an engine of war. Reciprocally, the army and navy, which owed their growth to the increasing wealth of the nation, repaid the debt by placing their services at the disposal of this wealth: they undertook to open roads for commerce and outlets for industry. But through this very combination the movement imposed on Prussia by her kings, and on Germany by Prussia, was bound to swerve from its course, whilst gathering speed and flinging itself forward. Sooner or later it was bound to escape from all control and become a plunge into the abyss.

For, even though the spirit of conquest knows no limit in itself, it must limit its ambitions as long as the question is simply that of seizing a neighbour's territory. To constitute their kingdom, kings of Prussia had been obliged to undertake a long series of wars. Whether the name of the spoiler be Frederick or William, not more than one or two provinces can be annexed at a time: to take more is to weaken oneself. But suppose that the same insatiable thirst for conquest enters into the new form of wealth—what follows? Boundless ambition, which till then had spread out the coming of its gains over indefinite time, since each one of them would be worth only a definite portion of space, will now leap all at once to an object boundless as itself. Rights will be set up on every point of the globe where raw material for industry, refitting stations for ships, concessions for capitalists, or outlets for production are seen to exist. In fact, the policy which had served Prussia so well passed at a bound from the most calculating prudence to the wildest temerity. Bismarck, whose common sense put some restraint on the logic of his principles, was still averse to colonial enterprises; he said that all the affairs of the East were not worth the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier. But Germany, retaining Bismarck's former impulse, went straight on and rushed forward along the lines of least resistance to east and west: on the one

side lay the route to the Orient, on the other the empire of the sea. But in so doing she virtually declared war on the nations which Bismarck had managed to keep allied or friendly. Her ambition looked forward to the domination of the world.

Moreover, there was no moral restraint which could keep this ambition under control. Intoxicated by victory, by the prestige which victory had given her, and of which her commerce, her industry, her science even, had reaped the benefit, Germany plunged into a material prosperity such as she had never known, such as she would never have dared to dream of. She told herself that if force had wrought this miracle, if force had given her riches and honour, it was because force had within it a hidden virtue, mysterious—nay, divine. Yes, brute force with its train of trickery and lies, when it comes with powers of attack sufficient for the conquest of the world, must needs be in direct line from heaven and a revelation of the will of God on earth. The people to whom this power of attack had come were the elect, a chosen race by whose side the others are races of bondmen. To such a race nothing is forbidden that may help in establishing its dominion. Let none speak to it of inviolable right! Right is what is written in a treaty; a treaty is what registers the will of a conqueror—that is, the direction of his force for the time being: force, then, and right are the same thing; and if force is pleased to take a new direction, the old right becomes ancient history and the treaty, which backed it with a solemn undertaking, no more than a scrap of paper. Thus Germany, struck with wonder in presence of her victories, of the brute force which had been their means, of the material prosperity which was the outcome, translated her amazement into an idea. And see how, at the call of this idea, a thousand thoughts, as if awaked from slumber, and shaking off the dust of libraries, came rushing in from every side—thoughts which Germany had suffered to sleep among her poets and philosophers, every one which could lend a seductive or striking form to a conviction

already made! Henceforth German imperialism had a theory of its own. Taught in schools and universities, it easily moulded to itself a nation already broken-in to passive obedience and having no loftier ideal wherewith to oppose the official doctrine. Many persons have explained the aberrations of German policy as due to that theory. For my part, I see in it nothing more than a philosophy doomed to translate into ideas what was, in its essence, insatiable ambition and will perverted by pride. The doctrine is an effect rather than a cause; and should the day come when Germany, conscious of her moral humiliation, shall say, to excuse herself, that she had trusted herself too much to certain theories, that an error of judgment is not a crime, it will then be necessary to remind her that her philosophy was simply a translation into intellectual terms of her brutality, her appetites, and her vices. So too, in most cases, doctrines are the means by which nations and individuals seek to explain what they are and what they do. Germany, having finally become a predatory nation, invokes Hegel as witness; just as a Germany enamoured of moral beauty would have declared herself faithful to Kant, just as a sentimental Germany would have found her tutelary genius in Jacobi or Schopenhauer. Had she leaned in any other direction and been unable to find at home the philosophy she needed, she would have procured it from abroad. Thus when she wished to convince herself that predestined races exist, she took from France, that she might hoist him into celebrity, a writer whom we have not read—Gobineau.

None the less is it true that perverse ambition, once erected into theory, feels more at ease in working itself out to the end; a part of the responsibility will then be thrown upon logic. If the German race is the elect, it will be the only race which has an unconditional right to live; the others will be tolerated races, and this toleration will be precisely what is called "the state of peace." Let war come; the annihilation of the enemy will be the end Germany has to pursue. She will not strike at combatants only; she will

massacre women, children, old men; she will pillage and burn; the ideal will be to destroy towns, villages, the whole population. Such is the conclusion of the theory. Now we come to its aim and true principle.

As long as war was no more than a means to the settlement of a dispute between two nations, the conflict was localised to the two armies involved. More and more of useless violence was eliminated; innocent populations were kept outside the quarrel. Thus little by little a code of war was drawn up. From the first, however, the Prussian army, organised as it was for conquest, did not take kindly to this law. But from the time when Prussian militarism, now turned into German militarism, had become one with industrialism, it was the enemy's industry, his commerce, the sources of his wealth, his wealth itself, as well as his military power, which war must now make the end in view. His factories must be destroyed that his competition may be suppressed. Moreover, that he may be impoverished once and for all and the aggressor enriched, his towns must be put to ransom, pillaged, and burned. Above all must the war be short, not only in order that the economic life of Germany might not suffer too much, but further, and chiefly, because her military power lacked that consciousness of a right superior to force by which she could sustain and recuperate her energies. Her moral force, being only the pride which comes from material force, would be exposed to the same vicissitudes as this latter; in proportion as the one was being expended the other would be used up. Time for moral force to become used up must not be given. The machine must deliver its blow all at once. And this it could do by terrorising the population, and so paralysing the nation. To achieve that end, no scruple must be suffered to embarrass the play of its wheels. Hence a system of atrocities prepared in advance—a system as sagaciously put together as the machine itself.

Such is the explanation of the spectacle before us. "Scientific barbarism," "systematic barbarism," are phrases

we have heard. Yes, barbarism reinforced by the capture of civilisation. Throughout the course of the history we have been following there is, as it were, the continuous clang of militarism and industrialism, of machinery and mechanism, of debased moral materialism. Many years hence, when the reaction of the past shall have left only the grand outline in view, this perhaps is how a philosopher will speak of it.

He will say that the idea, peculiar to the nineteenth century, of employing science in the satisfaction of our material wants, had given a wholly unforeseen extension to the mechanical arts and had equipped man in less than fifty years with more tools than he had made during the thousands of years he had lived on the earth. Each new machine being for man a new organ—an artificial organ which merely prolongs the natural organs—his body became suddenly and prodigiously increased in size, without his soul being able at the same time to dilate to the dimensions of his new body. From this disproportion there issued the problems, moral, social, international, which most of the nations endeavoured to solve by filling up the soulless void in the body politic, by creating more liberty, more fraternity, more justice than the world had ever seen. Now, while mankind laboured at this task of spiritualisation, inferior powers—I was going to say infernal powers—plotted an inverse experience for mankind. What would happen if the mechanical forces, which science had brought to a state of readiness for the service of man, should themselves take possession of man in order to make his nature material as their own? What kind of a world would it be if this mechanism should seize the human race entire, and if the peoples, instead of raising themselves to a richer and more harmonious diversity, as *persons* may do, were to fall into the uniformity of *things*? What kind of a society would that be which should mechanically obey a word of command mechanically transmitted; which should rule its science and its conscience in accordance therewith; and which should lose, along with the

sense of justice, the power to discern between truth and falsehood? What would mankind be when brute force should hold the place of moral force? What new barbarism, this time final, would arise from these conditions to stifle feeling, ideas, and the whole civilisation of which the old barbarism contained the germ? What would happen, in short, if the moral effort of humanity should turn in its tracks at the moment of attaining its goal, and if some diabolical contrivance should cause it to produce the mechanisation of spirit instead of the spiritualisation of matter? There was a people predestined to try the experiment. Prussia had been militarised by her kings; Germany had been militarised by Prussia; a powerful nation was on the spot marching forward in mechanical order. Administration and military mechanism were only waiting to make alliance with industrial mechanism. The combination once made, a formidable machine would come into existence. A touch upon the starting-gear and the other nations would be dragged in the wake of Germany, subjects to the same movement, prisoners of the same mechanism. Such would be the meaning of the war on the day when Germany should decide upon its declaration.

She decided, he will continue, but the result was very different from what had been predicted. For the moral forces, which were to submit to the forces of matter by their side, suddenly revealed themselves as creators of material force. A simple idea, the heroic conception which a small people had formed of its honour, enabled it to make head against a powerful empire. At the cry of outraged justice we saw, moreover, in a nation which till then had trusted in its fleet, one million, two millions of soldiers suddenly rise from the earth. A yet greater miracle: in a nation thought to be mortally divided against itself all became brothers in the space of a day. From that moment the issue of the conflict was not open to doubt. On the one side, there was force spread out on the surface; on the other, there was force in the

depths. On one side, mechanism, the manufactured article which cannot repair its own injuries ; on the other, life, the power of creation which makes and remakes itself at every instant. On one side, that which uses itself up ; on the other, that which does not use itself up.

Indeed, our philosopher will conclude, the machine did use itself up. For a long time it resisted ; then it bent ; then it broke. Alas ! it had crushed under it a multitude of our children ; and over the fate of this young life, which was so naturally and purely heroic, our tears will continue to fall. An implacable law decrees that spirit must encounter the resistance of matter, that life cannot advance without bruising that which lives, and that great moral results are purchased by much blood and by many tears. But this time the sacrifice was to be rich in fruit as it had been rich in beauty. That the powers of death might be matched against life in one supreme combat, destiny had gathered them all at a single point. And behold how death was conquered ; how humanity was saved by material suffering from the moral downfall which would have been its end ; while the peoples, joyful in their desolation, raised on high the song of deliverance from the depths of ruin and of grief !

HENRI BERGSON.

PARIS.

THE TYRANNY OF MERE THINGS.

L. P. JACKS.

"Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use."

Macbeth.

WE often learn, when it is too late, that the existence of an instrument for performing an action is the cause of that action being performed. If there are daggers, the likelihood is that sooner or later there will be stabbing ; if armaments, wars ; if tools, trade ; if rhetoric, argument. Many a murderer would have remained innocent had he not possessed a knife or a gun ; many a man would have written sonnets or painted pictures had his father not been the owner of a mill ; many an unprofitable controversy would have been avoided had not a weapon been provided by a tempting phrase, or well-turned period, suddenly occurring to one or other of the disputants.

These statements when applied to the actions of individuals are commonplace to the point of truism. But they acquire a new interest when applied on the large scale to the lives of nations and to the great movements of history.

This extension of scope is what I propose in the present essay. I shall endeavour to draw attention to the enormous influence exercised over the form and direction of modern civilisation by the power which resides in machinery of all kinds. I shall suggest that this power, intended originally for the service of man, has become in several respects his master. The theme, of course, is not new. But it seems to me that current events give it a new importance and a commanding interest.

I.

In their origin tools and machines represent the effort of man to facilitate the satisfaction of his natural wants. These natural wants are the necessity which is mother to invention.

But every such tool or machine, when invented, gives rise to a further necessity, economic in nature, which the inventor perhaps did not foresee, and which in course of time tends to overshadow and obscure the original wants served by the contrivance. This is the necessity of keeping the machine in continuous working. Once constructed it must be "kept going"; otherwise the owner of it will suffer loss. Thus we could hardly contend that the conscious motive of the Lancashire cotton trade, or of the Yorkshire wool trade, is the desire to clothe the naked. No doubt the naked are clothed by these industries; but the "spring of action" is primarily economic. It lies in the necessity of carrying on the business, keeping the vast machinery in commission, and the multitudes of employes in work. The manufacturer or the workman may gladly assent, when reminded, that his labour meets the primary want of man for clothes or food, and he may receive a moral stimulus or consolation from the reminder. But this thought is not in the forefront of his mind as he sits in his office or stands at his loom. His motive is "business." He is there to make profits or to earn his living, which he can only do by using the machinery to the uttermost. If this is allowed to fall idle he will become bankrupt or starve.

The more complex and costly the machinery becomes the more will this secondary motive tend to push the primary into the background, until at last the original purpose passes out of immediate consciousness. The time comes when thousands of millions of capital are invested in "plant," and nations are employed in the task of keeping it in commission. At all costs it must be kept going or the nation will perish economically. Thus if decay threatens an industry, like the making of cloth, the question before our legislators and the

public is not primarily as to the effect on the nakedness of mankind, but as to the effect on the manufacturers and workmen employed in the industry, and through them on the industrial organisation at large. In this way industrial civilisation comes at last to mean that the need of using the machinery which man has created takes the first place in thought: while the needs the machinery was originally created to serve take the second. The means become the end.

Our attention is constantly being called by social reformers to certain tyrannies, and vested interests of an obnoxious kind, in our present system of industry. I do not here deny that these things exist and call for remedy. But I suggest that behind the tyrannies indicated there stands a major tyranny of which *all* parties to the system are the victims in differing degrees. This is the tyranny of the enormous accumulations of complicated mechanical contrivances which, in their organised totality, compel the human race to keep them going or run the risk of perishing. Man by "his wisdom and his brightness" has created this monster, and the monster has rewarded his creator by laying down the terms on which he is to live. He may continue to live only so long as he feeds the fires he has lit and turns the wheels he has invented. To this he must devote the major part of his energies, his intelligence and his soul—or perish. The relation of his vital to his economic interests has thus been reversed. Whereas at the first the economic served the vital, it is now the vital that serves the economic. The machine—meaning by this the whole mechanical complex of civilisation—rules the man.

To be sure, the machine rewards its servants; but it rewards them on its own terms. It confers prosperity on communities which serve it diligently; but has not our very notion of what prosperity is been imposed upon us by the necessity of satisfying the economic rather than the human conditions of our life? Here we have, I venture to think, the deeper explanation of the "social unrest" of which we have heard so much. Fundamentally, it is not a rebellion of

class against class, but of the human soul in all classes against the limitations set to its life by economic mechanism. Never will man feel himself really prosperous so long as his well-being is defined by these limits. Never will he be satisfied by a reward which is measured in purely economic terms, no matter what the amount nor how distributed. This was the burden of Ruskin, and for sixty years the course of social history has been confirming it in every particular.

And yet it does not appear to have been sufficiently weighed by social reformers. With them the question is—Who shall possess the machine, the State or the individual? But a closer scrutiny of social conditions suggests that this question might with advantage be reversed. Whichever of the two—State or individual—wins the coveted position, that position, unless accompanied by far more radical changes, would not be one of mastery but one of servitude. What is called State-ownership of machinery is really machinery-ownership of the State. It would not free man from economic servitude, but merely readjust its terms, making no great difference to the fundamental conditions under which human life is being lived. Those conditions would still be, as now, that man, in his societies, must accommodate his vital interests to the supreme necessity of keeping the machine in commission, and must seek no “ends” which are incompatible with this. Such an outcome is not the “freedom” which our dreams demand for the soul.

II.

To understand these conditions in the sphere of our industrial life requires an effort of the imagination greater, perhaps, than some of us are willing to put forth, and greater than many would deem permissible. When, however, we turn from industrial to military organisation, the tyranny of the machine is set forth in characters which admit of no mistake.

A glance at the present state of Europe reveals the extraordinary spectacle of great and intelligent nations

whose warlike policies are largely dictated by their armaments. For there is no more certain truth than this: that if you create a vast fighting machine it will sooner or later compel you to fight, whether you want to fight or no. That peace can be maintained indefinitely while millions of men are training themselves for war, and arming themselves for war with every conceivable kind of mechanical device, is one of those childish suppositions which only infatuated minds could entertain. These vast machines, whether armies or engines of war, are *made to be used*; and though the day when they will be used may be long deferred by a process of spectacular playing at war, the impulse to use them for their intended purpose will ultimately brush this aside as insufficient, and will prevail against every consideration of reason, humanity, and common sense. The military machine will overpower the minds which have called it into being. It will not even allow them to choose the *time* when war is to begin. The time comes inevitably when the mechanism has reached a certain degree of perfection. This creates its own occasion by the fact that the power is now at the maximum, the ammunition at hand, the bearings oiled, the guns loaded and the matches lit. Nations make war when armies are *ready to begin*.

Armaments possess what I have no hesitation in calling a will of their own—a will to be used as armaments. Make them big enough and costly enough, and they will assuredly get out of hand and control the governments by which they are nominally controlled. Some of them, perhaps, were created originally for the purpose of keeping the peace, under the leading of that most fallacious of maxims—*si vis pacem para bellum*. But “bellum” is what the armament is fitted for making; and “bellum” is what the armament will one day make. Europe, confronted with a vision of its embattled armies and fleets, might well say to the vast assemblage, as Macbeth said to the air-drawn dagger:

“Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument *I was to use*.”

Such, then, are two striking forms in which the tyranny of the machine makes itself felt in modern life. I have now to suggest that they are symptoms of a deeper tyranny whose seat is in the ideal world. The conditions we have noted are like an immense mirror which reveals to the modern man the workings of his own mind and shows him what spirit he is of.

III.

Throughout the whole of its history the human mind has been engaged in fabricating conceptions, or, as some prefer to say, in giving birth to ideas. "Force," "matter," "law," "knowledge," "happiness," "virtue," "society," "government," "popular rights," "order," "progress," "evolution," are examples of these ideas. In their simpler form they are the "tools" of thought; in the more complicated they may be compared to "machines"; in the most complicated—that is, when combined into systems of science—they resemble the economic mechanism of an industrial society, or even a great military organisation.

The origin of these spiritual tools is of like nature with the origin of spades, steel saws, spinning-jennies, aeroplanes, and Krupp guns. Necessity is the mother of their invention. They are means to the satisfaction of some want, need, or desire. "Conceptions" are not copies or photographic reproductions of anything external to themselves. Their nature is explained by their function, which is to economise, facilitate, extend, and expedite the work of the spirit, thereby attaining a larger, richer, speedier satisfaction of the wants they are intended to serve. Ideas and systems of thought are, strictly speaking, "inventions." Man wants to fly and contrives an aeroplane. He wants to explain the universe and constructs a metaphysical system. The metaphysic no less than the aeroplane has a purpose in view and is to be understood accordingly. Both things bespeak the nature of man as a tool-making animal. Of the ideal tools so invented some have, as it were, a stationary use; for example, the geometrical ideas,

which are like optical instruments, enabling us to penetrate the secrets of space. Others suggest locomotion, like the idea of evolution, which seems to carry the mind at enormous speed over vast ranges of time.

The ideal tools are interdependent in their working. Like the mechanical industries of a nation, they are associated into groups; and they grow more numerous and more complex as the needs of the mind increase. The sciences are intellectual "industries"; they satisfy wants which multiply like the population of the earth. To meet the growing demand these wants create there must be closer organisation of the working parts of mental industry—knowledge must become more systematic. Moreover, since many of the ideas are not complete in themselves, but only "components" of much larger conceptual systems, a special science, which is itself another system of conceptions, must come into being, to adapt the parts to one another and define the formulæ which are to regulate their common action. This science is logic. Thus the work of ideal invention grows by what it feeds on: one notion calls for another; each depends more intimately on the rest; until at the end of long ages the world of knowledge becomes like the Black Country in a time of roaring trade—the smoke belching from the chimneys, the furnaces in full blast, the air quivering to the grind and rattle of engines, while millions of men and women hurry hither and thither or stand at their posts, stoking, hammering, filing, oiling, receiving their wages and computing their gains.

But the parallel does not end at this point.

IV.

As the power and complexity of the intellectual machine develop, it tends to absorb more and more of the attention and energies of thought. The process is here repeated which we have already noted in the economic sphere. Over against the vital necessities which the work of thought has, in the first place, to satisfy, there grow up necessities of a second

order, which in course of time usurp the place of their primaries. Little by little the essential needs of man as a living soul become obscured by the overwhelming presence of the logical apparatus originally created to satisfy those needs. An enormous vested interest grows up round the mere mechanism of thought. At all costs the furnaces must be kept in blast ; at all costs the machinery must continue to work ; at all costs the logical armament—I use the term advisedly—must not be baulked of its office. Hence, in close analogy to economic civilisation, there arises the scientific type of culture, under which the human spirit is still free to live and move, but only within the limits prescribed by the paramount need of giving employment to the mechanism of thought. This becomes at length the supreme authority of life and the dictator of philosophy. The cult of mechanism has established itself in the innermost chambers of the spirit.

Deeply characteristic of this cult is the inability of its followers to perceive the limitations it imposes upon them. Our devotion—for we are all devotees—is blind. That our life should be susceptible of any other form or direction save that which the prevalent dictatorship allows seems to us an unthinkable absurdity, and the mere suggestion of such a thing is denounced as the surrender of the reason. It is only at times of shock and upheaval like the present, when the foundations of life are being laid bare, that we are able to discern within ourselves a deeper rationality, whose freedom we have *already* surrendered, against its nature, to an immensely potent but inferior principle.

Thus, in the first place, our very notions of Truth are formed under the necessity of satisfying the requirements of the cult. Truth must be something of which the logical apparatus can make use. Therefore, whatever fits in with the mechanism, whatever enlarges the scope of the working, whatever contributes to the smoothness of the running, whatever augments the final product of argument—is Truth. Whatever fails to fulfil these conditions is Error.

Our notion of the Good is formed in like manner. The test of the Good is its tendency to give employment to ratiocination. The good of man becomes more and more closely identified with logical success. That man is most virtuous or happy whose life exhibits the character of a logically working "whole." That society is nearest the Kingdom of God in which the relationships of man with man approximate most nearly to the ideal logical structure. Whatever else the good may be, it must always be that which provides the good man with the opportunity of explaining his goodness. Anything else is unthinkable.

A like conformity to the prevalent cult is to be observed in the realms of Art and Religion. In both these realms "criticism" is the ruling power; "criticism" being only another name for the spirit which has yielded its activities, for the time being, to the demands of the machine. In a critical age we are apt to test the worth of all things, even of Art and Religion, by the quality of the grist which they bring to the argumentative mill: the real interest at stake being not that of Art or Religion but that of criticism itself. In addition to their original function, which is to delight or inspire, Art and Religion have now won a secondary function, which is to provide subjects for discussion, to feed the critical powers. This in itself is no evil; the mischief begins at the next stage. For as criticism increases in range, complexity, and skill, this secondary function, as before, absorbs to itself the energies intended for the primary. Creativeness wanes, argument waxes: the Poet retires to the shadows, the Professor of Poetry steps into the light; the text is lost in the commentary; prayer sinks to the position of an incident in public worship, the sermon becomes the centre of attraction and the essential thing. Hence the forms of religion most honoured in a critical age are apt to be, not those which touch the human heart most deeply, but those which give argument the widest scope, discussion the most numerous topics, and rhetoric the most tempting themes. We may often watch our minds

or the minds of our neighbours picking their way, like wary travellers, among the green pastures where these opportunities abound. Art, also, may be seen at such times to be following a theory. Several recent developments in the arts, such as Impressionism and Futurism, show unmistakable signs of having originated in an argument. Only a soulless dialectic could produce the confusion they exhibit. We may well doubt whether the great artists of earlier ages—Phidias, Tintoretto—knew precisely what they were doing. But our Impressionists and Futurists know—though perhaps we who watch them do not. Like the Germans in their quest for world-dominion, they are under the orders of a theory. First, they give you a lecture on their art; then they show you a specimen of it. Once more, policy conforms to armaments.

We may say, in general, that every object of thought and every motion of the spirit is transformed by the prevalent cult into a "problem." First the thing must be identified with the problem of the thing; then, and then only, can the iron teeth of ratiocination get to work upon its substance. Thus at the present time we have the problem of Truth, the problem of Good, the problem of Life, the problem of Art, the problem of Religion, the problem of Society, the problem of the Universe—the problem of everything. It is to be observed that though the dominant power has forced all these things to assume the problematic form, it has not, so far, provided satisfactory answers. But if on observing this a thinker should suggest, as some have done, that the answer to the problem of Life, for example, lies in the discovery that Life is something greater than a problem, he will immediately find himself in conflict with the vested interests of mechanical culture, and his reputation, in consequence, will run no inconsiderable risk. Claiming liberty for his thinking, he is treated as the enemy of thought.

V.

These tendencies having acquired a certain strength give rise to a corresponding system of intellectual discipline, which

embraces every form of education and has for its object the cultivation of the tendency into a fixed habit of mind.

Of which system the first thing to be said is that it affords little scope for genuine freedom of thought.

In an age when everybody is supposed to think for himself, this, I am well aware, may seem an absurd statement. And so, indeed, it would be were the presence of freedom to be attested by the *amount* of thinking which is permitted. But the true test lies in the *quality* of our thinking and not in the amount. The whole world may roar with thought, and this may yet remain essentially servile. So long as thought merely copies an existing pattern it is not free, no matter how *much* of it there may be. There is only one sure mark by which the presence of liberty in the life of the spirit may be detected—and that is creation, or, if you will, originality. A very little of this is worth more as a witness to liberty than any assignable amount of standardised thinking.

Freedom of thought implies, among other things, that the teacher—of anything from the “three R’s” to theology—provokes the originality of his pupil, treats the pupil not as a recipient but as a reacting agent, accepts him as the predominant partner in the work of education, and aims at a result which shall contain a large contribution from the free activity of his mind. Under genuine freedom nothing can be further from the aim of the teacher than to impress upon the minds of others a slavish copy of the doctrine taught, even though this should happen to be the doctrine of freedom itself. On the contrary, he invites reaction to the uttermost, and is not the least cast down if the pupil adds so much of his own to the thought which is being given him that the two together issue in a third thought widely different from that which started the process. If the teacher be a true liberal he will be careful not to make positive instruction (especially moral instruction) so large in amount as to overwhelm, nor so insistent in form as to cramp, the energies of the receiving mind; and will gladly reduce his own share in the joint operation, or soften

its emphasis, or even remain altogether silent for long intervals, in order that larger room may be provided for the answering contribution of his partner. "He must increase, but I must decrease," will be his motto.

Freedom of thought, therefore, does not mean merely that every individual is licensed to address his opinions to the world in unlimited monologue. It should rather be compared to a *conversation* between men of good manners, in which the object of each speaker is not to impress his own mind on the rest, but rather to elicit from the joint contributions of the whole company some higher wisdom than he, or any other individual present, can severally claim to possess.

But in a critical age, when the logical apparatus has got the upper hand of the spirit it was intended to serve, freedom of thought takes the more restricted form. Freedom of criticism is indeed permitted; but inasmuch as thought has been standardised in accordance with the requirements of the machine, criticism, though enormous in amount, will tend to be uniformly mechanical in quality. The supreme interests at stake being those of the system of intellectual discipline now in vogue, no reaction will be encouraged, or perhaps allowed, which place these in peril. That is a most serious limitation. It means that you may argue as you will, provided you raise no voice of rebellion against the system which lays down the rule of the argument. Otherwise a "Zabern incident" may result.

Our culture has, on the whole, submitted to these conditions without protest. I do not say that it leaves room for no originality. But most of the originality there is moves within the limits prescribed, and has in consequence a purely argumentative character. The amount of intellectual activity is enormous; but of creativeness, which is the mark of freedom, there is remarkably little.

Of further symptoms, confirmatory of this diagnosis, I will mention only one, and that without elaboration. This is the exaggerated estimate we are in the habit of placing on the

value of mere moral exhortation. By far the greater part of the moral exhortation now being offered so plentifully is, I fear, futile. Either it produces no reaction at all or the reaction it does produce is one of moral indifference, which is worse than none. And this futility, I believe, if traced to its source, would be found to originate in the twofold illusion that morality is a standardised product, and that the soul of man has no answering function save the passive acceptance of morals in the form turned out by ratiocination. The Great Preacher was free from this pedantry. He presented morality as concrete and living, leaving it to tell its own story and evoke its own reactions. "Without a *parable* spake he not unto them, according as it is written: 'I will declare things hidden from the foundation of the world.'"

VI.

At a moment when the war and its attendant circumstances usurp the field of vision as the one fact of outstanding significance, I do not see how it is possible to avoid the conclusion that for a long time past the minds of men have been moving on a wrong track. There is an indication of something *radically* wrong; not of an error which affects this or that phase of civilisation, but rather of a general misdirection of the human spirit. The very least to be said is that a culture which has yielded *this* as its outcome, or at all events has not prevented this, can no longer claim to be sacrosanct. Root as well as branch, it stands under suspicion, if not under actual discredit.

The war is the most significant object-lesson that has ever challenged the attention of mankind, and it may well be that the fate of civilisation for centuries to come hangs upon our present ability to read the lesson aright.

I am well aware that many students will give a rendering very different from that offered above. They may even refuse to admit that our culture is mechanical at all; or, if this be passed, they will criticise the present construction of

the machine, point out its imperfections, and suggest that when these are remedied organisation will be perfect and all will be well. What civilisation needs, in this estimate, is not less machinery but better machinery; and by better they mean more scientific in construction, more closely adapted to those ultimate rules of thought by which spiritual mechanism is governed.

But if that be all, shall we not be forced to admit that the leader of the civilised world is the nation which has the best machinery at the present moment? That nation is Germany. The difference between the much-discussed culture of Germany and that which prevails in other quarters is mainly one of superior mechanism. The Germans have worked out to its further consequences a philosophy of life dominant, though less tyrannous, in all the nations which have shared the intellectual development of the last three centuries. A principle which is elsewhere mixed and retarded by other tendencies is there completely master. Whatever judgment we pass on the fruits of culture as we see them in Germany is therefore the judgment which, in all probability, the world will one day pass on ourselves if we follow the line on which the Germans give the lead.

Meanwhile we may consider certain facts and let them speak for themselves. Germany is, and has long been, the great head-centre of the critical movement in all its departments. She has turned her critical faculty on the problems of society and has developed an industrial and military organisation which for theoretical completeness is without a rival. She has created a social machine which can be set working by the pressure of a button; but through her constant oversight of the human element she has left the button at the mercy of the most dangerous element in the State. Nowhere else, again, is education so systematised and energetic; but the system is one which impresses itself bodily on the receiving mind and leaves the smallest possible scope for the free action of the pupil. While there is no nation which thinks *so much*

as the German, there are many which enjoy more freedom of thought. Her thought is standardised, and the expert controls its direction throughout an immense variety of products. Once the most creative of nations, she has now become the least. Her originality is mainly of one kind: she makes new departures in criticism and invents, or borrows, new machines, social, industrial, military, philosophical, and religious. Nowhere else is psychology so much studied, and human nature so little understood. Whereas God made man capable of several kinds of intelligence, Germany excels in only one—that of thoroughgoing submission to the method of analysis. Within the limits of this method she forges ahead of all other nations; outside those limits she contributes to civilisation little which civilisation does not already possess. Her national conduct provides no new example and her national aspirations reveal no new ideal. All that she is teaching in these respects the world learnt long ago—from Sennacherib, from Gengiz Khan, from Machiavelli, and from Mephistopheles. The breath of heaven rarely stirs her philosophy. As for Nietzsche, it is no exaggeration to say that many of his doctrines were well known in the Neolithic Age; and there is no nuisance more ancient than the superman.

The German output of theology and Biblical criticism leaves other nations hopelessly in the rear. She has introduced more theoretical improvements into Christianity than all the rest of the world combined. She has reduced Christian doctrine to its purest essence. She has analysed Christian ethics, penetrated to the ultimate sources of moral law, and invented innumerable systems of morality. She has indulged herself in a veritable orgy of theoretical idealisms. But she has broken her plighted word to Belgium, sacked Belgian cities, massacred their inhabitants, and lost her sense of right and wrong. And her philosophers, theologians, and Biblical critics defend what she has done, thereby proclaiming to the world that her soul is the servant and not the master of the mighty mechanism she has called into being.

Surely there is some justification for believing that the way of civilisation lies *round* and not *through* that point of advance at which Germany now stands. She stands there as a warning to the world.

VII.

The conclusion to which the foregoing remarks are intended to lead is that militarism and industrialism, as they exist in Europe to-day, have their origin in a common source. Both illustrate the bent given to the human mind by the cult of mechanism, which has so long been dominant in the spiritual life of the Western world.

It remains to consider as briefly as possible their actual relations in the working of civilisation. Are they antagonistic—the one making for war, the other for peace? Or do they reciprocally support each other and press forward together towards a common disaster?

On a superficial view we are tempted to describe the relation of industrialism to militarism as that of contraries. The two principles are simply opposed. Industrialism, we think, makes for peace; militarism for war. Whence follows the simple conclusion that the destruction of militarism will leave the peace-making principle in control of civilisation and fighting will be at an end.

This simple analysis seems to me far from adequate.

To begin with, there is the fact staring us in the face that an age which is saturated with industrialism has given birth to the most destructive war the world has ever seen. We have no need, at this point, to assert the disputable proposition that industrialism has caused the war. Let us content ourselves with the indisputable proposition that industrialism has not prevented the war.

If industrialism were essentially pacific, this failure to prevent the war would be hard to understand. As the dominant interest of nations and individuals, and as making always for peace, how has it come to pass, we may well ask, that industrialism has been unable to restrain the forces which

make for war, and for war on the most stupendous scale? We had flattered ourselves that commerce, by multiplying and strengthening the ties between nations, would make it impossible for these to tear themselves asunder and engage in mutual destruction. The event has proved we were in error.

Reflecting more deeply on its failure to keep the peace, a suspicion gains ground that industrialism after all must be reckoned, in and for itself, among the positive causes of war. By increasing the wealth, the ostentation, and the pride of the peoples, does it not serve to accentuate their rivalries, to deepen their jealousies, and to inflame their predatory passions? Is it not true that wherever great treasure-chests exist, there will robbers be found also; and is the treasure less provocative of covetousness when gained by commerce, than when extorted from the labour of slaves or exacted by the ransom of conquered cities? Are two nations, rich and happy in the sort of happiness that comes from riches, more likely to be friends than two poor nations each possessing nothing which tempts the cupidity of the other?

For example, is not one of the chief causes of the present hostility between Germany and Great Britain to be found in the fact that both of them, as we say, "have done so well in business"? Is it of no significance that war broke out at the very time when each was "doing better than ever"? Eliminate, from the complex of conditions out of which the war arose, the circumstance that industry had made both these nations rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and may we not say without hesitation that war between them would not have taken place?

What answer shall we give to these questions? Shall we, as before, take refuge in the argument that industrialism shows these baleful tendencies only because it is imperfectly developed, and has not yet become truly international in character? Shall we plead for a finer articulation of the commercial tie, and for more industrialism rather than less? Will our dream of the millennium be the conversion of the

whole human race into a Universal Joint Stock Company? Are we, in a word, to content ourselves with the suppression of militarism and trust the weal of the race to the working out of the industrial principle, unhampered by the interference of its military yoke-fellow?

Such answers show, I cannot help thinking, that we are legislating for mankind without reckoning with man, as we so often fail to do. They leave untouched the tap-root of war—that primitive instinct which the old legislation sought to restrain by the command, “Thou shalt not covet.”

To make this clear let us assume the extreme case and suppose that on the conclusion of the war the nations of Europe, convinced of their folly and wickedness, abandon every form of armament and determine for the future to spend not one farthing of the national wealth on armies or fortresses or fleets. What would follow?

The immediate result would be the liberation of an enormous amount of wealth hitherto set aside for military purposes. The greater part of this wealth would flow into industrial channels. It is fair to assume that industrialism would be the gainer annually to the extent of five hundred millions sterling and of a labour force represented by twenty millions of men. This is a prospect that ought to make the mouths water of those who think that industrial wealth is the foundation of human good.

Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, the United States—to speak of no others—rich as they now are, would then grow enormously richer. The natural resources of the earth would be exploited to an extent of which the present economic development, vast as it is, affords no measure. The mere circumstance that each nation might pursue its gains undisturbed by the risk of aggression from the others would bring a vast accession of confidence, and therefore of efficiency, to the labour and capital employed. The total population of the earth would grow by leaps and bounds. And under any fairly equitable scheme of distribution there would be enough wealth

in the world to render every member of the human race well-off.

But would there be *peace*?

Long before the pleasing process we have imagined could work itself out every one of the great communities would be torn to pieces by civil strife. This, I mean, is what would assuredly happen if we suppose the economic process to go on without some fundamental change in the ethos of mankind.

For the peace of nations depends only in part on the suppression of militarism. In yet larger measure it depends on the absence of disruptive tendencies in the nations themselves.

What these disruptive tendencies can do, or at least what they can threaten, was made sufficiently clear in Great Britain during the few months which preceded the outbreak of war. Nor were we alone in this danger. I need not enter into particulars, for the facts are well known. France, Germany, Austria, Russia—even the United States—were seething with discontent. I recall the remark made to me by an American statesman in 1912. Speaking of the prevalent social unrest he said, “We are on the eve of a greater crisis than that of our Civil War.”

Internal disruption is the inevitable fate of every nation whose ideal rests upon a purely industrial creed. The larger the scope for pure industrialism and the fewer the checks which hold it in restraint, the more rapidly do the disruptive tendencies gather head and the more destructive do they become. It is not the poorest nations which reveal the maximum of social discontent. It is the richest. And the prime cause of this does not lie in the sense of inequality between individuals who have more and individuals who have less; that, no doubt, is a cause, but secondary. The root evil is, that a community which makes wealth its object, and pursues it on the terms laid down by the economic machine, is living under conditions which satisfy nobody and against which all men are, by the higher human nature, born rebels.

From this point of view success in the economic enterprise is even worse for a nation than failure. The greater the accumulation of wealth the more does the fundamental servitude on which its production is based, for all concerned in the process, tend to irritate and exasperate the souls of men. Industrial communities are always more restless when trade is good than when trade is bad, as though the rottenness of the system could only be revealed by its triumph. Seldom, however, does the restless spirit penetrate to the true cause of the trouble. Unaware that the trouble comes from the original vice of the whole enterprise on which we are engaged, we throw upon our fellow-victims the blame for the common lot, thinking that because these suffer less than ourselves therefore they are responsible for our sufferings—like the emigrants in the sinking ship who in the blindness of their despair fell upon the first-class passengers and tore them to pieces.

In short, the common pursuit of wealth is not a *human* bond, as Carlyle was never tired of reminding us. It leads to the invention of schemes and machinery of every kind—material, political, and social; but, of itself, it can never lead to the vital organisation of mankind. Nay rather, in spite of all that has been said of its unifying tendency, we cannot doubt that its final working is to disintegrate the community. Seekers of buried treasure invariably quarrel among themselves, for reasons which are manifest to a child. They may arrange the most equitable scheme for the division of the spoils, and seal their mutual loyalty with fearful oaths, but before the voyage is over the captain will be dangling at the yard-arm and the deck will be slippery with the blood of half the crew. Whether they sail under the Jolly Roger, or under the red ensign of industrial civilisation, makes less difference than is usually supposed. Whether the spoil be buried in a pirate's cavern or in the unexploited resources of the earth, its moral effects are much the same.

Nor must we overlook the fact, as we study the relations

of the two principles, that the disruptive tendencies of pure industrialism have hitherto been largely held in check by militarism itself. There can hardly be a doubt that for many years past the common fear of foreign aggression and the common need of being prepared for it have played a very considerable part, against contrary forces working from within, in maintaining the cohesion of every one of the States now at war. And if the question were raised, in which of the great communities of the modern world have the signs of economic disturbance been most abundant, should we not have to point to that country which is at once the wealthiest and the least menaced by foreign war, and where all classes have the largest share of this world's goods—the United States?

Militarism is thus the Satan whom Europe has employed to cast Satan out; and militarism must go. But let us be under no illusion as to the sequel. When militarism goes, a check will be removed which has so far prevented industrialism from producing its bitterest fruits. If, therefore, the war merely yields the negative result of destroying militarism, we may lay our account with the certainty that there are yet greater troubles in store for the world.

But there is ground for hope in the very magnitude of the present calamity. All the nations involved in the struggle are learning the same lesson *at the same time*. All are engaged *together* in the bitter but salutary process of discovering their souls. A piecemeal repentance of the nations, following a series of partial conflicts, might effect very little; a simultaneous repentance, imposed by a world-war, may effect a great deal.

Whatever new wisdom, whatever vision of the weak spot in civilisation, is coming to ourselves as a result of the war, we may be very sure that the same wisdom, the same vision, is coming to our enemies. Realising this, may we not believe that beneath the fierce and cruel oppositions of the hour a profound principle of unity is at work?

L. P. JACKS.

PROBLEMS OF CONFLICT.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

As the war goes on, its more obvious features, the more obvious problems which its outbreak created, find their place in our daily life; and, becoming thus a part of our regular experience, cease to monopolise our critical attention. We can no longer see the crude fact of war with the freshness of the first weeks: it now forms part of our apperceptive mass, and governs the proportion in which each new incident is perceived by us. Thus, for some minds, the centre of interest is shifting, and the ideal aspect of the conflict is gradually coming into prominence. Philosophic temperaments begin to recover their detachment, and to ask themselves what changes this terrific outburst of violence must entail in their universe, what special problems it creates. The large mental element in the present war, the fact that both sides seek to justify themselves by principles as much as by events, adds to the poignancy of the situation. The thinker no less than the man of action is involved: he cannot, as Hegel at Jena, pursue his meditations upon the Absolute whilst the battle rages without. He is brought up against the fact that a valid philosophy must accept all life as its province, and life's most hideous and irrational conflicts with the rest. It cannot look the other way and still claim the allegiance of men.

It is no solution or mitigation of these problems to say that this war can never occur again: that man, having made this appalling use of his freedom, will never again permit such an

orgy of futile destructiveness. It has happened once ; and we are face to face with a world-order in which it is possible, in which, despite dreaming optimists and unabashed apostles of "progress," we have no guarantee that it will not recur. The self-conceit of the modern world has received harsh if salutary correction. In spite of our civilisation, and in the teeth of our most reasonable theories, life plainly continues to act in the old violent way ; the ancient and primitive passions still lurk in the racial consciousness, retain their old power for evil and for good. We are not so advanced as we supposed. History is still conditioned, not by the earnest conferences of mild and well-meaning persons, but by the balance, tension, and conflict of great opposing groups. The progress of these groups has involved a progress in the power of mutual destruction at least equal to and possibly exceeding their advance in other directions, and has not slain the will to use it. The obliteration of a complete social order in a few weeks, the flight of a whole nation before an invading host, is still possible ; whilst the human intellect must rank amongst its greatest victories the scientific perfection of our engines of death.

These facts, now realised by us in their full intensity, bring into prominence a set of problems, always existing, but now pressing for solution.

(1) We are forced to ask ourselves where the truth lies, as between the pacifist and the militarist view of human history. The first has broken down : from the second all noble minds revolt. Are they both exaggerations ? Does the true path of life lie between them ? Is war always the result either of human folly or of human sin ? or is there any sense in which reasonable men can call it a "biological necessity" ? Does its emergence, in fact, depend wholly on man's free-will ; and can it therefore be judged in the abstract "right" or "wrong" ?

(2) If not, if human conflict be an inevitable part of the plan of the universe, how can its facts be reconciled with any tolerable view of the nature of God ?

(3) Further, if violent collisions, fierceness, slaughter, be

integral to human existence, even necessary to its progress, what is their relation to the principles of mercy, gentleness, love? The whole question of the relative merits of hardness and softness, violence and persuasion, conflict and harmony, is involved; and of the true character of that fulfilment towards which the creative process moves.

These problems, of course, are not peculiar to the present war; which creates no new difficulties but those arising from the shock which it has administered to our moral and intellectual conceit, and the acute mental suffering induced by our modern attitude to pain, our modern intensity of realisation. The paradox of war is as old as history. The horror it awakens in all gentle souls, coupled with the sense that a soldier's death is yet the noblest of ends; the deep feeling—in ancient times almost universal, and still widespread—that whilst individual conflicts bear no ethical sanction, war in a just cause, though a thousand times more hideous and irrational than any personal act of vengeance, yet has in it a religious element, a supersensual touch.

(1) The question of man's responsibility for war, his power to eliminate it from the world, directly questions the foundations of pacifism. The pacifist regards war as an organised and murderous conflict between groups of men, having destruction as its very essence; a mere relic of animalism, which we can or should eliminate. It arises, he thinks, from a wrongful use of human freedom; from the uncontrolled development of national jealousy, selfishness, and greed. Yet history, particularly the history of the way in which warlike periods come about, suggests that war has a deeper origin than the perversity or greed of individuals or nations. Those militarist philosophers who spoke of it as a "medicine of humanity" may not have been wholly wrong, in spite of the evil purposes to which their doctrine has been turned, the arrogant blasphemy which dared to claim the divine right of administering this medicine at will. There is evidence that war does represent something which is integral to the

general process of creation: that strife is a natural, non-moral characteristic of life, like the instincts of appetite and reproduction—not its governing factor, as the militarists hold, but still necessary to its balance, a mighty source of action and of change. It is a tendency which seizes and sways us, and from which we may extract the highest or the basest things; but which—in so far as we belong to the physical order—we can hardly hope to transcend. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the whole creative process, as we know it, involves conflict and tension. “Peaceful progress” is only possible in the garden and the stud farm; and only there because a benevolent despotism keeps all enemies away. The soft beauty of the alpine is directly dependent on the cruel efficacy of the slug-trap which protects them. Those who believe in the Divine Immanence must acknowledge that the Spirit of God animates a warring world, achieving its goal by conflict with resistances, and quickening most the lives of those who struggle best. Only by such willing strife, by effort and cost, does man ever get what he wants: the question for him can never be, “Shall I fight?” but, “How and for what objects shall I fight?” We all know that the doctrine of non-resistance, literally fulfilled, would soon remove him and his civilisation from the earth.

It is not in battle, then, but in the motive of battle, that good and evil dwell. By its desires is the temper of an individual or a nation known: the things for which it is willing to suffer hardship and take risks. Physical warfare is the dramatic representation of a natural law. It speaks, as all creation speaks, of disharmony: of hidden purposes still unachieved, and attainable only by the employment of force. In the so-called “higher races” it is the material expression of that effort and struggle whereby man maintains his position, imposes his will upon his world—the inevitable collision between human groups animated by conflicting ideals and desires, and each willing to risk all for them. As with the great passions of love, adventure, or creation, a mighty instru-

ment is put into our hands, which can be transmuted to the highest uses or degraded to the vilest lusts. Through all these, human freedom can transcend the limitations of the time-world and achieve contact with Divine Reality. Was it a false instinct which assured us that the happy warrior too, dying that his cause may live, could reach that goal?

True, we are bound to use that freedom, not in fostering, but in opposing the appeal to mere physical violence. The voluntary pouring out of the "terrible medicine" is not for us, any more than the raising of tempests, or other sowing of death. We believe that the final tendency of spirit is towards harmony, the building up of a spiritual kingdom based on the creative and consolidating power of love; that behind and through the puzzling appearance of disharmony, the waste and destruction of opposing forces, a unifying tendency is ever at work. To that tendency it is our highest duty to conform. Yet, as our perpetual battle against disease and degeneration, our constant warring on the destructive powers of nature, go on without any rational grounds for supposing that we shall do more than hold these engines of death in check, so too with war. By means of higher conflicts, steadfastly pursued, we may put off to an almost indefinite extent the emergence of that spirit of strife which at once evokes and thwarts our noblest efforts; but we never kill it. After long periods of tranquillity, it appears to gather strength and explode with a more awful force than before. Scotched in one form, it reappears in another; to search, grieve, and purge us.

So the relation of our freedom to the facts of warfare seems much the same as its relation to the facts of suffering, poverty, and disease. All these have proved themselves instruments of great good as well as of great evil. Yet we know that we must work against them with an unrelaxed tension: must take care that our voluntary actions, our self-seeking, heedlessness, or stupidity, do nothing to increase their sum. Christian theologians hold that the death of Christ was both inevitable and salutary for the race; but they do not

on that account excuse Judas Iscariot. So the Christian thinker may hold that war under certain circumstances is both inevitable and salutary for the race, yet must not on that account excuse the crime of those who deliberately induce it. Aggressive warfare is as indefensible as the spreading of fever; and "militarism," in its worst forms a sordid and terrible sin, is even at its best as morbid as was the fostering of disease amongst mediæval aspirants to sanctity. Yet the beautiful dreams of pacifism will no more eliminate armed conflict from the physical order than the dreams of Christian Science will eliminate sickness. Both are fundamental facts of the world as we know it; outward manifestations of deep disharmonies. Both we can control to an enormous extent: their emergence is often the direct result of our own carelessness, wickedness, or folly. But we have no warrant for supposing that either is *wholly* brought into being by a wrongful use of our personal freedom, or can be permanently evicted from the physical order by a rightful use of it. We take too much upon ourselves when we thus assert our coming liberation from the whip and spur.

(2) But this recognition of war as a part of the substance of life, which we may control but can hardly hope to eliminate, brings the deeper problem of its reconciliation with the idea of the goodness, the ultimate rationality, of the universe. Is the life-force which pursues its path with such apparent ruthlessness, achieving its triumphs in the violent shock of opposites, and recking nothing of the waste and agony involved, to be held sacred in all its manifestations?—even the maiming, dehumanising, and moral wreckage of countless numbers, combatants and civilians alike, the waste, cruelty, and squalor inseparable from war? We are forced to ask the question which Blake's tyger did not answer:

"Did He smile thy face to see?

Did He who made the Lamb make thee?"

—a question which plumbs to the deeps our concept of God, and wrecks the universe of the amiable pantheist. If the

answer to it be "Yes," we seem to be led to a universal tolerance of evil and violence, an acquiescence in the "beautiful cruelty" of life, which is hard to reconcile with the concept of a God "loving justice and hating iniquity"—a trap which is ever waiting for the uncritical monist. If "No," we are landed in some form of diabolism: a doctrine, indeed, which has already secured distinguished support.

This difficulty, of course, is not peculiar to the problem of conflict, which merely presents it in an intense form. It is the general difficulty of reconciling the world as we see it with an all-powerful Absolute characterised by "Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance." In war we see the latent savagery of the human group, as well as the latent savagery of the human unit, express itself in action. There is no need to insist on the awfulness of this spectacle. But there are few of the horrors of war which do not find their opportunity in times of peace. Cruelty, waste, lust, squalor, revenge, are always present; are always offering to our faith and hope resistances against which they can act. But their activities, being diffused instead of concentrated, are not realised by us with so terrible an intensity. War compels us to realise the brute forces which are operative in all physical life, and shows us the real difficulties which confront those who try to harmonise God's goodness with God's world. We are appalled by the vision. Should we be less appalled did some terrible gift of clairvoyance permit us to see with the eye of Eternity, "all at once," the destructive effects of industrialism, the squalor and horror, the wreckage of vice and degeneration which underlies "peaceful prosperity"—even the mental cruelty, violence, and treachery of political life? The faith which can face these facts, and reconcile slum life, prostitution, sweating, the ravages of hereditary disease, with the all-powerful love of God, ought to be able to endure the cleaner, franker cruelties of warfare, wherein obvious evils are at least compensated by direct and obvious goods. The fact that such warfare involves many simultaneous deaths and acts of

cruelty and destruction, instead of the spreading of them over a series of years, never fails to horrify us. Yet this condensed expression of the principle and inevitable accompaniment of all conflict adds no fresh elements to the problem of reality or the difficulties of belief. Much indeed of the current talk about "carnage" shows how fundamentally materialistic is our view of life, how astonishingly unimaginative our view of death. It hardly becomes a race which is on the one hand preponderatingly carnivorous, growing to manhood at the expense of slaughtered beasts, and on the other is officially committed to a belief in the immortality of the soul. To Christians, even to theists, the particular form or moment in which death comes to the individual surely cannot matter very much; except in so far as it gives that individual an opportunity to "die well."

Yet, after all, war is brutal, cruel, real: and our deepest spiritual experience—also real—assures us that the final and conquering reality is, must be, goodness and love. How, then, can we harmonise these facts; how save our faith and joy when faced by a universe which refuses to yield up to us an image of God as we feel instinctively that He ought to be?

We can only do it by a change in our self-centred scheme of values: by a realisation of the wide difference between spiritual and material good, spiritual and material peace, and a return to the old and only really religious attitude of adoration and humility—that "sharp dart of longing love" extolled by the mystics, which pierces the disharmonies of the temporal order, and finds them reconciled in the heart of God, where all prayer and effort come at last to rest. We need now, perhaps more than at any other time, a firm conviction of the transcendence, the "otherness," the shining value of Spirit: of the abiding and eternal set over against the fleeting and temporal, and of man's true hope and meaning as rooted there. This "bare and simple vision," perceiving all things as they are in God, will readjust our values. It will help us to recognise the absurdity of our

narrow human judgments, our confusions between the pleasant and the best; giving to us wider horizons, a more modest estimate of our power of discerning evil from good, and therewith a saner and more robust outlook on the facts of pain and death, the brief stress and agony of war. It will give peace even in the battlefield to men of "good will," all whose hearts are centred on Reality; and will help us to strike a balance, impossible to the humanitarian who is not also a transcendentalist, between the sufferings of the present time and the glory that shall be revealed.

(3) It is from such a standpoint alone, by such a deliberate act of transcendence, that we can hope to reconcile the compensating attributes of hardness and softness, violence and gentleness, the "tyger" and "lamb," as equally works of the Creative Will, essential to His complete manifestation. Thence, the perpetual drama of change and decay, the ruthless and unmeaning sacrifice of individuals, is seen balanced by an abiding peace and wholeness; safeguarding to every individual all in him that indeed has worth, and understood by the perceptive soul as the true inheritance of man. Thus seen, the scheme becomes intelligible at last. Moreover, we begin to perceive that such change and decay are essential to the fulfilment of physical life; and that the stress and pain involved in them are not necessarily displeasing to the Divine Will, irreconcilable with the higher powers of love, or inimical to the spiritual growth of man. We begin to understand why it is that the saints, in spite of their infinite compassion for all sufferers, have never regarded suffering as itself an evil thing, nor looked for a physical order from which it should be eliminated; why the Church, too, has her soldier-saints who have known how to combine impassioned love of man and faithful adherence to the creed of Christ with unflinching struggle in a righteous cause. Hindu thought has ever insisted, with a bold acceptance of facts which the West might do well to imitate, that destruction no less than creation is an attribute of God, and has its part in the long process of the incarnation

of the Divine Idea. The breaking-down tendencies of the natural order, the change, death, and decay inseparable from growth, give, they think, ever-renewed opportunities for a fresh appropriation by man of the spiritual ; never obtained by him without sacrifice and cost. Therefore even the horrible spectacle of the life-force hurling bodies of men at each other for mutual destruction would not alarm their faith ; as it must alarm those who have been accustomed to insist that God, if He exists, is as they think He ought to be. Their notion of His love for His creation is sterner, less comfortable than ours. *Līlā*, say the Indians—the “triumphant play of God”—includes elements of violence, movements of fierce conflict, with the rest :

“The Master is one ; and life and death, union and separation, are all His plays of joy.”

An Eastern thinker, looking out upon the present conflict, might well observe that the slow disintegration which the late Lord Salisbury long ago discerned as the coming danger for our English national life, having reached a point at which civil conflict was well within sight, has been arrested only by the shock of war. War has proved itself once again a “dreadful medicine” for English politics and English national character, so far departed from true health that no gentler drug could heal us. It has been a constructive force, opening up to us new fields of endeavour and new opportunities of service and love, forcing us from our sleepy repetitions of old movements and old quarrels to new real responses to the call of life. Numbering among its offspring many sins and cruelties, hateful passions, vile deeds, embittered thoughts, squalor, misery, waste, yet the twin spirits of Tragedy and Sacrifice are its children too. Without these, the most comfortable of Utopias would soon develop characters more odious than the worst products of strife. As we only know gentleness and pity by the contrast of hardness and cruelty, so war, which makes hell actual to us, is the very cause and occasion of that struggle for true equilibrium, abiding peace—the perfect

adjustment of the human spirit to Divine Reality,—which we mean by “heaven.” Were we not thus perpetually checked in our quest of earthly harmony, we should soon settle down to a lower level of correspondences than is possible to our souls; and the music of the infinite would lack some of its richest and most noble passages, built up as they are out of discords resolved.

The special evil of war is generally held to be the very fact that it introduces these violent and disconcerting episodes; wrecking the prosperity of the nations which have engaged in it and have squandered their wealth on a deliberate destructiveness. This social and commercial dislocation, this abrupt hurling of the players at each other, and wholesale sweeping of pieces from the board, is held to be a moral evil; since we have persuaded ourselves that “peaceful progress” and material prosperity—indubitably comfortable to those who directly profit, though usually involving the discomfort of someone else—are also specially well-pleasing to God, the very objects of His game, and that His love must include a desire to make everything as pleasant for us as possible. Yet history, made up as it is of a confused series of pullings-down and buildings-up, does not support this opinion; and the most spiritual minds have seldom consented to it. If the true aim of society is to include the achievement of spiritual as well as material good, it cannot for a moment be upheld. Nothing is more clearly marked in the past than the instability of human institutions, their liability to sudden destruction or slow decay, even where they plainly contribute to the mental as well as the material prosperity of man; nor, in the long run, has the gospel of comfort ever been found adequate to the needs of the soul. The real virtue of a nation’s life depends, not on stability achieved, but on the opportunities offered for hard and difficult action. Severe discipline, conflict, catastrophe, and test of every kind—even involving the willingness to take or inflict death for the common good—appear to be essential factors in healthy racial life as we know it: and

the compensating virtues of charity and mercy have more often been produced under their influence than in equable and prosperous times. Unless we expel God from His universe, and revert to the dualism of the Scholastics, we are almost bound to believe that His full thought for man cannot come to perfect fruition without the awful discipline of war; and hence that within the bosom of the Only Perfect, hardness and softness, mercy and force, are reconciled.

The true horror of war, then, would lie in spiritual destruction; its justification—or, at least, the facts which would render its emergence endurable to the idealist—in the way which it opened up to spiritual construction. Here, and only here, do we see the abiding evil and good of human destiny. Now, the past assures us that a vigorous spiritual life is most often associated with hard and warlike rather than with prosperous times. It never co-exists with wealth: it is lulled to indolence by security. The harsh, astringent qualities of existence suit it best. The violent episodes of the *Lālā*, the drastic pullings-down of war, have more often meant the enriching than the impoverishing of true life. “A thousand touching traits,” says Treitschke, “testify to the power of the love which a righteous war awakes in noble nations.” Are we so blinded by prejudice that we cannot perceive the truth in this? The liberation of spiritual power by the action of natural laws is already familiar to us: we have learned the redeeming power of natural love and of physical pain. So, too, we cannot doubt that the most hideous conflicts, though they seem to arise merely from the foolish and perverted desires of men, may yet be turned to the ultimate purposes of the Divine Will.

The question about war’s ultimate rightness or wrongness then, must be, not “How much wealth does it waste?” not “How many simultaneous deaths does it occasion?” not even “How much innocent happiness and general well-being does it destroy?” but “What is its effect on the national character?” Character, the perdurable treasure of humanity; in

which, if anywhere, every theist must find the peculiar object of Creative care. It is to its effect on character that we must look, in asking how far human warfare in the abstract is or can be consonant with the will of God. The pacifist believes that the inclusion of the possibility of armed conflict amongst a nation's resources, still more the use of it, is bad for national character. The militarists, on the contrary, declare the power and willingness to bear arms to be the very foundation of true manhood: that "a nation's armaments are the measure of a nation's moral force." Events have proved to us the hollowness of this claim, if the term "moral force" is to be given a meaning tolerable in Christian ears. Yet to many of us, loving peace and loathing the cruel horrors into which we have now been plunged—realising, too, the evil falsity of the ideals which brought about this war,—the pacifist doctrine also seems perverse. When we consider, not merely the stimulus given to personal heroism and self-sacrifice, but the rebuke to self-indulgence and frivolity, the wholesale transvaluation of values effected during the last seven months, the reassertion of old ideals and old obligations, blunted by a long spell of comfort and security; then we feel that these may be worth even the awful price which we shall pay for them. Yet perhaps they are the least part of the gift which the war has made to us. Above and including them all is the one fact that something approaching a national consciousness, a real organic national life, has been created. The old preoccupation with the rights and wants of individuals or classes, the old concept of the state as made up of inharmonious entities and groups, has given place to a sense, at once concrete and mystical, of the personality and supreme value of the Nation; and of the individual as finding his true worth only in self-devotion to the needs and interests of the whole.

The demand which the war has made upon us is just that demand of an unselfing, a mergence of the small thin personal existence in the rich whole of a larger life, which—coarsely and harshly evoked by the necessities of race-conflict—is at

bottom the demand which religion makes under more beautiful and subtle forms. It is true that we are here pushed to manifest our deepest faith in the manner of the animals to whom we are related still ; that spirit acts only through the flesh, and is limited and conditioned by the powers and passions of the physical order. It is true that this eruption of force, in our strange mixed world of matter and ideas, produces incidents almost unendurable in their horror—that ugly and vicious impulses, as well as noble virtues, are liberated. Yet still the spectacle of a great nation driven by one idea and willing to risk and sacrifice all other interests for this, of the gathering together of armies—more generally self-conscious, educated, aware, than any great armies since the world began—to defend, not this or that special possession but the national ideal, is a spectacle of great spiritual beauty. It contains great hope for the souls who thus surrender their personal desires at the demand of a greater, more impersonal love. Such a surrender has always been held to be the gateway to a fuller life than that which the individualist can ever enjoy. The compulsion of the loyal soldier, the direct necessity which he is under to give himself for the common good, may be the actual agent of his liberation. Even the conscript is more free, more alive, more real, thus facing death in the trenches, than is the unmolested citizen enjoying the comforts and amusements which are made possible by his brother's sacrifice. So that perhaps for some of those who struggle believing their cause to be just and high, and for those of the warring nations who strive for truly ideal ends, the violence and folly of war may yet be justified and the purpose of Creative love made plain. The ancient prayer of the East may be fulfilled in them : the unreal may lead to the real, the darkness to the light, and death to immortality.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

LONDON.

TWO STUDIES OF GERMAN "KULTUR."

I.

PROFESSOR PERCY GARDNER.

I HAVE just received a letter from a friend who is certainly one of the most highly cultivated of Englishmen. My friend writes: "I see that another Berlin theological Professor has been boasting of German Kultur as the most valuable thing in Europe. That word stinks in one's nostrils now." I have no doubt that most educated Englishmen have something of that feeling. I have it myself. For the last forty years my reading has lain almost as much in German as in English books. And since several German Academies and Institutes have done me the honour to elect me as a member, I feel that I have some right to be regarded as one who knows what German *Kultur* is. But as the word is used without understanding by many in this country, I wish, so far as I am able, to set forth what is the real nature of the intellectual tone of which the Germans are so proud.

The word Kultur is, of course, borrowed from the French. But while the French writers mostly use it in the more modest sense of "education," it has acquired a very wide range beyond the Rhine. An enormous series of volumes, dedicated to the Emperor, and called *Die Kultur der Gegenwart*, is devoted to the origin, the history, and the ideas of present-day civilisation. It treats of religion, philosophy, art, social science, physical science, and even engineering. Kultur, then, is the same as civilisation. But in what sense is German Kultur

different from that of the other peoples of Europe? Surely even a chauvinist will scarcely claim that the roots of all culture lie in Germany. But at the same time every instructed person must allow that modern civilisation does owe much to Germany, and that in some respects she is superior to other peoples, while in other respects she is decidedly inferior to most.

I only express a view which cannot be reasonably controverted when I say that Germany has in the past done wonders for learning and science. And when I hear some of my colleagues, whose books are full of references to German writers, and who have been inclined in past days to pay perhaps too much attention to the latest German view, now belittle German method and discovery, I think that they are not speaking worthily, and are allowing a natural indignation at recent events to warp their judgment. Let us give even an enemy the credit which is due to him. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*. The count against Germany is heavy enough if we keep within the limits of truth and soberness.

Germany is certainly not supreme in culture in the common English sense of the word. Of music I cannot speak, as I have no understanding of it. But in the other arts, architecture, painting, and poetry, Germany has certainly no primacy. In some branches of literature she takes a comparatively low place. German novels, so far as I have made their acquaintance, seem to me at a far lower level than those of England, France, and Russia. There is a certain clumsiness in the artistic constructions of Germany, as many of the Germans themselves allow, which greatly diminishes their charm. A French writer, Mr E. Demolins, has put to himself the question wherein lies the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons, and finds his answer in the individual initiative of the English. That certainly is not the particular merit of the Germans. In what, then, does it consist?

In the intellectual sphere—for of that, of course, I am primarily writing—it consists of a combination of three or four

qualities which certainly tend strongly towards efficiency, persistency, method, and discipline. When one visits Berlin, one feels that one is in a city where everything is organised, everything thought out; where no arrangement is made without a reason, and every man has a course marked out for him by following which he will take a place in the general order.

To work in an orderly way, if it be combined with persistency, gives a man an immense advantage over others who may excel him in cleverness and in originality. Such a man may move slowly, but he has no backward steps. It is by method and order that a hive of bees excels other insects in efficiency.

Methodic study, and confinement of one's researches within a fixed limit, lead to high efficiency in science. A man thus avoids doing again what has been done already, and what other men have better advantages for. It is exactly parallel to the division of employments in a great factory. In the domain of historical and social studies the same thing holds. If a man starts to write a book in some part of this field, the chances are that he will have to trust to German works for the possibility of doing so effectively. The neglect of the German language in our schools and universities has been a calamity, and has tended greatly to lower the level of our specialist literature on which the books intended for more general reading must be based, if they are to tend to good purposes.

And further, another side of German method is a belief in the results of intelligence, a conviction that our faculties for gaining knowledge were given us in order that we may act with more wisdom and consistency, that before we adopt a course of conduct we ought carefully to investigate the whole circumstances of the case, and when that has been done, to be sure that what is true in theory will be true in practice, unless some important factors have been overlooked.

This is the strong side of German method: but it has its

weak side also. The human intellect is, after all, a very feeble instrument, and over-reliance upon it, the kind of self-confidence produced by a trust in logic and method to the neglect of human nature and the wisdom accumulated by long practice, may easily lead to appalling blunders. One needs a certain healthy trust in God and man, and a respect for the views of people who may be less logical than oneself, before one can move with safety in practical life. In particular, the dangers of over-specialisation, of knowing a great deal about some limited field of study, and despising the data acquired in other contiguous fields, may easily lead to intolerable pedantry. It is the opinion of many good judges that in Germany specialisation has been carried too far, with the result that German savants and men of science are no longer on the level on which they were half a century ago.

However this be, there can be little justification for the view common among us that careful thinking and planning is mere pedantry, or that it renders the thinkers and planners unable to adapt themselves to a change of conditions, that it produces stiffness and want of initiative. Such a view has in it too much of the prejudice born of indolence and trust in luck. It can scarcely be seriously held that method has made the Germans ineffective in the present war, or has robbed them of initiative. Mistakes they have made, of course, but as foes they are terribly efficient. And it is a mere matter of history that method has been at the bottom of the great expansion of German trade in the last few decades.

I think, then, that it is not culture which is the great asset of the Germans, but method—method in education, in science, in trade, in war. And as method is merely the right way rather than the wrong way of doing things, the way which accomplishes results instead of failing of them, there can be no more useful worker in England and France and other lands than the man who in this respect takes a leaf out of the German book, who teaches people to work in the way which answers, which accomplishes results. As a man grows

older, if he is teachable at all, he learns to work more methodically. And the same thing holds of the race. The nation which means to survive must take the trouble to learn what courses of action favour survival, and to cultivate those ways.

The progress of the war, tending naturally to produce on all sides a hatred of German ways, brings on us a great danger, that we may become better satisfied with our natural tendency to belief in the rule of thumb, to contempt for mental consistency and thoroughness of organisation. Unless we resist this tendency, even victory may tend to our undoing. After the war we shall still have to meet German competition in education, in science, in commerce and trade. And unless we cultivate method and thoroughness we shall be worsted in the competition. We are taking this war seriously; but in the meantime we are letting many things slip. Unless we keep up our energies in other directions, and take the affairs of trade, education, and other such matters seriously also, the war is likely to be followed by a fatal collapse.

But, after all, in Kultur there must be something besides method. Method enables one to reach one's end whatever it be, but it does not help one to choose one's end worthily. It enables one to master the field of knowledge, but it does not discriminate between what is worth knowing and what is not. It makes a man efficient, but a man may be efficient for good ends or for bad ones. He may be an efficient preacher, or an efficient housebreaker. And a nation is, after all, raised in the scale of ethics not merely by being powerful, but by being powerful for good. It is only high purpose and an ideal which can justify a nation, just as it is purpose and an ideal which alone can make the life of an individual worthy. So, granting the method and efficiency of the Teutons, we have next to consider whether the ideals which they acknowledge and follow are the best.

I think it will appear to anyone who reads German books on the war that the one overshadowing ideal which eclipses all others in them is the preservation and prosperity of the

race, the furtherance of its activity, and the enlargement of its scope. In itself, of course, this end is meritorious. And we must not forget the peculiar and very difficult geographical position of the Germans. Limited by the Latin races on the west and south, and hemmed in by Slavs and Hungarians on the east, they are compelled by necessity to be always armed, to be something like a garrison in an enemy's country. The alliance of Latin and Slav against them has been a nightmare to them for at least half a century. One may go further and say that so long as the nations in possession outside Europe refuse the Germans opportunities of legitimate expansion, so long that powerful race must remain like a bomb ready to burst its limits with a terrible explosion. As long as this policy continues there is not likely to be permanent peace in Europe. At the same time, it must be obvious that so long as the Germans are in their present mood, and use any opening they gain in the fashion of the young cuckoo, it is hard for European statesmen to make any concession to them. It is the consciousness of a mission and a destiny which is the noblest feature in the German national spirit, and one which may excuse much.

It may excuse much, but not everything. For it is quite clear that this consciousness has so obsessed the nation that it has become morally blind, and that in the present war it has reverted to a level of action below even that practised in the Napoleonic wars. It has in fact cast aside Christianity as a guide to conduct, and reverted almost to the level of the Germans who fell on the Roman Empire in the days of their paganism. I am not referring to the reported "German atrocities," for there are scoundrels in every army, and it is almost impossible for private citizens to discover how much is truth, and how much misleading statement or even invention. But in the proclamations of the generals in Belgium, and in the official "War Book" of directions to men in the field, we find a systematic rejection of all that Christianity and civilisation have done in a thousand years to mitigate the horrors of

war. The Teutonic spirit of the Middle Ages mixed with its native ferocity so much of Christianity that cruelty was tempered by chivalry, and mercy to an overthrown foe was expected from every gentleman. But in the War Book humanity is only enjoined when it is convenient to show it, and the hope of being victorious will excuse any destruction of churches, burning of towns, or murder of non-combatants. No doubt there are multitudes of German officers and men who are in their private lives kindly and chivalrous, but they have to work with the machine, and carry out orders which must grate most painfully on their sensibilities.

When anything particularly horrible is to be done, such as the invasion of Belgium, the burning of Louvain, or the massacre at Hartlepool, the German excuse is always, "It was necessary." That is to say, the furtherance of German interests by arms is a cause so sacred that no rules of international morality, no treaties, no Christian feeling, no consideration for the necessities of other peoples, is for a moment to stand in its way. It is not too much to say that the naked assertion of this principle of action, and its carrying out without pity or remorse, have not only steeled the swords of the enemies of Germany, but have produced in the minds of neutral nations, the Italians, the Dutch, the Americans, a feeling of revolt and horror. Even if the Germans are victorious in the present war, they will find that they have so revolted the sense of mankind that they will be generally regarded as enemies of the human race.

The notion that by such courses any sort of Kultur can be promoted is monstrous. The greatness of Germany did require the noble revolt against Napoleon, universal military service, and the organisation of the State by men like Stein. Yet Scharnhorst, Blücher, and Moltke were not the founders of the real greatness of Germany, but Kant and Schleiermacher, Goethe and Schiller, Humboldt and Helmholtz, Niebuhr and Ranke. The notion that Germany is to conquer the nations in arms, and then to introduce among

them philosophy and science, is a monstrous absurdity. Whatever may be the political state of Europe, thought is free; and it is absurd to suppose that the killing off of hundreds of thousands of the most promising and intelligent of the young men of Germany will promote intellectual progress.

There certainly was in the ancient world one particular period when culture was advanced by the sword. This was the age of Alexander the Great. The conquering course of Alexander in Asia did certainly make a way for Greek ideas and Greek civilisation, which spread eastward to the confines of India. But various considerations have to be noted. In those days there could be no comparison between the level of culture of Greece and the level in Asia. It was the age of Aristotle and Euclid, of Demosthenes and Menander, of Lysippus and Apelles, when Greece was touching an unexampled height of intellectual triumph, and when peoples like those of Asia were comparatively barbarous. Yet even then, the peoples which had a real moral life, like the Jews and the Persians, were only for a short time submerged by the flood, and soon resumed their national course. It is quite another thing when one among a group of peoples on much the same general level of life suddenly makes a claim to have the right to dictate the course in which civilisation shall flow, and to support that claim in arms.

Moreover, the policy followed by Alexander and his generals was the antithesis of that of Potsdam. Alexander was anxious to protect the religions of the conquered countries, to encourage their trade, to preserve their traditions; he even did what he could to encourage mixed marriages, with a view to amalgamating the Macedonian and Persian races. His general Ptolemy in Egypt even planned an amalgamation of the Greek and Egyptian religions. Alexander had no notion of holding countries by sheer force and terrorism. He made no parade of the superiority of the Greek culture, but left it to work its way by its own power.

The fact is, that to modern civilisation each of the great

countries of Europe, not to speak of India and China, has made important contributions. If I may take the particular branch of culture with which I am most closely acquainted, the archæology of the ancient world, as an example, this is certainly the case. Some most original and powerful present-day archæologists, those who have done most for the progress of discovery, are English. Russians and Italians have also made valuable contributions. The bulk of the literature of archæology is, of course, German, though France contributes some excellent books. The various peoples seem to fit into one another, and contribute alike to the progress of knowledge. The non-professional element, the men of high attainments who are not paid to teach, are far less common in Germany than in some other countries. Men like Grote, J. S. Mill, Darwin, Ruskin, Spencer, Lubbock, are a special glory of England.

Hitherto savants have worked together, for the advancement of knowledge, without constant bickering. Recent years have been marked by a number of international congresses in all sorts of subjects—history, economics, science, medicine, and the like, in which no one nation has taken a decisive lead. I have been at several of these gatherings, and we have never parted without a public expression of the hope of improvement in national relations which they may be expected to produce. How can the Germans possibly maintain that all this was for the advancement of their particular Kultur? They propose calmly to appropriate the whole of this international progress, and to set all other peoples at a lower level. Such an attempt is a fresh proof of the loss of mental and moral balance which has been exhibited in their political actions.

Some of the obscurantist schools in religion have tried to derive from the moral perversion of Germany an argument against the free use of intellect in the field of religion. They think that it is the fault of the higher criticism that Germany has cast aside Christian ethics and reverted to an almost heathen attitude. They overlook the fact that in the

armies fighting against us half the men belong to regions where the Roman Church predominates. Nor is there among the military caste who control the army and the Empire any sympathy for Liberal Christianity. If justification of the war is attempted by Liberal theologians it is only when they are manifestly misled by German official misrepresentations to cast aside the humane principles which they have advocated all their lives.

The Bavarians, who are conspicuous for preaching the doctrine of hate, are most of them strongly Roman Catholic, and there is among them little sympathy for Liberal Christianity. This is indeed an old story: witness the storming of Magdeburg. To suppose that a conventional orthodoxy in religion goes with humanity in war is to invert the teachings of history. That the ruling powers of Germany have cast out of the field of politics all trace of Christian ethics, and boldly proclaimed a public policy far more closely akin to the teaching of Mohammed than to that of Christ, is but too true. But to lay any of the blame on the Liberal school of theology is utterly unfair. Among ourselves there is little distinction, as regards the ethics of national policy, between different schools in religion; but it may be said generally that the broader schools show a keener hatred of militarism and cruelty than the narrower. The extreme votaries of peace have in the past cherished many delusions as to the psychology of nations and the prospects of the abolition of war; and it would seem that they cherish them still. But no one would accuse our Quakers and Unitarians of a wish to fall away from a Christian standard of international morality. The notion that by stopping progress and prohibiting reason in the field of religion we can make nations feel more kindly one towards another is a complete absurdity.

PERCY GARDNER.

II.

THE REV. A. W. F. BLUNT, M.A.,

Vicar of Carrington, Nottingham; sometime Fellow and Classical
Lecturer of Exeter College, Oxford.

IT is nearly fifty years since Matthew Arnold wrote the famous essay in which he set himself to combat the contempt for "culture" which was fashionable among the "Philistine" circles of the Liberalism of that day. He bent his energies to set forth the true meaning of Culture and to expound the necessity of clear and intelligent thinking, good taste, and liberal education, as an indispensable supplement, for the good direction of the community, to the virtues of honesty and conscientiousness and good intentions. That essay was written in 1869. But it may be doubted whether Matthew Arnold's crusade has done much to promote in England either a deeper view of what Culture is or a higher estimate of its public value. It is true that a certain section of English opinion is very active in trying to produce a more general diffusion of knowledge and intellectual interest, in attempting to "educate the democracy." But this section is exceedingly small, and its activities touch only the fringe of the people. The average young man of to-day, in every class, neither reads much that is worth reading nor thinks much that is worth thinking. For one who reads good literature, there are a dozen who browse on that which is cheap and nasty; for one who takes an interest in politics, there are dozens whose concern in public matters finds its food only in the athletic and racing news; a mere handful is present at serious lectures, classes, concerts, while thousands flock to the variety entertainments, the picture shows, and the musical comedy. Here and there a Workmen's Debating Society, an Adult School, a Literary Society may flourish. But as a rule they attract very few; and they often lead to nothing but a wider diffusion of that little-knowledge which is more dangerous than none, because it is both

ignorant and, unaware of its ignorance, is dogmatically cocksure. The blame for the mischief lies in some measure, as regards the class which is called, not always justly, the "working-class," on the growing specialisation and monotony of labour and on the increasing pressure of social conditions. A man who spends most of his days turning a crank in order to win a bare subsistence, with the constant spectre of unemployment before him, is not likely to feel disposed to spend his leisure in profitable self-education. But that the blame cannot lie wholly here is proved by the existence of the same triviality among the class that is called, often unjustly, the "leisured class." The majority of the young men of this class are singularly ill instructed, whether in history, literature, politics, or economics; and this although social conditions are easier for them, their careers are more assured, and their occupations are more diversified. Whatever may be the cause, the increasing hustle of competition, the growth of luxury, the inefficiency of our educational system, a degeneration of the national fibre, or something else, it is certain that the present generation is neither so thoughtful, so intelligent, nor even so well read, as might have been expected after so many years of universal education.

We English are in the trough of a wave of disbelief in liberal education. We parade our scepticism. The present age has witnessed the public apotheosis of two types of men. Firstly, of the plain business man. It is very generally accepted as a cardinal theory of efficiency in life that business capacity is the criterion of all capacity. As a corollary, we have the outcry in higher education for the displacement of Latin and Greek by science and modern languages, the outcry in elementary education for the displacement of everything by technical and utilitarian instruction. The one ideal is to be the production of a man who can make a good living. The belief of Colonel Newcome is relegated to the dustbin. General information, a general interest in matters of intellect and taste, is regarded as not worth the time spent on its acquisition.

We deify the business expert. But of all other experts we cultivate a wholesale distrust. The educational expert is distrusted in matters of education, the medical expert very often is distrusted in matters of medicine, the social expert in matters of social reform, and, until this war broke out and taught us better, the military and naval expert was the object of the most profound distrust of all, in his particular subject. Knowledge of one's subject is treated as doctrinaire, academic, pedantic. Any problem in the world can, we think, be sufficiently solved by the application of ordinary common-sense. And for some mysterious reason we believe common-sense to be positively injured by knowledge. So our second apotheosis is that of the man whom, for some still more mysterious reason, we unite to regard as the incarnation of common-sense—the man in the street. I suppose this is one of the necessary illusions of applied democracy.

I am not at present concerned to criticise either of these two cults. Indeed, I am willing to agree, up to a certain point, with their creeds. Business capacity is more than capacity to make money; it includes other and finer qualities, which are needed in dealing with men and human problems. And the man in the street is not by any means a fool; there is, and you often find it, such a thing as untutored wisdom. But I have to confess to a belief that we practise these cults to excess, that our adherence to them is too exclusive to be sound, and that our public affairs are none the better administered because we strive to place them in the hands of none save those who seem to be representative of one or other of these two types. I regard it as a public danger that a man like Lord Haldane is popularly suspected because he is known to be an expert in German philosophy, or that men like Mr Arthur Balfour and Lord Rosebery are popularly regarded as triflers because their intellectual interests are many and various. I do not think that the Unionist party improved its capacity for public usefulness when it displaced Mr Balfour by Mr Bonar Law, the type of the business man. Nor do I

think that the Liberal party has gained, in anything really worth having, by substituting, for the tradition of general Culture which Mr Gladstone embodied, the influence of Mr Lloyd George, the typical man in the street.

Our whole conception of public usefulness and capacity is deeply tinged with a thoroughpaced disbelief in the value of Culture. And this attitude is very likely to be made more stubborn by the exhibition which Germany has given to the world. She has rendered the very word Culture more suspect than it was before. In her the world has seen a nation which prides herself on her Culture, and parades her claims to be the pre-eminently cultured people, doing things which are as immoral as they are revolting and as silly as they are immoral. The whole cause of Culture is put into a defensive, an explanatory, an apologetic attitude by the apparent illustration of its hypocrisy which Germany has furnished. It will be only too easy for the average man to condemn all Culture out of hand because German Kultur has been found wanting in some of the obvious qualities which civilisation has learnt to respect. And yet such a verdict would be as shallow as it is easy. The recent behaviour of Germany is due not to her Culture, but to her want of Culture. Not Culture, but Kultur is at fault. And this is a fact that seems to be worth taking some trouble to realise.

The Germans are profoundly conscious of their own merits. They cannot conceive of anything more beneficial to the world than that it should be replenished with their Culture and subdued to the sway of their Enlightenment. They have good reasons for their pride; and in itself, their sense of having a civilising mission to the world is noble. But a great ideal can be debased if it is pursued by unworthy or mistaken methods. And the method by which Germany has of late sought to perform her mission is simply that of military strength, of State brutality, indifferent to all considerations save those of its own power and interest, of armed ruthlessness which treats morality, chivalry, and good faith as mere fatuities for

State policy. And the cardinal faults of such a method are :— (1) That it is hopelessly impracticable. Culture no more than Christianity can be propagated by violence. Success in such an effort does damage to both oppressed and oppressor. The Culture forced on the oppressed is a bastard. The Culture of the oppressor is brutalised. Culture cannot be affixed from outside like an adhesive plaster, for it includes moral elements and has a moral basis. (2) It is inconceivably narrow. Strength is not calculable only in armaments. Moral and spiritual strength is often accompanied by physical weakness, and it is to the benefit of the world that physical weakness should not be allowed to become a hopeless handicap in life whether to man or to a nation. (3) It is a positive menace to all hope of the world's moral progress. If human society is ever to be securely established, it can only be on the basis of a generally accepted standard of Right and Faith. A nation which overtly flouts such a standard, which treats the State as above or outside all moral rules and restrictions, is aiming a deadly blow at the possibility of any real community of mankind.

But we can go further, and raise the doubt whether, apart from this method of propagating it, German Culture can lay exclusive claim to overbear all other forms of Culture—whether it is so rounded and entire that Germany need only teach. Is she the exclusively cultured nation, or is she only one of several cultured nations, each with a special quality of Culture to contribute to the common stock, and therefore each needing the freedom to develop her peculiar characteristic? In particular, is there any element of Culture which England possesses and which Germany does not possess? If we can learn something from Germany, is there anything that Germany can learn from us?

Cartoonists have, of course, their licence; but we must not look to them for balanced appreciations. To speak seriously as if German Culture was entirely a fiction of German vanity is both silly and ungrateful; and I think many must have

writhed inwardly with feelings not unlike shame as they have read of late letters in the public Press, with distinguished names at their foot, in which the tendency has been to cast doubt on the genuineness of Germany's titles to admiration from the world of intellect. Let us grant that England has been in the past disposed to overrate the intellectual eminence of Germany; yet is that a reason why we should now be ready to deny all greatness to her? Whether we consider her industrial and commercial development during the last half century, or the efficiency of her municipal and national administration, and the industry, energy, and capacity of her official class; whether we recite the roll of her great philosophers, authors, and musicians, or remember the patience and erudition and ingenuity of her scholars; whether we think of the general diffusion of intellectual interest throughout every class of her society, their real concern for education and belief in its value, or call to mind that the Germans are still a nation of simple thrift and quiet domesticity, alien to luxury and ostentation;—on any definition of Culture, we cannot deny to Germany the possession of more than a moderate share of the qualities that compose it.

But Germany does nothing by halves, and her titles to admiration are not more obvious than her titles to criticism. First of all may be noted her political deficiencies. She is the Paradise of the man in uniform, the happy hunting-ground of the drill-sergeant. The nation is deluded with a phantom self-government. All is administered from above; externally, it is administered remarkably well; but internally the evil effects on the national character are indisputable. And the same weakness is carried into Imperial government. Wherever Germany goes, there the German uniform and all that it implies is "king of the castle," and other peoples, to complete the jingle, are "the dirty rascal." And this political ineptitude is reflected in other departments of life. Certainly, in intellectual matters, German learning, for all its industry, is often superlatively pedantic, wiredrawn, and inhuman,

deficient in taste and commonplace sense. Many observers declare that the German nation is overeducated. I should prefer to say that it is overinstructed and miseducated. A cast-iron system of political discipline is naturally accompanied by a cast-iron system of education, which is productive of mental cramp. Disraeli's epigram on the "land of d——d Professors" may not, after all, be a mere epigram. And it may, moreover, be doubted whether German morals do not suffer from the quality of her Culture. Manners are to some extent products of convention, but not wholly; and it is not insignificant that Germany, or at least Prussia, is the land of bad manners and lack of chivalry and courtesy, especially to the female sex. Again, the average German of thirty-five is not physically healthy; the physically good effects of military service seem soon to wear off, and he becomes inordinately "stuffy" and flabby; and physical flabbiness is not morally innocuous. Or, once more, Berlin is said to be admittedly the most immoral capital in Europe; one child in every five born in Berlin is illegitimate, and the average of illegitimacy throughout the German Empire is ten per cent. (The figures are given in Pryce Collier's book on *Germany and the Germans*.) A Culture which produces such results has little reason for considering itself to be beyond improvement. It is not a very daring conclusion that if Germany has very much to teach, she has also very much to learn of the constitutive elements of Culture.

What can we teach her? I am afraid we shall be but poor instructors in matters of morals. We have no right to lecture Germany on social ethics whilst there are still so many black spots in our social conditions, which we have not yet found the way nor, may be, the will to purge. We are still in the chains of nineteenth-century Materialism, and twentieth-century Sentimentalism does not give, so far, much hope of being able to liberate us. Can we teach Germany anything in intellectual matters? We have a great literature; do we as a nation treasure it, study it, or carry on its tradition?

We have scholars and scientists and thinkers more human, if less erudite, than the Germans ; but in this side of learning we are much inferior to France. We are a nation of intellectual apathy and stupidity. Our education is starved, the plaything of constant experiments ; we have no consistent policy and no settled goal. Our tradition has been to make the harmonious development of character the object of education. We have aimed at producing the "gentleman." We have succeeded in a measure, and our success in this aim is, I believe, the greatest contribution that we have ever made to educational practice. But we never pursued the ideal thoroughly. Partly, we restricted it to a class, and thought the ideal inapplicable in the sphere of elementary education ; and the word "gentleman" has acquired a snobbish connotation. Partly, we narrowed the ideal by an over-emphasis on the element of morals, manners, and physical qualities ; and so we have produced the gentleman of little or no information or intellectual interest. And partly, we have of late tried to cure this defect by a violent reaction in the opposite direction ; we are now tending to exalt specialised instruction at the expense of liberal education ; and so our next stage may be to produce the business expert who is not a gentleman—*quod Di avertant*. But if it is not yet entirely renounced, the old English ideal of the cultivated gentleman, as the best product of education, is something which Germany might be the better for learning.

Politically, our claim to have something to teach Germany is less questionable. With all our faults, we stand for the idea of self-government. We pay a great price for our faithfulness to the idea. We have to put up with muddle, waste, the mistakes consequent on amateur administration, and the incoherence due to party self-interest. We are far from efficiency in municipal and national government. But, however we growl and grumble, we put up with all rather than bend to the sway of autocratic officialism. And in Imperial matters our idea is similar. Everywhere we take

the gigantic risks of encouraging Nationality to remain itself ; and we pin our trust to sympathetic administration, to rational tolerance of divergent national custom and life and religion, in order to win the loyalty of our subject-peoples by proving to them that within the British Empire free and full national self-development and religious immunity are still in their possession. We are not perfect ; we make many blunders in Imperial affairs ; we sometimes exploit the savage for gain ; we sometimes hustle the Oriental. And even at home we are not yet a really co-operative people. We talk of Rights and neglect Duties. We leave our fighting to be done by a few soldiers and sailors ; we leave our religion to be done by parsons and women and children ; we leave public work to be done by the few who like or can stand the game of party politics. The majority of us prefer to do their public duty by deputy. We are narrow and insular and conceited. We are not half as public-spirited or patriotic as we ought to be or as we think ourselves. But the history of the war proves that we have not quite failed either imperially or domestically. It has done much to vindicate, as well as to redeem, our national character ; it has provided a staggering testimonial to our Indian and Colonial administrations ; it has shown us to be not wholly disloyal champions of political liberty and free co-operation. We have this contribution—it is no trivial one—to make to the general stock of human Enlightenment.

Our argument has led us to the conclusion that Culture is not the exclusive possession of any one nation. It is a complex resultant of various forces emanating from various nations, each with something to give and something to receive. The promotion of this common Culture of the world can only be by peaceful give and take, teach and learn, among the nations. The conception of one single super-nation, that is to impose all Culture upon the world, is as untrue to fact as it is objectionable in imagination. Various strands make up the web of general enlightenment, and no one nation has the monopoly of the material. The whole spirit of Culture is

alien to coercion or exclusiveness. It is essentially free, a free self-expression in enthusiasm for an ideal. Because it is free, therefore neither can it be coerced nor will it seek to coerce. Its way is the way of peace and concord. Violence and aggression are a treason to it.

Of course, the quality of the Culture achieved depends on the quality of the ideal aimed at. The highest Culture will only result from the direction of enthusiasm towards the highest ideal. Three historic attempts to define this ideal may therefore be worth quoting. The first comes, as is fitting, from ancient Athens. Pericles sums up the Attic doctrine of Culture in the famous words: φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας καὶ φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνευ μαλακίας. In practice this ideal was worked out in Athens on an aristocratic basis. The freedom of Athenian citizenship was erected on the foundation of a huge slave class, and the Athenian democracy was imbued with a contempt for manual labour. But the ideal itself was a fine one. The love of beauty and wisdom would include the love of the good, while the repugnance to extravagance and effeminacy would be a safeguard from the weakness of dilettantism. The next citation comes from Rome. *Mens sana in corpore sano* may serve as the Roman statement of the ideal. Less complete and profound than the Greek statement, it yet emphasises the need of a harmonious development of the human faculties. Our third quotation shall be from Matthew Arnold. According to him, Culture is the enthusiasm for a general perfection of soul, which unites sweetness and light: sweetness, the quality of moral attractiveness; light, the quality of intellectual discernment. Conscientiousness up to our lights is not enough. We must see to it that the light in us be not darkness. People who are merely well-meaning are often among the pests of the world. Good intentions and high principle must be combined with trained intelligence and enlightened knowledge, if the resulting life is to deserve the epithet "cultured."

These statements vary in phraseology and in the angle

from which they approach the subject. But there runs through all one consistent idea, that Culture is a healthy all-round enthusiasm for a rounded perfection of life which includes the material and the intellectual and the moral. It includes the material. Scientific progress and material prosperity ease the wheels of human life and lessen the handicap of circumstances. But a Culture which includes nothing else in its ideal is mutilated; and here lies the general fault of modern European Culture. I remember being present in 1907 at a theatre in Florence, where a ballet was danced to represent the gradual triumph of the Spirit of Light over the Spirit of Darkness. Every stage in the representation was one of mechanical invention: the first steam-engine, the first steamboat, and so on, leading up to the grand climax, the piercing of the Mont Cenis tunnel. The whole thing was on the plane of the crudest Materialism, and as such was a typical product of our age, which has unquestionably tended to measure progress by material development.

Again, the ideal of Culture includes the intellectual. And yet here too there may be a one-sided and exclusive attention to the things of the mind, which will lead either to a dreamy and indolent contemplativeness, or to an arid and uninspiring Intellectualism. Here, I think, lies the chief fault of modern Germany.

Lastly, the ideal of Culture includes the factor of moral enlightenment; and yet, once more, this must not be isolated, at peril of falling into the spiritual exclusiveness of Pharisaism or the rigid narrowness of Puritanism.

The material, the intellectual, and the moral, all these must be combined in the ideal of perfect Culture, and incorporated in the scheme of a really liberal education. I know of no single compact phrase to express this conception better than the Gospel maxim, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." But it must be the kingdom of God understood in its widest sense. To the average Christian the phrase, I fear, often implies little more than the sanctification of a torpid self-

indulgence. And I must admit that the popular teaching of the Church has tended to represent the condition rather as the reward of morality than as the consummation of life. Even the New Testament, though it does not leave entirely out of account the notion of æsthetic and intellectual perfection, yet on the whole lays a disproportionate emphasis on the idea of moral perfection ; partly because the early Apostles were Jews, with a strong bias in favour of an exclusively ethical outlook on human existence, and partly because the paganism of their age revealed little but the degradation of æsthetic and intellectual ideals and had enlisted both art and philosophy in the service of degeneration. But the true ideal of the kingdom of God, the ideal which is implicit in our Lord's teaching and life, and the only ideal which is worthy of a really catholic religion, is the ideal of harmonious completeness of human life in all its aspects. It is the social condition in which can be exercised without interruption or fatigue the active love of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good in all their phases, the corporate enjoyment by all who desire them of all the things that are true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report. So understood, the kingdom of God is the full ideal of perfect Culture, the goal of a genuine enlightenment, the pattern of a sincerely civilised Society. And the progress of Culture is only real and true in so far as it is a progress towards the attainment of this end.

A. W. F. BLUNT.

NOTTINGHAM.

ON THE MEANING OF THE WAR.

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING.

The editor of the HIBBERT JOURNAL has very kindly asked me to write down for his readers my ideas on the meaning of this war. I have tried to condense into a few pages what I deem essential to the understanding of the matter, as best I could. But I beg to be excused beforehand if I say nothing substantially new: into the Baltic provinces of Russia, in these days of half-existent communications, not many papers nor pamphlets find their way; I know little of current historical *critique*, and thus may only succeed in restating what many others have said before and better.

I.

Judgments uttered on a world's crisis during its progress are seldom correct. International storm, stress, and strain, while exalting the feeling and working up the passions of men, on that very account may depress the level of their intelligence; the individual loses his autonomy, becomes a mere cell in the body of his race or state, wholly ruled and controlled by forces and motives supra-individual; the very strength of the emotions renders impossible impartial thought, narrows the range of understanding, prompts to accept all-too-simple and radical formulas—so much so, that great minds in such times not unusually express opinions at which small minds would blush in normal days. This consideration makes it fairly certain *a priori* that the theory of this war's origin and

meaning, as worked out by public opinion on the Allies' side, no less than the theory current in Germany, will be dismissed by history as inadequate. Meanwhile such theories have a right to exist: if the plain man had no intelligible cause for which to fight, he would not fight well, and reality is despairingly complex; any theory is better than none, since no reasonable being can do without reasons, and a legend is preferable in life to a statement of facts scientifically correct, if it proves the better working hypothesis. But the legend about this war—for a legend it is—is growing speedily into a living entity not only independent of truth but of such vitality that it may not die when the time of its usefulness has past; and this seems alarming. Instances of this kind have been frequent. To name one among many: most Continental nations still believe in British "mercantilism" and "disregard of other nations' rights," although these formulas, not exhaustive even in the eighteenth century, but working well enough then for all practical purposes, have ceased to be adequate long ago and seem plainly misleading to-day; and this belief causes, as anyone may see, much harm. Just so the current legend about Germany and Europe may prove a real curse in future days; it may handicap international relations long after all wounds caused by the war have healed. It seems desirable, therefore, that dispassionate minds should begin even now to review the situation apart from prejudices, useful as these may be; they must look ahead and lay the foundations for future understanding.

II.

It is undoubtedly Germany who must be held responsible for the war, in this sense, that but for her growth and ambitions Europe might have continued in the enjoyment of peace for an indefinite time. But what few persons seem to realise is the obvious truth that Germany could not help growing and, in consequence, hardly help behaving as she did. A nation increasing in numbers expands like a gas;

short of space, she seeks perforce for new issues ; seeking for issues, she irresistibly infiltrates among her neighbours. What happens next is a question of character, culture, and circumstances. If the growing nation be either without political self-consciousness (like the Jews), or essentially peaceful (like the Chinese), or very highly evolved morally (which cannot be vindicated of any Western race), the friction created leads to no political conflict ; it leads there inevitably, on the contrary, and independently from all good-will, whenever the nation in question is energetic and self-conscious. If now a nation of this character happens to grow up in a world of aggressive traditions, where might has always been considered right, where no rising power ever withstood the temptation to impose its hegemony if circumstances seemed to favour such a plan, conscious thought, fed on historical knowledge, cannot possibly disincline her to use force. She will be all the more eager to fight, the more capable she is of reflection ; the more reflection becomes imbued with the philosophic spirit the more it shows that no power ever was established by different means, and that the triumph of the superior (and superior, not only stronger, if stronger she be, every young nation like every young person thinks herself) has always meant eventual progress. Thus the Germans, being what they are, moulded by the influences of European history, were bound to struggle some day for supremacy ; this, again, made a European war inevitable, since Germany's growth could not fail to threaten, and finally to upset, the equilibrium of all European forces. The war ultimately came as a necessary effect, as mechanical in character as a thunderstorm. Potentially inevitable for the reasons stated above, it was actually occasioned by the inherent momentum of ever-increasing armaments and the unceasing talk about war, in spite of a conscious wish for peace perhaps more general in all countries than it had been for long times past. If you go on for some time contemplating an event, it is bound to happen ; in making preparations to meet it, you bring it about. History

will value the immediate reasons which brought about the conflict (the happenings between June and August 1914), not as essential, but as accidental; any chain of causes would have ultimately led to the same. The intrinsically mechanical character of the final *déclenchement* appears with singular clearness in the disproportion, unequalled in history, between the magnitude of the events and the personalities immediately responsible for them. No statesman of any country has directed the course of events; what happened, happened in spite of them all.

Germany, then, was responsible for this war; but she was not "guilty" in the sense assumed by public opinion; she could hardly help acting as she did, trained as she was in the school of European history; she could have acted with more tact and insight, in better faith, with more loyalty, more humanity, but not differently on principle. Does this justify German aggressiveness? Certainly not. What are universally considered her wrongs are wrongs indeed; but the course she took was the course taken by all European nations under similar circumstances, so that if we condemn Germany this really means *that we condemn pan-European traditions*. All Western races, in spite of their Christian ideals, are intrinsically aggressive (not without reason do the Chinese call all Westerners indiscriminately "pirates"); all have constantly disregarded others' rights; none has ever respected treaties if this seemed against their interest; all have tacitly assumed throughout their history that might is right. True, some nations seem, at a given time, higher evolved morally and spiritually than others; the Germans of to-day are surely more primitive and barbarous in this respect than the English; nevertheless, every impartial outsider estimates European nations as essentially alike. None seems *incapable* of misdeeds such as those committed by the Germans; and if to-day the Allies are having *le beau rôle*, they owe it very much to chance—the fact of being the attacked, of fighting on their own territory, of having more

tactful commanders. Yet there is one thing which makes the behaviour of the Germans particularly odious : while other nations sin more or less unconsciously (not realising what they are doing), they do it consciously ; the peculiarly scientific temper of the Germans having led them to make a thought-out system of what with others (especially the English, of all Europeans the least self-conscious) was an instinctive way. This has not only rendered their proceedings along the traditional line much more efficient—it has changed their spiritual meaning. A lapse into faithlessness is a human failing, but Machiavellism is the creed of devils ; cruelty is brutal, but terrorism is fiendish. Systematic disregard of others' rights is different in kind from occasional lawlessness. This is the reason why Germany is legitimately being judged with greater severity than Russia and France have been in similar cases. Surely she does not *understand* what she is doing ; if she did, she were a nation of devils ; spiritual blindness is her great excuse ! But she knows well enough what she is doing ; and since this seems beyond doubt, we have the right to say : she ought to have known better.

But will not mankind be grateful to Germany some day for the wrong she is committing ? Her specific sin was the systematisation and pushing to extremities of all nations' traditional practice ; this has made the meaning of that practice clear to all. Were it not for German thoroughness, the German gift for scientific organisation and reflective thought, public opinion would not have begun to realise, as it has now begun, how deeply immoral are the traditional ways of international dealings, and the day of reform would still remain far off. Had Bethmann-Holweg not uttered his famous sentence about the "scrap of paper," what Germany did might still be candidly repeated by any nation over and over again. Let us not forget that only about a hundred years ago the British Navy shelled defenceless Copenhagen in the midst of peace, that not later than under Napoleon III France meant to swallow Belgium. Henceforth similar deeds, how-

ever often they may yet be committed, will be condemned *ab initio*; Germany has taken care to open the eyes of us all. As Treitschke and Bernhardi's theories have shed light on all previous practice, so has the latest practice of some Prussian generals made obvious how mischievous they are. Those ill-famed theories are no arbitrary inventions; they are the abstract and, as for that, absolutely accurate expressions of the ways in which Rome, Spain, France, and England have risen to greatness. Even to-day it cannot fairly be pretended that Germany alone is acting according to them; the unceasing remodelling of guaranteed naval conventions (to take one single instance) seems dangerously in harmony with their spirit. But public opinion condemns this spirit now—so much has been gained; and if Germany be beaten, this victory, it is to be hoped, will mean the conquest of those general aggressive tendencies, that general egoism and unrighteousness, whose rule over the soul of the West has rendered possible—nay, inevitable—this disgraceful war.

III.

In this sense it may fairly be said that Germany's fate, in what she does and suffers, means a vicarious sacrifice. It is really ill-luck that the moment of her rise came so late that she could not succeed in establishing her hegemony as Spain, France, and England did, in their day, by identical means; it is truly tragic that everybody's faults are being stigmatised to-day as her particular crime. But such is life; mankind proceeds on its upward course at the expense of individuals and nations. The French Revolution, which inaugurated a new era of general freedom, has profited France least of all; the lawsuit against Warren Hastings was unfair to him, yet for India it meant the greatest blessing; Belgium's heroism cannot possibly be recompensed. Metaphysically mankind represents an indivisible whole; we and our enemies are one; there is no real separateness. Everybody is guilty for

one single individual's sin, one person may save all the world; every crime and every sacrifice is vicarious. Present humanity is being judged in the person of Germany, it is being redeemed to some extent in the person of France. Realising this, we get a new and truer view of the problems at stake in this war. We understand how the Germans (surely not more stupid than ourselves) can honestly think that right is on their side: being judged for everybody's crimes, they naturally find that the sentence is unfair on them. We perceive something widely more important: immense as is our spiritual debt to those whose example made manifest our latent heroism, it is great as well to those who made us realise the sin of fighting to conquer. Last not least: we recognise that, all well considered, it is good that this war has not been avoided. The Indian sages truly teach that all karma must be worked out; no idea ceases to operate until it has been refuted by life; no motive for action ceases to work before its noxious consequences become clear; not many bad tendencies would have been conquered but for the suffering to which they led. Modern Germany has made obvious to all in what sense the traditional ways of the West are wrong; the pain she has inflicted, the suffering she endures, will induce, at last, the long-wanted change. This unparalleled conflagration, in burning itself out, will consume the past karma of Europe, thus clearing the road to a new and better era.

And may not this era dawn, soonest of all, in Germany? Her defects mean the reversal of her qualities; having reflected more deeply and being more thorough than other nations, she has gone furthest on the general line. This leads one to expect that she will learn the lesson quickest. In twenty years she may seem superior to the Allies in the same sense and degree in which to-day she seems their inferior. This is by no means improbable; history is nothing but a sequence of similar metamorphoses. Quite lately we have witnessed some of them: very few persons only a year ago would have dreamed

that France would be able to hold out, Russia show splendid moral stamina—which does not mean that previous judgments were wrong, but that the facts have changed. Any tendency is capable of multiple manifestation; the cynicism of some contemporary German leaders is one expression among others of German sincerity; the calm strength of the best type of modern English gentlemen is the transmuted brutality of the eighteenth century. No definition of a nation's character for the time being (I mean the race characteristics as expressed in a particular state) seems to hold good for much longer than twenty years. The Germans of the eighteenth century were on the whole a nation of dreamers; in the first half of the nineteenth one of idealists; to-day they seem the most material-minded. The French, between 1780 and 1820, went through more widely differing phases than most nations throughout the whole of their existence; faithful servants became murderers, then heroes, and ended their days as Philistines. Besides, bloodshed accelerates the succession of generations, so that the French of 1812 were wider apart from those of 1790 than are our contemporaries from those of Louis Philippe—and something similar is impending, *hélas!* to-day. None can foretell what the Germans will be like even ten years hence; an enormous amount of what they are committing just now has nothing whatever to do with their soul—it is the result of machinery, automatism, prejudice. If the machine falls to pieces, all may change. For this reason let us beware of crystallised preconceptions. Very rightly were the French of the First Empire not held responsible for the Terror, nor those of the Restauration for Napoleon's crimes. We must assume the same attitude towards coming Germany. This war will change the world to such a degree that all judgments based on memories, even the most recent, will prove untrue. It may happen that the vicarious sacrifice imposed on the Germans this time will soon be rewarded by a period of moral supremacy.

IV.

If this war, in one sense, is due to the growth of Germany threatening to upset the equilibrium of all nations, it can be understood, in another, without reference to German ambitions at all; just as the great wars of a century ago have causes both deeper and more general than Bonaparte's dreams of world-power. It is certainly true, what Napoleon always maintained, that he did not premeditate his career; it is surely as true, what German writers vindicate, that Germany never strove consciously to set the world on fire: both were driven to act as they did by circumstances they had no command over. All great wars seem to posterity to be events ordained by fate; which could not be if they were due to individual whims alone. Fated indeed they are, not less so than the diseases of children. At intervals more or less regular international life passes through a crisis; this issues, as often as not, in acute disease; any bacillus happening to be present can lead to these results. The state of organic crisis is the inmost *raison d'être* of all great wars; they are only *occasioned* by the causes immediately discernible. This, and this alone, explains the possibility of that monstrous disproportion between the motives acting and the aims reached on the one side, the efforts made and the havoc wrought on the other—a disproportion of which the history of wars is one continuous illustration. Consider the events of a century ago: whatever immediate reasons occasioned the French Revolution and the international conflicts which followed it, whatever the immediate results of it all have been, that great drama really and essentially meant a constitutional crisis; it meant the state of disease accompanying the breaking up and renewing of the forms of national life which were outgrown. Very much the same happens to-day. Whatever may be the immediate outcome of this war, whether the Allies win or Austro-Germany, whether any of the results consciously aimed at be reached or not, the struggle will not have been in vain: the international con-

flagration will have accelerated, nay, it will have rendered possible, those internal changes which were needed in all countries more urgently every year. It was no accident that the war broke out while England stood on the verge of civil war, France seemed demoralised, and Russia threatened by a new revolution. It would be shortsighted to expect that the danger from without, which united the contending forces, should have annulled the differences at stake; but very soon it will appear that the international conflagration, however disastrous be some of its results, will have meant the shortest possible way towards the solution of national problems, and that this solution is the real cause we are fighting for. We are not essentially fighting "militarism" (the immediate effect of this war will probably be an increase in armaments, not in Europe, perhaps, but in America, China, and Japan), nor against Germany, nor for the right of small nations: we really are fighting all together for a new and better state of existence. And this will not only appear some day—it appears already: in nearly all countries engaged in the war we see a process of regeneration going on at a speed which seems incredible although it is certain. Russia has renounced drink, is acquiring initiative, conquering that national apathy which, more than anything else, barred her on the road towards progress and freedom; France is pulling herself together, reintegrating, regaining self-control; Germany is completing her fusion into unity, breaking up from within those demarcations of caste and calling which have handicapped so much her free evolution, and learning in the school of sacrifice to distinguish between true and false ideals. Truly pathetic was it to observe how powerless during the last decades all nations seemed to solve by conscious effort the many internal problems ripe for solution. Now Life itself has taken the matter in hand; through a fit of fever it works out the necessary changes; what no will could accomplish will involuntarily happen.

The general effect of these changes will be democratisation.

This conflagration is sure to consume—if not immediately, then in its after effects—the last vestiges of the *ancien régime*. To this extent does the cause of Life coincide with the ideals of our age. But the latter do not exhaust the former. The cause of Life is far too complex to be grasped by any idealism though never so far-sighted; Life's ways differ widely from men's wishes; above all, Life's notion of time is not ours. Here, then, must optimism be corrected by critical insight, by understanding of historical processes and psychological laws. The Christianisation of Europe meant progress, no doubt, but it coincided with the end of antique culture and the conquest of its seats by barbarous tribes; the French Revolution brought blessing to the world at large, but it destroyed much of what was highest in France, decimated its most valuable classes, and in its first consequences ruined Europe. Something similar is sure to happen this time. The immediate material effects of the war cannot be other than disastrous. The premature death of millions of the strongest and best cannot possibly improve the living stocks. The hatreds and resentments sown will hamper for long all international dealings. What Romain Rolland has said will prove all too true at first: "Quel que soit le vainqueur, c'est l'Europe qui sera la vaincue." Then after the long and terrible strain a reaction must follow, expressing itself in frivolity, shallowness, spiritual decline, a temporary downfall all the more marked as the upheaval was great. We may lose again all we had gained in the hours of danger. The unequalled patriotic revival of 1815 was immediately followed by a period of sordid egoism and pettiness. All immediate effects of the war may seem frankly negative. A democratisation proceeding too quickly may dangerously lower the level of general culture. To anticipate the worst: if the struggle lasts for too long, we may witness all over Europe a repetition of what happened in Germany after the Thirty Years War: all traditional, all hereditary culture may die with the death of its bearers. Life knows of no "progress" in the sense of

idealogues and radicals. It very seldom identifies itself with the wishes of men. Its way leads through deep valleys and abysses. Yet it leads upwards.

The heroes who die for their cause die only too often, from all human points of view, in vain. In truth they do not. No idealism ever was wrong; never has history disproved the right of those who struggled for the right, however narrow their views may have been. For the progress that really matters is ideal progress, and this is not to be arrested by periods of material regress, however long. In what sense did the advent of Christ, or of the French Revolution, work for the good? Not materially at first, not materially for long; nay, for both events it may be doubted, even to-day, whether the improvement in the material condition of the world induced by either of them is at all considerable. But they have changed the minds of men, their consciousness of things; and this is all-important, for only a changed consciousness of things is able to change intimately the things themselves. Mind moulds matter very slowly—this is all too true; but then nothing else moulds it at all. Law began to reflect righteousness only on the day that men began to realise what righteousness *meant*. Institutions as such are nothing; the most perfect imaginable are mere outward crusts apt to be exploded by the first outbreak of passion, if they do not express a corresponding degree of spiritual understanding. Thus, the perfect civilisation of ancient Rome could not last because it expressed a limited understanding. On the contrary, the germ of deep insight, sown by the gospel of Christ in barbaric souls, has rendered them fit for indefinite progress. Again, each higher degree on the ascending road was reached owing to an influx of deeper insight. After men realised their spiritual autonomy, they reformed the Church; after they realised their civic rights, they reformed their constitutions. On the other hand, whenever understanding fell short the effect was decay. Never as yet have insight and its exteriorisation stood on equal level. In the beginning of our era spiritual insight was deep, but the state of outward

culture low ; to-day the latter seems infinitely superior to the former. This explains the unequalled horror of this war. This war has revealed the monstrous disparity existing between our outward civilisation and the state of our souls ; it has shown how crude, how blind, how unrighteous we all still are. But this very horror opens our spiritual eyes. Never again will atrocities be thought justified, never again will public opinion anywhere think excusable the breaking of pledges, never again will it be consciously admitted that might is right. Our *consciousness* of things will change. And this is the progress which counts. This acquirement no material failings can annul. Spiritual progress alone creates a secure basis for material advance. If events have led all dreams of pacifists *ad absurdum*, this is due to the fact that men are not yet spiritually ready for permanent peace ; some day they may become so. The higher understanding acquired will inevitably express itself, sooner or later, on the outer plane ; some day righteousness will become as normal to men as contention is now. Then treaties will *inevitably* be respected. Some day not alone men's institutions but their involuntary impulses will reflect a higher state of being. To attain this, no sacrifice seems too great. For a higher state of being, not merely a more satisfactory state of political existence, is the great cause we are ultimately fighting for. Without suffering no aim can be reached. Through bloodshed and pain we approach the goal. Metaphysically this justifies the war.

HERMANN KEYSERLING.

GOTHIC RUIN AND RECONSTRUCTION.

MAUDE EGERTON KING.

IN the midst of the general outcry over the defacing of Rheims Cathedral the other day, an old cottage woman, very devout and very daring, declared it to be the Almighty's way of punishing idolatry. She was eventually persuaded into some sympathy with the religion whose ritual she ignorantly condemned, but her words still stuck in mind, because, as is often the case with the utterance of narrow but sincere thought, they suggested greater truth than the speaker could realise.

That the most exquisite epitome of Christian art should serve as a target for the colossal brutalities of modern warfare, amazed all Christendom. Religious leaders of every kind, artists, archæologists, traditionalists, and every humble unit of the masses who put cathedrals to their prime use of worship, were shaken with rage and grief, for each had lost a special unique treasure. "These Germans," we cried, we English, French, Belgians, Russians, and Americans, "are just the Huns over again: never under any circumstances could we have committed this crime!" Now since we are, or should be, earnestly set upon growing wiser, and not more wrong-headed, for this war, we should surely beware of the self-satisfaction lurking in this remark. Self-satisfaction may well taint an otherwise righteous wrath, and will certainly dim that clearing perception which this time of revelation was beginning to bring about in us: bringing it about by its

sudden serious exalting of the virtues of courage and endurance and self-sacrifice above all the material things we have, as a nation, lived for and lived by so long ; by its discovery of devotion in wretched and wastrel lives ; and, above all, by its sharp testing of anchorage in this whirlpool of horror and ruin, and by the mighty conviction which the breaking of every other sort of strength brings home to the individual, that a spiritual anchorage alone can hold one sane and serviceable.

It is probably true that we should not bring up big guns against Gothic Cathedrals ; but we are not wholly clean of such crimes, for all that. As complacent units in modern industrial civilisation we are all bearing a hand in the black miracle—the exact antithesis to the Christian *making* and *mending* miracle—the black miracle of *undoing*. Krupp guns may destroy the glory of Rheims Cathedral in a few days : the destructive method for which we are partly responsible is slower but surer. Our modern civilisation, built up on mechanical industrialism (or, it were truer to say, imprisoned within it, ensnared at every turn in its barbed wire entanglements), has been, throughout its whole devastating era, whittling away or corrupting those very powers in the race which made a Rheims Cathedral possible. This is a plain fact, difficult to deny in honesty. No one living is answerable for the beginning of that era, but every one of us is in part responsible for its continuance, if, once convinced of its wrongness for the race at large, he accepts it unquestioningly because it is personally convenient or comfortable, or suffers it unwillingly and yet without protest as inevitable.

It will be claimed, perhaps, that neither we nor our immediate fathers have accepted the industrial system without question : that we have, on the contrary, legislated and coerced into humaner working, and are still bent upon improving it. But it would be more honest to confess that we have alternately petted and patched a system (wrong from the first, and in its very essence) into smoother running,

largely for interested ends, instead of ending it for the good of the race. And we either miss or blink the fact, that, essentially wrong now, it must remain unalterably wrong even in the Labour millennium of big money, little work, and perfected hygiene—must remain wrong because it will always involve the suppression or corruption of the imagination, and the sacrifice of its tool, the hand; and will thereby prevent more beauty than the massed armies of the world could shatter: not the irreplaceable mummied beauty of the past, but the vital beauty of bud and flourish and eternal renewal from the living human root.

And now, for a moment hushing our loud indignation against the Huns, let us consider whether our latter-day life in Cathedral and other cities is so far consistent with our loving veneration for that highest expression of the Christian creative spirit in man, the Gothic Cathedral itself, as to justify such indignation.

Certain quarters of the city are devoted to the factories where, as Ruskin says, we manufacture everything but men,—and to the modern model barracks, or old-fashioned slums, as the case may be, where the factory hands live. In another quarter, set among the quiet lawns and immemorial elms of its Close, stands the cathedral, in as reverend an isolation from slum and factory as Sabbath from workday, or, as sometimes, faith from practice. Whether we belong to the clergy who minister, the artists who sketch, or the church-goers who worship there, we are one in prizing it as a personal delight, a national treasure. That delight, however, is sadly qualified nowadays by dread of damage from fire, suffragettes, and Germans; and the mere honest wear and tear of time upon its strength and grace plants anguish, and the foreboding sense of *Nevermore*, in the very core of our joy.

But why this despairing anguish?—for it is nothing less. And why have these works of man, rightly precious always, become so tragically and unnaturally precious to-day? That is to say, why do we regard them as irreplaceable? The

cathedral did not come down ready-made out of a Heaven for ever after shut fast upon its grudging glories. It was, indeed, a good gift of God, but the Master-builder used human tools for its making — human faith, imagination, sacrifice, human hands. The world is fuller of human beings than ever before, then why despair of finding builders? Earlier ages, far more sparsely peopled, knew no such despair. After each of the times, in several centuries, that Our Lady of Chartres was burned or otherwise ruined, it rose again, an irrepressible fountain of worship, impossible to seal as the prayer and praise of martyrs in prison, springing up, more mighty and miraculous for every forbiddance. The passion of the people, gentle and simple, who harnessed themselves to the huge stones in the quarry and dragged them into Chartres, who would take no hand in building, lay no gift on the altar, until every man of them had asked or given his brother forgiveness — this passion glows in the glass to-day, towers in the stone, beats one down on to one's knees, and then lifts one up on unsuspected wings. If, then, such a Phoenix rose from such destructions and bears its shining witness to our very day, why this black raven croak of "Nevermore"?

Is it not because we all, whether we be priests, artists, politicians, or ordinary public, are dimly aware that our civilisation at the other end of the city, the factory end, has killed the cathedral makers, has taken the Master-builder's tools, His craftsmen, out of His hands, smashed many, blunted all, and apprenticed most to the Devil or Krupp? Yes, that is why it is sheer agony to think of Louvain gone, Rheims spoiled, and Ypres, which it took all the thirteenth century to build, smashed by the infernal machines of the twentieth century in a few hours! If such havoc had been done in the Middle Ages, the energies of grief and rage which to-day threaten to produce nothing better than revenge, would have got to work on re-making as well. There would have been no such despair as ours, but, because there was life there would have been hope. And there *was* life indeed, any

amount of it, in smithy and stonemason's yard and carpenter's workshop: because the craft guilds were full of working men who obeyed best the vital traditions in which they were reared, by enriching that tradition's growth with the free expression of their individual imaginations.

Mr Lisle March-Phillips, in the brilliant paper which he read before the Peasant Art Fellowship, dwells weightily upon the value of free creative work, both to the community and to the worker himself.

"I will ask you to throw your mind back to the period when English life was speaking in terms of art," he says, and, of course, we may just as well say European as English; "to the period, that is, when in every English borough there were rising up those churches, cathedrals, and minsters, with all their store of decorative and sculptured detail, their stained glass, metal-work, wood-carving, and all the gorgeous embroideries, gold and silver utensils, rich vestments, magnificently bound and illuminated books which were part of the religious ceremonial of that age. It is extraordinary to think of the outlay in labour, in time, in expense which these great fabrics and their varied contents must have necessitated; and, of course, this amount of toil, labour, and money bestowed, this amount of self-sacrifice, in a word, was the measure of the pleasure and delight which the community as a whole felt in these creations. There can be no doubt—its very nature and origin prove it—that Gothic art was a source of joy to the population of the country and a potent influence beautifying and ennobling the life of the whole nation.

"That is what has gone from us:

"Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight."

So much for art and the community. Concerning art and the worker, Mr March-Phillips says:—

"I may take it that you have all considered the effect which the doing of vital work had upon the workmen. You know the spirit of the mediæval guilds, in which were stored

up as a tradition all the knowledge acquired by working men in the prosecution of their profession. You know the feeling of pride in their own handicraft which animated the guildmen. . . . All members of all handicrafts, of whatever kind, were united in brotherhoods, and these brotherhoods were the depositaries of all knowledge in regard to that craft, and the only authorities on the right methods of work. There was no outside dictation. Labour, skilled and disciplined and organised, found out the best way of doing things, and did them. The craftsmen were, very literally, the nation's hands, and just as our own hands do what our minds dictate, so it was the function of these national hands to put into shape and form the emotions of the nation. I think what is most striking, when one reads one of the histories of the guilds containing an account of their usages, their vows for mutual protection, for standing by each other under all circumstances, their prayers, and feasts and councils, in which justice was done and disputes tried and rewards and punishments meted out—I say, what is most striking about this picture of the lofty authority and independence of the mediæval guilds, is the consciousness it instils into us of the individual dignity of character of the members. There is something extraordinarily imposing in these mediæval brotherhoods of workmen, in the wisdom and sagacity of their laws, in their firmness and moderation, in the proud independence of their attitude. One thing is certain, that the mediæval craftsman found in the prosecution of his own work an opening and a walk in life in which all honourable ambition could look for satisfaction. To be a man of mark in such a body as composed the guild, a leader in its administration and affairs, a trusted exponent of its knowledge and skill in invention and in workmanship, was to acquire as much honour and dignity as a free man need aspire to. Think what this meant to the worker: think what it meant to him when his work exercised and developed, not his manual skill only, but his best faculties—intellectual, imaginative, inventive. I have heard people

wonder why England in those days was called Merrie England? It was because the labour of the nation—*which after all is the nation's chief concern and most absorbing occupation*—was itself a source of pleasure and of pride."

Wiser generations, yet unborn, will surely look back with wonder upon the ugly experiment of mechanical industrialism. From the very first it was patent that the freedom it promised hung chains about the many; and yet it was quickly accepted and riveted upon the world's comparatively free life, with almost universal approval. To dub it "progress" was sufficient to secure a submission fatal as that we criticise in the Germans to-day: the submission of the romantic, peasant-filled, kindly Germany of the ancient towns and the fairy-haunted Christmas-tree forests, to the prosaic power and plans of Prussia!

Progress!—so good a word when sacred to the real life of man and its on-going!—stands only too commonly nowadays for the increase of material luxury and lumber, the elaborations of harmful as well as beneficent science, and all those manifold sacrifices of good and beauty upon the banal altar of convenience, which are defacing the delectable earth and damaging the divine man: and yet even those who shrug and sigh regretfully over "progress," think they have justified it when they declare it to be "inevitable." Blessed, fully blessed as the word Mesopotamia to Mr Chadband, are the words *progress* and *inevitable* to many of us to-day, and dangerously hypnotic, too. How hypnotic, how Mesopotamian, we realise when we note how few of the earnest preachers in churches and chapels have ever condemned mechanical industrialism as an un-Christian basis for civilisation: how few political reformers have ever approached it save as a system only so far short of perfection as the delaying of their own party's legislation renders it: how few artists have ever done more than lament its ugliness in their own fastidious eyes!

The righteous wrath of the Hebrew prophets is as apt to-day as in the ancient east, seeing that electricity and steam

have but extended, not changed, man's powers of evil: but from their pulpits our preachers, for the most part, conduct that wrath upon the fleshly evils of misdirected energy, or, as at the present moment, upon our country's foes: while our own "dark satanic mills," as Blake calls them, which, all the time are grinding men's souls and bodies so exceedingly small, and the wrong upon which they are based, go unscathed of that prophetic fire.

Among our religious leaders, with a few notable exceptions, the two great prophets of our own day (both of them outside the pale of orthodoxy) have been without honour as prophets. Ruskin may have been, must have been, frequently quoted as an unanswerable opinion on æsthetics, Tolstoy as a brilliant Russian novelist; but that each of these brought all his art, all his spiritual genius and passion, to bear, in hammering us with the hard tremendous fact that mechanical industrialism is essentially wrong now, under capitalism, because it involves the enslavement of the many to the enriching of the few, and that it must still be essentially wrong, under socialism or any other order, because, though every worker should become rich his imagination and hand must still be thralls of machinery—this our preachers ignore, or apologise for, or otherwise whittle away, instead of authorising the message to their own followings, with, "This, too, is prophecy! Hear, now, what the Spirit saith to the Churches!"

And now let us hasten to add that, once having accepted our industrial civilisation as "inevitable," the clergy, of all denominations, have earnestly sought, and are still earnestly seeking, to circumvent its resultant sins and miseries. These Sisyphus labours of the Churches undoubtedly afford a strenuous spiritual gymnastic, they have trained many saints and heroes too; but not many prophets, not men wise enough to know that their prime duty is to preach a crusade against the apparently immovable cause of these miseries. Hypnotised by the word "progress," the religious leaders are too generally prone to repeat the cant of the average man on this subject.

It is useless fighting machinery, or its outcome, industrialism, they declare, for however bad these may be, *they represent a force that has come to stay*. They repeat this without shame; and yet, as a living writer has well said, such pessimism, leaving out of account, as it does, the Holy Ghost—the only force that *has* come to stay, and that in the principle of eternal growth, evolutionary and revolutionary,—is rank heresy and denial on the tongue of a spiritual man.

Political reformers have, from the first, patched, and are still busy patching, this “inevitable” form of civilisation, substituting hygiene for the natural health it destroys, raising pay, lessening labour hours: in fact, gilding the cage, and even thrusting sugar between the bars, for most part with honest philanthropic intention rather than with any conscious desire to dull a certain aching memory of wings in a caged creature.

In the case of the leaders of Art, the failure in leadership has amounted to a worse thing. While they were rising into the importance of professional art caterers to the wealthy, the undoing of the craftsman and countryman was going on. Over a space of more than two centuries they saw these men driven or lured away from their shepherding, ploughing, smithing,—from all the inspiration and sound stuff of folk art,—into the cities and factories. And to remind ourselves how truly the daily life and work *was* the stuff of folk art, we need but look at the outer arches of the north porch at Chartres, or, for that matter, of many other great churches. What is the subject of the decoration here—no whit unworthy the near neighbourhood of saints and prophets and all the heavenly host—which makes such arches more glorious than any gateways to any king’s palace in the world? Just the labours of the countryman in the fields, vineyards, and forests throughout the calendared year, the work of the various craftsmen, and the service of women, the spinners and hearth-tenders, sculptured in stone! Give our factory workers back the use of their hands to-day, would they want to decorate great arches with their chimneys, their fly-wheels, and spinning-

jennies? Would they be to the glory of God if they did? And if not, then to what manner of temple, to what worship, would they give fitting entrance?

Now because artists are sensitives, they should long ago have gauged what a tragedy this spoiling of the craftsman was; by the witness of their own hearts they should have known what this crippling of the hand, dulling of the eye to beauty, this deadening or corrupting of the imagination, would mean to the workers and to the world they work in. But, as a body, though with here and there an heroic exception, artists have done little in reclaiming labour from machinery, for man, and therefore for Art. So long as they could indulge their own now highly specialised creative power, they have allowed Art—the one-time democratic making of all things of daily use, from cradles and cups to cathedrals—to shrink to the expensive professionalism inside picture frames and on concert platforms! That there is something rotten in the state of Denmark they may acknowledge, but, thanking their stars they were not born to set it right, they follow their finer sense as to what that rottenness is only so far as to hold fastidiously aloof, alike from religious revival and philanthropic reform. They suspect that we are not undoing our sin against the factory folk when we give them high pay, swimming baths, and cinemas; and they smile at the enthusiastic educationists who give them University Extension lectures, or show them round museums full of the handiwork which the fathers of these folk wrought as naturally as a sound apple-tree produces apples, but which *they* could no more produce than an asphalt pavement grow grass!

And so, after all, it looks as if we should do well to give over fault-finding, and boasting, too, in this matter, for a little, lest in the Big Reckoning much of our religious, political, and philanthropic activities be counted unto us for smugness, our inactivity as artists for betrayal, our howling against Huns for hypocrisy, and our reverence for the mummied beauty of the past, combined, as that reverence is, with a blind

neglect of the living root of beauty in the present—for idolatry—for the mere kissing of sacred bones, the while we ignore the spirit of the saint who wore them! Must there be still further smashing of idols, still further loss of the loveliness to which we have so largely forfeited our right, before we understand, before our cry of “O crime against irreplaceable beauty!” be changed to “Crime, indeed! but since man made this beauty, by the living soul of man, we will set him free to make again!”

A little while ago a day was set apart for national confession and intercession. It is to be wished, and passionately wished, that the heart-searching begun that day might yet lead to the recognition of this evil for the wide and deep evil it actually is, this machine-made industrial system, provocative as it is, internationally, of insane competitions, jealousies, fears, and all the baser causes of war. And let us not shrink from the responsibility which this recognition must lay upon us. Let us clear our minds from cant. We are, at least, nominally, Christian, and therefore need not leave miracle out of account. This being so, we must dare to want the present un-Christian basis of civilisation away, however long and costly the process of riddance may have to be; and we must believe we can get it away, and substitute a better. And this we must set about, not lightly, but yet joyfully and miraculously, as those do who move mountains and convert souls: bearing in mind that the whole mechanical-industrial era is, after all, only a short passing experiment in the adventurous life of Man, and that the permanent elements we have been so busy forgetting or belittling for two hundred years are still in him. The world gets what it desires. If it desires wealth and materialism, it gets it; if it desires Christian civilisation, founded on simplicity, country life, and hand work, it will get these instead: the missionary’s business is to get it to desire these; to create honest disgust, or holy (which is healthy) hunger in the prodigal, till he feel his poverty, or his wealth, whichever it be, grit huskish on his tongue, and he crave

bread of life at his Father's table earned by labour in his Father's fields.

That is a hard saying. In any great industrial city one looks at the people, at their dwindled, indefinite types, their deadening work, their play, which for the most part they perform by proxy, and, after humbly acknowledging certain virtues in them which such a life would certainly kill in oneself, one is still tempted to cry, "But nothing, nothing, can ever make this a vital, creative, and therefore whole and happy race again!"

That is right so far. Legislation alone cannot do it, nor education, nor wealth, nor hygiene. But there is that which can. The Christian miracle will be known for what it is by its ancient, authentic sign of the *life brought back, and brought more abundantly*, in the breaking of the hard-hearted Sabbath of superstition by the restoration of the withered hand. If only we will give the worker back to the Master-builder, He will have His own way with him and go on creating His world, and His man: for, of the tools He puts into man's hand, the handles do as much shaping as the blade. And after that we must be patient. And, above all, we must not demand copies of ancient perfections. Let the nascent art blunder at first, as it must if it be own-rooted and not parasitic. Let it stammer and scrawl and smudge and chip. If we are wise we shall know that *life* is there and so wait faithfully upon growth; we shall rejoice more over such firstling failures than over any perfected copy of the finest cathedral in the world, knowing in our hearts a living moulder of pots more precious, more prophetic for this new day, than Michael Angelo dead.

MAUDE EGERTON KING.

SANDHOUSE, WITLEY, GODALMING.

“SHALL WE SERVE GOD FOR NOUGHT?”

TREITSCHKE AND HEGEL.

E. F. CARRITT,

Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford.

AMONG the many English readers who during the last few months have turned for the first time to Treitschke's *Politik*, many, I fancy, must, like myself, on the first reading have been able to describe its effect upon their mind only as one of blankness. We may have been puzzled by occasional suggestions of rationality in Bernhardi, and hoped that in the calmer land of University lectures we should find the intelligible fabric whose confused debris had tossed so incongruously on the waves of jingo rhetoric. But there is a methodical kind of madness which is more obscure than chaos itself, as it would be more embarrassing to walk into a fourth dimension than merely to lose one's way; and we find ourselves here offered, as commonplaces in no need of argument, a system of paradox suggesting the uneasy suspicion that minds which can accept it are constructed on a different pattern from our own.

We find, for instance, that in the action of states the “Christian duty of sacrifice for something higher” has no place, because in the history of the world there is nothing higher than the state. Each state has its own morality. Self-preservation, consequently, is the state's highest duty, and for a nation to risk its independence or well-being for the sake of another nation is the Sin against the Holy Ghost.

National honour, we are told in more promising tones, has unconditional sanctity; but this is immediately interpreted as meaning that no nation must yield anything it possesses without fighting, just as the last barrier against the brutalisation of society is said to be the duel. There can be no international law, and a state may always denounce its treaties, for there is no superior power to enforce them. Indeed the very desire to do away with war is so unintelligible as to be not worth discussing: "The living God will see to it that wars shall never cease." As to internal constitution, since force is the essence of the state, an aristocratic monarchy must be the best form of government. The monarch is irresponsible and rests his claim simply upon hereditary right and the Unsearchable Power of Providence. The individual must never resist, and rebellion is only justified by success, just as, in the long run, victory is a proof of divine judgment for a nation. Cæsar Borgia, we learn, cannot really have been such a good prince as Machiavelli would have led us to suppose, for he achieved nothing lasting.

There is something familiar, of course, in all this. "Hee that in his actions observeth the Lawes of his Country is Just." "Bonds have their strength, not from their own Nature (for nothing is more easily broken than a man's word), but from Feare of some evill consequence upon the rupture." "Where there is no common Power, there is no Law: where no Law, no Injustice." We are naturally tempted to the ironical hypothesis that the German militarist has adopted his doctrine that Might is Right from the English philosopher who was born frightened, and whose first law of nature was to seek peace because his supreme evil was the state of war.

If this were all, we could acknowledge in Treitschke that grain of truth which had long made men swallow the *Leviathan*—that my obligation to carry out my part of a covenant may be affected by lack of surety that the other party will do the same. I need not keep my promise to lend a man money if

he absconds from his other creditors in Patagonia. And treaties, like private contracts, may equitably be broken, with notice, when the circumstances have sufficiently changed.

But that Treitschke means more than this is apparent from the fact that he is always arguing for a difference in kind between private and state morality, not merely a difference of detail arising from the absence of an established judge. He does not even raise the question whether we should keep our private contracts when we can escape the detection of the enforcing superior; here probably Christian morality would be allowed to apply. In short, though the words are those of Hobbes, the voice is really that of Hegel; and the unique character of the state, which Treitschke assumes in order to justify his political theory, is argued for in Hegel's *Philosophie der Geschichte*, *Philosophie des Rechts*, *System der Sittlichkeit*, and *Kritik der Verfassung Deutschlands*.

Hegel too holds that international relations are not "merely moral" (*moralisch*) like those of individuals; for individuals have a power above them which can enforce its decision, but nations are in a state of nature towards one another and so, whatever agreements they may make, they still, as independent entities, stand above them. The state's own welfare is its highest motive. It is foolish to contrast the interest of the state with its right; for the state acknowledges no abstract rules of good or bad, shame or treachery. In this great idea Machiavelli wrote. The highest duty of individuals is to be members of the state. The existence of the state is the process of God in the world. Here no doubt Hegel may be said to be speaking of the ideal state. But in that case he could fairly draw no conclusions for conduct in the actual world, as he expressly claims the right to do. And we should be equally justified, while pointing out that only the individual's conscience can decide how far a state approaches the ideal, in postulating an ideal individual.

Now this reduction of political morality to expediency and the consequential justification of conduct by its success cannot

of course have been in Hegel, what it naturally seems to us, the mere snobbery that values pictures by their prices, scholars by their chairs, and saints by canonisation. The train of thought by which he brought himself to such a conclusion is indeed one that must arise from any moral, still more from any pious, reflection upon the world. It is developed in the *Philosophy of History* and in the *World History*,¹ with its motto of "Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht." Nothing, says Hegel, might seem more depressing than a superficial reading of history, which shows the ages strewn with the ruin of nobility and greatness; the fairest fabrics of our spirit trampled into the mire of barbarism; martyrdom and genius wasted; cruelty, treachery, and stupidity triumphing in the secular sacrifice of innocent millions; and everywhere blind chance or fate supreme. If his philosophy is not to founder, there must be a deeper view than this; things cannot be what they seem. For what unfolds itself in history is no blind fate, but the Universal Spirit, which, using for its own purposes the selfish passions of individuals,—so that even the wrath of men shall turn to its praise—passes from mode to mode, through ever higher stages of complexity, in its search for complete self-comprehension and freedom.² By freedom Hegel means "objective freedom," that is, living under laws and institutions that are good. This is essential. In the ideally perfect state it would also be desirable that they should be recognised as good by its members. This is "mere subjective freedom." But he holds that the welfare of individuals is no part of the aim of spirit. They are mere abstractions; though his only reason for allowing more than relative concreteness to the individual state is that it alone has actual power and does, as he asserts, always realise freedom. But the spirit bloweth where it

¹ *Philosophie des Rechts*, III. iii. C.

² Kant also indicates a divinity which, to shape its ends, inspires our most culpable attempts to rough-hew them: *Idee zu einer allgemeiner Geschichte in weltbürgerlicher Absicht*.

listeth, and they perhaps reckon ill who leave out, as Hegel often does, that other kind of liberty :

“ Yet, Freedom ! yet, thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunderstorm *against* the wind.”

Each state, he says, represents one and only one aspect of this World-Spirit, whose purposes it blindly serves by the very obstinacy with which it hardens itself in the particular one-sided principle realised as its national spirit ; and each is rewarded by being cast aside at the advent of the next favourite. Such a people, at such a moment, has the absolute right to be the champion of the World-Spirit ; the genius of no other nation has any right against it, and a nation whose epoch is past counts no more in world-history. War may be good for a nation, and therefore good. “ Surely we are the people.”

Hegel then, starting from the conviction that the world is good, is determined to find the finger of Providence writing legibly on the pages of history ; and to justify the miseries and even the crimes that it chronicles by the happy ending to which they lead. Of course, he draws a distinction between the morality of the individual's purpose and the goodness of the event for which the purpose is overruled, but it is a distinction that he is insensibly led to obscure ; for he speaks of Cæsar as a blind tool of the Idea, who, acting for selfish ends, realised the necessary mission of Rome, and so was one of those who, by an eminent inspiration of the spirit, become clear-sighted to discern the needs of the times. Great men, he says, may treat other moral interests inconsiderately, and thus be subjects for moral reprehension ; but so mighty a force must trample upon many an innocent flower. Philosophy leads us to recognise that the world is as it should be.

A modern exponent¹ of Hegel has put this even more boldly :—If individuals and nations are able permanently to influence the world their conduct is justified by success. To

¹ Ritchie, on “The Rationality of History,” in *Essays in Philosophical Criticism*, ed. Seth and Haldane.

deny this is to deny that God is revealed in history. But if good comes out of selfish passions they could not have been quite evil. Success is the test of greatness and goodness; it is foolish to call a man a martyr who dies for a lost cause, and if a man comes before his time he may be biographically but not historically great.

All this, I think, is perfectly in the spirit of Hegel's defence of this best of all possible worlds. He is naturally driven to distinguish between these "essentially historical" events or personages which can be thus deduced from the Idea and those ridiculous details which, like Krug's pen, cannot—and so are relegated "to the romances of Walter Scott, where they can be characteristically composed,"—though he of all men should have remembered that—

"Natur hat weder Kern noch Schale."

From all this flows necessarily his idolisation of the state—only as a member of which does a human being possess any value¹—whose absolute government is to be by no means identified with the sanctions of representative government, which only foster the delusion that the people is the state. The will of a state is best realised in a monarch. Absolute government is divine, self-sanctioned, unmade. Local freedom in England of his day he thought only remedied by its wholesome corruption. What the absolute aim of spirit requires and accomplishes is held to transcend the obligations and the ascription of good and bad motives which attach to individuality. Those who on moral grounds have resisted that which the advance of spirit makes necessary, may stand higher in moral worth than those whose crimes have been turned into the means of realising its purposes. But moral claims are irrelevant and not to be brought into collision with world-historical deeds, against which the litany of private virtues must never be raised. A nation is moral, vigorous, and virtuous,

¹ This view seems to have the approval, often considerably modified, of Bradley ("My Station and its Duties" in *Ethical Studies*) and Bosanquet (*Philosophical Theory of the State*, vi).

while it realises its grand objects and defends itself therein from external obstruction. Its morality then is its vigour. It is on this philosophy of history that this philosophy of the state rests. The connection may be crudely summarised thus: whatever successfully establishes itself is alone good and right, because it is the manifestation of the spirit. But it is the state alone which has an established power successfully to enforce its decrees. Therefore to the state alone do we owe that subjection of the individual interest, and even of conscience, which is often claimed by other associations and ideals, such as culture and humanity, the family or the church.

Now such a philosophy of history may be criticised on moral grounds by asking whether it really satisfies the requirement, from which it started, of seeing that the world is very good;¹ and also on the general philosophical ground of its truth and coherence.²

On the first count we may think that Hegel is hardly more successful than Milton in justifying God's ways to men. For we must ask, with Lotze, where precisely is the good attained by the admitted evil, and what in the argument assures us of its preponderance? The mere form of order, by which phase succeeds phase with logical necessity, cannot be regarded as of worth apart from the enjoyment or approbation of it by some conscious being. Yet certainly Hegel does not intend the gratification of an external transcendent spirit in the spectacle of humanity's painful development. It is of an immanent spirit he speaks, afflicted in all our afflictions and triumphing only in our triumph. But this triumph is enjoyed in our own most enlightened age by here and there a philosopher who recognises the unfolding of the various aspects of spirit in Greece, in Rome, in the Middle Ages, and in the modern world. To all the rest of the countless generations this satisfaction is summed up in a vague aspiration for the good

¹ Cf. Lotze, *Mikrokosmos*, vii. ii., from which I quote freely.

² Cf. Croce, *Ciò che è vivo e ciò che è morto della filosofia di Hegel*. *Logica*, pp. 210-212, 294-341. *Filosofia della Pratica*, 55, 56.

old times or the good time coming, in either case clear only in a condemnation of the present.

Or if it be said that, whether we know it or not, we are the heirs of the ages, and that the only education worth having is that which is not "put whole into the mind," but won through mistakes and sins and failures, we must reply that exactly here the analogy between the individual and the race breaks down. What we unconsciously inherit we value as little as do the heirs of a self-made man his fortune: so far as we are ignorant of our fathers' labours, we profit by the splendid culture and the noble institutions they have won for us no more than if they were the gifts of nature. To most of us all, and to all of us most of their sufferings and the bitterness of their despair are as if they had never been. Hegel's assumption that there must be progress, that spirit advances to ever higher stages of freedom, has been frequently questioned; but his other assumption is perhaps less obvious. It is that if this is so, all the sadness of history will fall from us; that under our promised vine and fig-tree the wanderings of a generation in the land of Sin will be blotted out, and that in the Messianic vision our captivity will be past as a watch in the night. "C'est l'avenir surtout qui a été le grand objet de Dieu dans la création, et c'est pour cet avenir seul que le présent existe."¹ Thus crudely stated, the doctrine is clearly repugnant, by its imbecility and callousness, to the religion in whose cause it is cited.

Certainly it cannot be denied that the knowledge of our own past pain, if it was merely pain and is really past, need not be painful, and may be the reverse—*et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*; and this has been thought to argue some ultimate unreality of mere feeling. For, in any case, pleasure, so far as it was merely pleasure, is no less ephemeral, and we shall not lightly be persuaded that to forget a world of woe in a present or a future, which will in its turn be but an unsubstantial phantom of the past, is the justification of the eternal spirit.

¹ D'Houteville, *Essai sur la Providence*.

Yet to extend the argument from mere feelings to moral evil and privation is less plausible. Except for my personal satisfaction, I cannot see that goodness, truth, or beauty now is any worthier than it would have been then, or that it is essentially better for spirit to unfold all its capacities in an infinite progress than in an infinite decline, or in the recurring cycle of Polybius.¹

And whatever view we take of personality, the difficulty of such a temporal justification is increased by the fact that freedom is only realised in individuals, and that those who sowed are not the same as those who reap. If philosophy of history is really to cure the pessimism of the historian, it has not merely to show that good comes out of evil—for in every human act *some* reasonableness can be shown, from every situation men can draw *some* possibility of advantageous action—but to reconcile us to the fact that good only comes through evil.

Surely if the ways of God are to be justified they must be justified to every man, and in a way every man can understand. And the best justification we can have, perhaps all we need, is no reference to some far-off divine event, but rather

“In this very world, which is the world
Of all of us, the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness, or not at all.”

That is to say, the value of self-sacrifice, of heroism and of loyalty, of patience, of honour and of honesty, lies immediately in themselves and not in the external goods which for their owners or for others they may bring about. If we must ask why evil exists, I see less promise of appeasement in the answer, “In order to be gradually destroyed,” than in the suggestion, “To be eternally endured and resisted.”

At any rate, this road would carry us no further than the other from a belief in the goodness of the world, and would avoid on the route those distressing moral antinomies between conscious (or biographical) immorality and its unconscious (or

¹ VI. ix. 10.

historical) justification by results, with the consequent denial of freedom and idolatry of force, in which Hegel's path entangled him.

I am aware that in all this I may be fairly accused of misrepresenting Hegel, in so far as I have confined myself to but one side of his teaching. When he is thinking not of the state but of its equally plausible rival for dominion over conscience, the church, there is no keener critic of external authority. And in this context he even blames Plato's republic as wanting in subjective liberty.¹ It would indeed be childish to suggest that Hegel's philosophy could discover a soul of goodness in things evil only by bringing them under the mechanical category of means to an end which should in time supervene. All I contend is that this side exists; that it is indeed so far the simpler and more obvious side that it is the only one which has been grasped by those who—like Carlyle or Treitschke, like Hegel himself sometimes—have wished to find in his imposing system the proof for their own propaganda; and that I believe the other side of his philosophy is not only inconsistent with this but actually provides its refutation. The last opinion I have not ventured to state positively; for that other strain breaks through so much less clearly and unambiguously that I am not sure of interpreting its import truly. It can be distinguished in the introduction to the *Philosophie der Geschichte*, though obscurely; not at all, by me at least, in the *Weltgeschichte*; while in the corresponding passages of the *Phänomenologie des Geistes*,² for all their difficulty, it rises I think predominant, though still mingled with disconcerting echoes of the theme we have been hearing. The virtuous individual, if I understand this doctrine, sets out to arrest or influence the world-process, which he regards as brute necessity and contrasts with his own subjective aim. But as in his own personality he must distinguish a moral or rational universal law from merely selfish whims;

¹ *Philosophie des Geistes*, § 503, and especially § 552.

² C. (AA.) B. C., *Die Tugend und der Weltlauf*.

so no less in the course of history, which after all is only produced by the actions of other men like himself, he is driven to allow both an ideal rationality or goodness, and a distortion of this through the selfish aims of men or the accidents of a complexity they have not been able to foresee. His endeavour therefore is to reclaim the course of the world from this accidental reality to its true ideal. Virtue, then, so far as it is true virtue, conquers the actual world-process, as manifested in accident, vice, and stupidity, on behalf of the ideal world-process realised in virtue itself. But just so far as, being only individual virtue, it is tainted with the whims and the ignorant or selfish aims of its owner, it is itself conquered by the essential ideal of the world. For the ideal is in fact identical with the actual course of the world, and consists not, as virtue supposed, in bringing about some personally cherished perfection, but just in the exercise of virtue. The struggle of individuality is an end in itself. Virtue knows in its heart that this good always wins. So the fight is a sham one whose end is the fight and not victory, still less the destruction of either combatant. Virtue fights merely to keep its sword bright, and the enemy's no less;—bright and unbroken. Virtue, then, is conquered so far that it never realises the ends which the virtuous person aimed at, but it conquers in so far as, by being virtue, it reconciles the ideal and actual natures of the world. The world-process conquers by brushing away the good man's presumption that what matters is for his ideal results to be realised; it is conquered because the value that emerges is nothing impersonal or abstract but the good man's virtue itself.

I do not know if I have read this passage aright, but the meaning I think I discover there seems to me to be true philosophy and to show the Philosophy of History unnecessary and untrue. It agrees with common sense in allowing that a wrong act may frequently be expedient both for the agent and his friends, and useful to his enemies and to the world; and it does not regard a moral act which through ignorance or accident

benefits no one as irredeemably wasted. It explains why honest men work contentedly for an end they will never see and in whose realisation, if it ever come, they will be forgotten; for their virtue is its own reward, though its memorial may perish with them. We are told,¹ indeed, that "the Carlylean faith that the *cause* we fight for, so far as it is true, is sure of victory, is the necessary basis of all effective activity for good." Certainly such confidence of success does accompany much good action, most bad action—for *fiat injustitia, ruat cælum* would be the motto of a lunatic—and, perhaps more reasonably, all quietism. If our cause were only that truth should triumph in its own good time, this needs no fighting for; but if that wrong and error should cease *now*, we know that we are already defeated. To doing what we think right the certainty of no victory is necessary, save the victory of duty done for duty's sake.² It is true that it cannot be my duty to do what I know cannot be done; but neither is it to bring about what I know comes about without my efforts. Ceasing to believe either that all moral action and only moral action has useful results, or that therefore it alone always achieves its ends, we are no longer tempted to argue conversely that only whatever is successfully established is right, and to identify the policeman, while he retains his truncheon, with the moral law.

But since those who have maintained a philosophy of history have done so not only to demonstrate the goodness of the world—though that has been their most popularly successful argument,—but also in the supposed interest of the intelligibility of the world, we must in conclusion criticise the mere logical possibility of such a doctrine. In this I shall do little more than follow the arguments of Croce to which I have already referred.

In defining the philosophy of history as "thinking history," Hegel seems to imply that the history of the historians is idiotic; whereas just in proportion as it is good history it

¹ Caird, *Evolution of Religion*, vol. ii. p. 43. The italics are mine.

² *Ib.*, p. 49 and the whole chapter.

presupposes true thought or philosophy—the proper discrimination, that is to say, of the predicates, such as real, useful, moral, beautiful, and true, which it applies to the products, events, characters, and beliefs that it records. But since the philosopher of history admittedly starts from history, his implied dissatisfaction with this latter cannot arise from its falsehood; for otherwise it would be a poor starting-point. But if philosophy of history simply extends or deepens (by a further determination of the true nature and connection of events) the historical truth already attained, it is after all nothing but history. There cannot really be two correct principles of writing history; and if “history” gives place to a “thinking history,” this would absorb and replace it. Consistently the philosophy of history should be able to construct the world-process without a study of the facts, as Fichte,¹ with greater boldness, claimed. “The philosopher must deduce from his presupposed principles all possible phenomena of experience. But it is obvious that in the fulfilment of this purpose he does not require the aid of experience—that he proceeds purely as a philosopher, paying no respect whatever to experience, but absolutely *a priori* describes Time as a whole and all its possible epochs.”

Hegel, with greater caution, in the *History of Philosophy* finds the order of time only *on the whole* the same as the rational order of ideas, but endeavours to save the situation by condemning exceptions as not true philosophies; just as in political history he permits the philosopher to neglect minor movements and all facts except “those which represent the progress of spirit.” In short, we can only have a philosophy of so much history as happens to accommodate itself to our principles. This distinction of important and trifling, historical and biographical, is purely arbitrary and relative to the purposes or convenience of a given book. What is relevant and important in a history of art may be unessential in a history of constitutional law.

¹ *Grundzüge des gegenwärtigen Zeitalters*, I.

Philosophy deals with the universal, and the acts and events of history are either individuals or empirical generalisations from individuals. Hegel speaks of Greece as Thought, of Rome as Action, and of the modern world as the necessary synthesis of the two; and this is a valuable historical observation of salient characteristics. But Pericles, Alcibiades, and the rest whom we summarise as Greece, since they were men, were each, in every moment of their spiritual existence, a synthesis of thought and action; and the recollection of the eternal wholeness of spirit through the varying emphasis upon now one and now another of its permanent elements, has given rise to the myth of a cyclic history, in opposition to the myth of infinite rectilinear progress, or combined with it under the figure of a spiral. The progress which is called necessary is either simply change, which, even if it be decay, is the development or unfolding of germs and potentialities already latent, or simply the nature of all action, which, since it is the solution of a problem presented to the agent, is an advance upon the stage when that problem was unsolved. Thus our ancestors, by solving the problem of slavery, perhaps presented us with that of pauperism, but the "progress" thus involved does not prove that our solution will be wiser or less selfish than theirs. Hume could not have been what he was had not Plato preceded him, but he is not thereby proved a greater philosopher. Progress in the sense of improvement there often is, but in demanding that it should be necessary and that its direction should be demonstrable we should beware lest, by sacrificing its freedom, we lose all its value.

How Hegel was led away, in his *Philosophies of Art, History, and Nature*, from what I have ventured to call his deeper and truer doctrine, has, I think, been explained by Croce in the work already quoted. His mistake was the extension of the dialectic method—thesis, antithesis, synthesis—from the sphere of opposites, such as Being and Not-being, where he had originally applied it, to the distinct activities of the mind—Thought, Action, Art;—to empirical concepts

like the Roman Empire, or Renaissance Painting; and finally to individual acts. It was this which led him to treat art, science, and history as so many tentative philosophies, all waiting to be absorbed in the Nirvana of philosophy itself; to treat nations as aspects of the world-spirit, and individuals as abstract moments of the nation. It was thus that he came to think it possible to deduce, *a priori*, the necessity of there being a loadstone, of sculpture being a "dead art," or of Germany being in the centre of Europe. It was this that made it necessary for him to deny any important future to America, the name of sculptor to Michelangelo, and "historical" character to Antony.

It was this that led him, like any materialist, almost to identify right with might, and to justify acts and nations by their success, or crimes and suffering by a resulting good, no doubt spiritual in its nature, but not purposed by the criminal nor dreamed of, to his consolation, by the victim. For though Hegel condemns¹ the mechanical conception of final causes which denies to finite things not only ultimacy, but any vocation except that of producing an external end, it seems to be just this of which he is sometimes guilty. And in trying to construct realities from any such conception he forgets Bacon's warning that it is, like a virgin consecrated to God, barren. History—that is to say, a rational experience—is only brought forth when thought is fructified by the intuition of life and action. Alone the thought is empty and the intuition blind.

E. F. CARRITT.

OXFORD.

¹ *Encyklopädie*, § 312.

GERMAN SOCIALIST THEORY AND WAR.

M. W. ROBIESON.

THE absolute failure of the German Socialist movement to prevent or even to delay the outbreak of a European War has naturally excited considerable comment. We had been given to understand that Socialist ideas had permeated the whole working-class movement in Germany, and that the party could poll several million votes at an election: that the organisation was utterly opposed to militarism both in theory and practice, and desired only to accomplish its ends and live in peace. Certain writers in this country were, indeed, inclined to put forward the prevalence of Socialism in Germany as one of the main reasons for denying that there was the least danger of war between Britain and Germany; and a plausible case could be made out for the view, especially by those who liked to consider themselves sympathetic towards the labouring class. That the Socialist should participate in a twentieth-century war, instead of protesting against it continually, may well seem at variance with his fundamental tenets and his declared policy. Why should he oppose in warfare his fellow-worker of another nation, rather than fight by his side against their common enemy, the capitalist class? And is it not written in the *Erfurter-Programm*, still one of the most authoritative statements of the creed?—"In all lands where the capitalistic method of production prevails, the interests of the working-classes are alike. With the extension of world-commerce and of production for the world-market, the condition of the

workers of every single land grows more and more dependent on that of the workers of other lands. The emancipation of the working-class is therefore a task in which the workers of all civilised lands are equally interested. Recognising this, the Social Democratic party of Germany feels and declares itself as one with the class-conscious workers of all other countries. . . .”

Yet events have proved that the men who stood in our midst and testified concerning these things were false prophets; for not merely has war broken out, but there seems to be good reason to suppose that the German Social Democratic party entered on it, not indeed without some protest, but with resignation to the inevitable and a conviction that Germany's cause was just. They have not broken up the army, nor have they tried to make civil government impossible, and a general strike has not been so much as mentioned. Clearly there is something that requires explanation.

The party is accused either of impotence or of inconsistency, and it is easy to adduce arguments in support of either case. Those who favour the first verdict point to the recent political history of Germany, and in particular to the bureaucratic and militaristic organisation of the Prussian State and the Empire, and ask that we should tell them how any party, no matter how strong, could stand against such forces. The others say simply that that theory has been abandoned in face of a national crisis. It is plain that the latter view, though it is just possible, cannot be accepted save as a last resort. It is emphatically not the sort of thing one would expect from the Social Democrats of Germany. But the first explanation is not much better. We are, it appears, simply to accept the spectacle of a great party, led by men of considerable intellectual ability and remarkable organising power, abandoning almost without a struggle one of its main principles, powerless under the pressure of alien circumstances. In itself that is difficult to believe, and there is a good deal in the more recent history of German Socialism to induce

us to seek a completer explanation. We may admit that the factors mentioned have played their part, but there is more behind than the overdeveloped patriotism which most Englishmen have just discovered to be a characteristic feature of the German mind.

I believe that the German Socialist party is both impotent and inconsistent, and that the two things are connected ; but that the inconsistency, which is in its way more important, does not lie where one is at first inclined to look for it, and where most people have apparently supposed it is to be found. It is almost always assumed that participation in a modern war is altogether antagonistic to Socialist theory. The purpose of this paper is to show, as exactly as may be, that while this assumption is doubtful as a whole, within certain limits it is positively false ; and that the theoretical weakness of German Socialism on this and allied questions gives the key to the whole problem. For this purpose it is not necessary to discuss how much truth, if any, the doctrine contains, but only what form of it is consistent with its own premises.

The common objection that Socialism has so many different forms that it is difficult or impossible to know which to take as typical need not detain us, for emancipation from the wage system is a sufficient mark both of the movement and of the theory. From this alone it would follow that we must be chiefly concerned with the system of Karl Marx. His predecessors, the Utopians, are irrelevant except as a contrast, while his successors have significance only in so far as they criticise his work. If we were dealing with English Socialism, some further explanation might be required, but no one would contend that German Socialism has any intelligibility apart from Marx. Its recent history is chiefly the record of the conflict between the orthodox Marxists and the Revisionists. Though the revision or reconstruction, if we can call so unsystematic and generally fragmentary a movement a reconstruction, covers the whole field of Socialist

doctrine, it is significant that the real point of divergence is to be found in the problem of the so-called "breakdown of capitalism" (the *Zusammenbruchstheorie*), how and when and by what agency the expected transition to the Socialist state is to take place. It is here that theory and practice are most closely united, and it is to the discussion and explanation of this transition that the whole of Marxist theory is directed. There are no doubt difficulties, well known to students of Marx, in ascertaining precisely how far the various parts of or elements in the theory are really interdependent. Here we need only observe that Marx himself thought his system was a connected and complete whole, and that Bernstein's method and arguments confess as much in spite of his formal denial. Properly to appreciate the outlook of the Marxist on the economic and imperialistic activities of the modern state, and therefore his attitude to war and the growth of armaments, we must consider his *Weltanschauung* and its philosophical basis. Only in this way can we hope to apprehend the problems which have beset the Social Democrats and understand the fundamental inconsistency which infects their theory in its relation to practice.

I.

There can be no doubt that the materialist conception of history is an essential and fundamental element in Marxism, however difficult it may be to determine how far it or any similar theory is objectively true. Though, unhappily, Marx's own discussions of the point are somewhat scattered, and require to be supplemented by various writings of Engels and Kautsky, his conception of the meaning of the doctrine and of its connection with other parts of his system is in general quite plain. So also are its sources.

On the one hand, Marx learned a good deal from the French writers of the eighteenth century, especially from the Utopian Socialists who endeavoured to apply their principles in the period succeeding the French Revolution. But although

Utopianism is the probable source of his materialism, its influence consisted much more in that it showed him how Socialism should *not* be conceived. Its ideal is a city of God, eternal in the heavens, independent of all the accidents of time and space. Yet it is immediately realisable, for it needs only to be discovered to claim men's allegiance. The period at which it comes into existence is a historical accident; it bears no relation to any special set of industrial conditions or type of economic life. In Marx's view that is just its weakness, and the source of the evils it brings in its train—the effort to create a paradise beyond the seas on the one hand, and secret conspiracies leading to bloody insurrections on the other.¹ Its error is that it makes the issue a moral one, inasmuch as the ground of its condemnation of the existing system is that it is wicked and the fruit of sin, and its effectual remedy is a change of heart. If we reject these notions, we must regard the capitalist system as necessary and so far good, and we imply that the future Socialist state will come inevitably, independent of the wishes and desires of men.

The other main factor in the formation of Marx's view is the influence of Hegel and in a less degree of Feuerbach. Marx belonged to the most radical of the wings into which the Hegelian school broke up after the master's death, and traces of its influence remain even in the posthumously published volumes of *Das Kapital*. For the young Hegelians, almost the only element in Hegel's system which remained significant was the dialectic method, so generally interpreted that it amounted to little more than a principle of relativity. Hegel's service to thought was regarded as consisting simply in that he recognised that the whole universe was in a state of ceaseless flux, in which everything comes into being and passes away. Change was the law of all things, even if it were ordered change. In the face of such a view no one could any longer regard history as "a wild whirl of sense-

¹ Cabet is a good representative of the first tendency; Weitling and even Mazzini of the second.

less deeds with violence done," or think of great social changes as accidental things which might happen just as men wished, if they had so prepared themselves that their hearts were whole. The next stage must be—just that which follows upon the last, and no other. The past has been necessary, and so must the future be. But the old order will not change and give place to new till the task of the old has been utterly accomplished. To progress at all so that we may be successful and fulfil our ends, we must understand the law which the universe dictates to the social order. This involves a radical reinterpretation of the Hegelian dictum that the real is the rational, and the rational the real. "In the course of evolution everything which is real becomes unreal; it loses its necessity, its right to exist, its rational character; and in its place as it passes away there comes into being a new and more fitting condition of things. . . . Hegel's statement transforms itself according to his own principles into the other assertion: Everything which exists must one day pass out of existence."¹ The absolute character which on Hegel's view attached to knowledge and morality is therefore denied, and connected both by Marx and by Engels with the fact that Hegel was an Idealist. An exceedingly narrow and rather crude opposition between Idealism and Materialism runs through the whole of nineteenth-century revolutionary literature, both Socialist and Anarchist.² Yet it is not a mere return to the materialism of La Mettrie and Holbach. It is evolutionary, and in that sense non-mechanical. Nature and its history becomes a positive science, taking the place of the *Philosophie des Geistes* in Hegel's system.

Any materialist with evolutionary ideas would agree that since the human soul was no more than the reflex of the material world, the laws which control social development

¹ Friedrich Engels, *Ludwig Feuerbach und der Ausgang der klassischen deutschen Philosophie* (1895), pp. 3-4.

² Cf. Marx, *Capital*, vol. i., preface to second edition, p. xxx; and Bakunin, *God and the State*, esp. pp. 1, 22.

and point the way to its next stage must be sought in these material conditions. What distinguishes Marx's point of view is that he argues further that all these conditions except the economic are relatively fixed.¹ It is to it that we must look, especially, though not exclusively, to the technical conditions of production, so as to discover the factors that really control the social order. These inevitably divide society into classes, which are the terms whose dialectical opposition and conflict constitute all history in the strict sense. "The warring classes are always the products of the modes of production and exchange—in a word, of the economic conditions of their time; the economic structure of society always furnishes the real basis, starting from which alone we can work out the ultimate explanation of the whole superstructure of juridical and political institutions, as well as of the religious, philosophical, and the other ideas of a given historical period."² Moreover, at any given time the class which has obtained private possession of the means of production can dominate the political and economic life of that society, though there is, in Marx's view, a limit to this domination, inasmuch as there is always another class in the society, which must in time become economically stronger than the class in possession. The conditions of production so develop that the older economic structure and distribution of classes is rather a hindrance than a help to its own end. Thus there comes about a struggle in which the new class always comes out victorious, with the result that the economic organisation, and therewith the whole life of society, advances to a higher level. Somehow or other, sooner or later, this must happen, and such a transition is precisely what is meant by a social revolution. Whether it be violent or peaceful, slow or rapid, is utterly irrelevant. What does matter is that a new set of

¹ There has been in recent orthodox Marxist literature a certain vacillation on the point. But the statement is true as applied to Marx. Cf. Boudin, *Theoretical System of Karl Marx*, pp. 260 seq.

² Friedrich Engels, *Herrn Eugen Dühring's Umwälzung der Wissenschaft* (second edition), p. 11.

productive forces has come into being. And in face of this, all that men can do is to study the course of history and read the signs of the times so as to see as clearly as may be the direction in which the world-process is moving, and to act in accordance with this knowledge. Anything else is merely wasted effort, a useless kicking against the pricks.

II.

The exceedingly elaborate and complex argument of the three volumes of *Das Kapital* is directed to a single end. It is remarkable that there should have been so much disagreement about its purpose, for its philosophical background permits only one function to such investigation. It can do no more, and it ought to do no less, than show by an analysis of the economic structure of society what the classes are which compose it, and on what objective economic relations they rest. And further, in the light of whatever results this may yield, it should point out in what *necessary* and *inevitable* way these relations will develop themselves into a new type of society. The present type of industrial organisation is capitalism. Capital is a "historical category of the means of production," an aggregate of exchange values, and in ultimate analysis a relation of individuals. The economic order of which it is the characteristic mark consists of the antagonism of two completely opposed classes, the bourgeoisie and the proletariat: on the one hand the possessors of the means of production, and therefore also of the values produced by them; on the other the worker whose sole possession is his labour-power, which he sells for wages, and thereby in principle resigns all claim to the product. The first task of economic analysis is to exhibit the different forms and oppositions of the relations of these classes. Excessively complex though these are, they all depend in the last resort on surplus-value, the realisation and appropriation of which is the be-all and the end-all of capitalist activity as such. About the

thing itself there is no mystery. It is simply the difference between the two exchange-values involved, that of the product and that of the labour introduced in the process, labour-power being in capitalist society a commodity bought and sold in the open market. Surplus-value, production from profit, the antagonism of capital and labour, and so on—these are all merely different ways of looking at the same fundamental features of economic life. They are the very essence of our present state, and we can only try to see in what direction they point.

Marx's method of solution bears obvious traces of its Hegelian ancestry. We have (*a*) to find the fundamental contradiction in this order of things, (*b*) to show how it hampers the order itself and must in course of time destroy it, thereby giving rise to (*c*) a new order in which the contradiction is resolved. The primary contradiction must, of course, be no more than another way of describing the antagonism of the classes which constitute the society, and we find it in the fact that, while production is socialised, appropriation is capitalistic. The ways in which this opposition endangers the whole fabric are legion; but of these, over-production is the most deadly (as well as the fullest of internal contradictions). It results in a series of crises of greater and greater magnitude, till finally the whole structure will be brought low, and a new society rise up from the ruins. Consistently with the position as a whole, there is only one way in which this new state can be characterised. It must be beyond the old opposition. It must resolve its inherent contradiction. It must socialise appropriation just as production is already socialised. In a word, it will be socialistic, because the last and final opposition of classes will have disappeared. But for this very reason it cannot arise until the conditions of its existence and maintenance have matured themselves within capitalist society itself. We may sum it up by saying that Marx's argument is that capitalism must in course of time reach such a point in its development that production, the

aim of any industrial order, will be better accomplished by capitalism resolving itself into the new order than by continuing in existence as it is.

If this is the general orthodox Socialist position, it follows that there is nothing in it which is antagonistic to war as such, whatever may be said about particular wars. It is characteristic of a certain rather uninstructed type of mind, especially in England, to regard Socialists as good people who abhor war and bloodshed above all other things, and much more than most other people do. This is a mere reminiscence of Utopianism, if it is no worse. An allied view seems to regard pacifism as a necessary and important part of Socialism; but there is no evidence for this either. I do not mean that Socialists must remain neutral to a pacifist theory like Mr Norman Angell's. To them it is a special political view on a special point, to be accepted or rejected after an examination of the arguments which can be advanced for it, but with regard to which Socialism in general has nothing to say.¹ On the other hand, the fundamental position of the notion of *Klassenkampf* is no more relevant to the case. The view that it is is perhaps more common; it tends to regard the Socialist as a bloodthirsty, immoral wretch, for whom the whole earth is filled with wars and rumours of wars; his days are spent in stirring up class hatred and his nights in strife. We need not waste words on this view: even the orthodox Marxist is no fatalist, and in his point of view there is a strong tinge of what, for want of a better name, we will call moral idealism. The class struggle² he regards as inevitable in the progress of history; but it is an evil thing, and the attainment of the Socialist end means its abolition.

¹ It might be held that Angellism is a bad example, as it involves economic arguments of a kind which the Marxist must reject. I agree that it does, but the argument still holds. To pacifism in the abstract, Socialist theory is quite indifferent.

² It is hardly ever observed that careful Socialist writers always draw a distinction between *Klassenkampf* and *Klassenkrieg*, or between *lutte de classe* and *guerre de classe*. The significance of the distinction is plain.

III.

War is a particular question of practical policy, and the Socialist attitude to it is determined by the same principles as those which dictate that policy in general. All we can lay down in the abstract is that such policy must be consistent with the general theory, or, at least, not inconsistent with it. Action on a specific question can hardly be deduced from these rather abstract principles. For in addition to them, an enormous amount of detailed information is required which is apt so to affect the mind that the principles themselves are lost sight of. Nevertheless it seems possible to point out certain things which the Socialist may neglect only at his peril, and to explain in this way the curious and uncertain and ineffective record of German Social Democracy. I shall try to show (1) what is the principle which must control all Socialist policy, including its attitude to war; (2) why the German Social Democratic party has never succeeded in maintaining this principle as a matter either of theory or of practice; and (3) how this accounts for its ambiguous foreign policy.

1. From the general representation of social life and its meaning which was outlined above, it follows at once that by economic means, and by economic means alone, can the Socialist end be attained. Economic power must always precede political power, and without the former the latter must remain the vain shadow of a dream. One would have imagined that the whole argument of *Das Kapital* was directed to showing that the capitalist system cannot come to an end till there has been completed within it the economic basis of a new society which can rise forthwith on the ruins of the old. Yet the tragedy of modern Socialist theory is that the very men who urged against the Utopians that their attempts to find a new heaven and a new earth could end only in economic ruin, should miss the sole line of policy which their own doctrines declared possible, and so condemn their followers to much more than forty years wandering in the political wilder-

ness. The plain conclusion of Socialist theory is that political action, whether in parliament or not, can accomplish nothing except in complete subordination to a movement for the conquest of economic power. Nor is there anything mysterious about the latter. The Trade Union is its only possible and only necessary instrument, because in it the worker is an economic person, a member of his economic class. To this day, this political weakness of the flesh continues to blind the German Socialists; even Syndicalist activity has scarce begun to enlighten their darkened understandings.¹ But the consideration of general principles shows us that the criterion of all practical activity must be the extent to which it furthers emancipation, and the direct means thereto is largely independent of political success or failure.

The limits which the Socialist must observe in his attitude to war are closely bound up with whatever view of the state his theories permit him to hold. If we take orthodox Marxism quite strictly, the state at any given time must be simply an instrument in the hands of the master-class, inasmuch as the economic structure of society determines everything that falls within it. It would follow that the policy of such a state and its various executive and administrative and diplomatic activities are no more than the expression of the interests of the dominant economic class. To the proletariat, therefore, all these things must be suspect. They must in general be avoided and neglected, and in some sense actively opposed. Hence the Socialist is bound, if he is to be consistent with his own principles, to regard war as economic in origin and principle, depending in the last resort on the conflict of

¹ In spite of evident defects and exaggerations, Syndicalists must be admitted to be in this respect more Marxist than the orthodox Marxist. And there are other exceptions of the same kind—the Industrial Workers of the World in America, whose leader, Daniel de Leon, has produced works which, for acuteness and directness of statement, are hardly surpassed in all Socialist literature; the Socialist Labour party in Britain; and, most important of all various writers in the *New Age*, whose recent book, *National Guilds*, no serious student of the subject can afford to neglect.

economic interests. He will in general condemn all wars, and urge that only the destruction of class-antagonisms by the abolition of the wage-system can bring about any lasting peace. It is frequently assumed that this is all that is to be said, and that the pacifist character of Marxism follows. Such a conclusion is too hasty. It is indeed exceedingly hard to imagine any modern war to which the Socialist could give whole-hearted support, and difficult even to think of any which he must not actually oppose. But it must not be forgotten that his grounds for this attitude are not those which would appeal to the ordinary member of a peace society, but depend on the conviction that any war must be analysable into differences of interests among capitalist groups, with which the body of the nation, the working-class, has really no concern. The only reasons which could permit him to participate willingly in a war would require to show that there was much more threatened by his country's defeat than the loss of an economic sphere of influence, or a fall in profits. How far in a particular case this is so is a question of detail, complex and hard to determine though it be.¹ Similarly, it follows that, though Socialism is inter-nationalist, it is not anti-nationalist, but the elements in national life it regards as characteristic are not those most commonly associated with the term.

2. Unhappily, German Socialism has never had a clear vision of these things, and the fact is worth accounting for : it is the explanation of their helplessness in face of a war, and their quite definitely "patriotic" policy of the last few years. What I desire to show is that this has not been due to detailed considerations of the kind that we saw above to be relevant, but to a theoretical weakness, a failure to think out their own principles, a fatal preoccupation with merely political ends.

¹ An illustration of the position may be found in the fact that Hervé, one of the most extreme of the French Anti-Militarists, is said now to be at the front. In the matter of nationalism, Marx's attitude to Germany and Poland is the best example.

Instead of striving to organise the workers into trade unions,¹ German Socialism has devoted its energies to building up a marvellous but useless political structure, and has wasted its breath discussing problems irrelevant to the real issues of its system, or taking counsel with itself what to do under hypothetical circumstances when it would no longer be worth while doing anything. Meanwhile the two forms of pure trades union in the German Empire, the Christian Union and the Hirsch-Duncker Union, are weak internally and as wholes, while the latter is actually on the decline—apparently because it has but little political propaganda! The complete illustration of the consequences of this straying from the economic path is just the history of the Social Democratic party, and of its failure. That it has failed signally to accomplish any great thing beyond its own endless organisation, is scarcely open to doubt. During the time of the Anti-Socialist Law, indeed, Social Democracy was a thing to be feared, and even Bismarck was uneasy under its menace, but the solution turned out to be quite simple. The Socialists were given some measure of political freedom, and speedily reduced themselves to impotence clamouring for more, and wondering what was wrong. For they speedily, though perhaps rather vaguely, became aware that it was impossible to bring the Socialist end into any satisfactory relation with concrete proposals.

It may reasonably be objected to this whole argument that the leaders of German Socialism, about whom one would naturally think that they, if anyone, should know what Socialist theory is, were unlikely to go astray over so vital a point. In reply we can only point to the theory and ask if we have not indicated its logical conclusion; and if we are unable to see any fault in our argument, we can try to indicate the reasons for the persistent misconception in the German attitude. One can never hope to determine fully

¹ It is of course true that the Social Democratic or "Free" Unions are closely united with the Socialist Party; but their activities, multifarious though they are, are economic only to a very slight extent.

what factors led to the development of a doctrine; but in this case it is possible, I think, to indicate with considerable certainty the most important of these causes.

The first is the very reaction against Utopianism which we have seen to be one of the main elements in Marx's system—the element which was directly responsible for the emphasis on the necessity of capitalism as a stage in social evolution. Especially in the period immediately succeeding 1848—a period in which the hopes of the proletariat had scarcely as yet begun to recover from the shattering blow dealt them by the failure of the whole revolutionary movement—it was not an unnatural error to insist upon the conquest of political power as at least a first step on the road to freedom. It was then that the famous notion of the “Dictatorship of the Proletariat” became crystallised into a definite political shape.¹ The subsequent development of the whole working-class movement simply tended to perpetuate the same idea, and it was long ere political experience showed its hopelessness. The foundation of the International in 1864, and afterwards that of the Social Democratic party in 1869, were easily mistaken for stages on the way. And most naturally the failure of the Paris Commune and the bitter experience of the Franco-German War were misinterpreted so as to convey just the wrong lesson. It was not till after the abolition of the Anti-Socialist Law in 1890 that the tale was written so plainly on the page of politics that its presence could no longer escape attention. The result was Revisionism, which is no more than a perpetuation of the error. And the last state of the party is worse than the first.

Further, when the earlier Utopianism died out, it was replaced by a more dangerous enemy—Anarchism. It is, I think, susceptible of definite proof that terrorism is an excrescence on the original doctrine, due solely to the fact that

¹ It is true that the presence of the idea can be traced in the Communist Manifesto of 1847; but it is then still vague and shadowy, and more economic than political.

it has been adopted by many Russian revolutionaries, fascinated by the *mir* and the *artel*, and largely ignorant of those industrial conditions which demand production on a large scale. For political reasons which are easily intelligible, they have been unable to conceive any transition to a future state of society except by the bomb and the assassin's knife. The short life of the International was a series of conflicts between this doctrine, represented by Bakunin and supported by the *Alliance de la Démocratie Socialiste*, and all other forms of Socialism, with Marx himself as spokesman. In the end Marx triumphed and Bakunin was expelled, but the International never recovered. It goes a long way to explain Marx's practical attitude when we remember that this was what economic action meant to him—spasmodic strikes, sabotage, voluntary union of small producers. To the end of his life he condemned "direct action," and his successors have followed his example.¹ For the anarchist ideas have never wholly died out, and we have recently witnessed a remarkable revival of some of them in Syndicalism. It is not too much to say that the difference between political and economic activity corresponded exactly for orthodox Marxists to that between Socialism and Anarchism.

There is a further reason of a more theoretical sort, which follows from the way in which Socialist theory is connected with the political thought of the eighteenth century and its nineteenth-century descendant, Philosophical Radicalism. That Marx was profoundly affected by the radical ideas of the Enlightenment is specially obvious to anyone who studies his writings in the period before the Communist Manifesto—most of all, probably, the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher* of 1843–44. It is plain that at this time the idea of political emancipation had taken strong hold of his mind, and the impression of it remained in his thinking. It accounts for much, even though he himself might have called it Utopian. Also, it is more important to notice that the eighteenth-

¹ *Vide, e.g.,* G. G. Plechanoff, *Anarchisme et Socialisme*, esp. ch. viii.

century Radicals had no conception of the limitations of their political principles. (The philosophical Radicals had: but, so far as I know, there is no evidence that Marx and Engels were affected by their views.) These sanguine hopes in education and political freedom were certainly inconsistent with the materialist conception of history, but their presence can scarcely be doubted, and their influence has been enormous.

3. Orthodox Marxism, then, has never been quite clear on its own principles, and its practice has been seriously at variance with them. Its doubt and vacillation made it impossible for it to define the limits within which its attitude to war had to fall. In the last decade of last century, congress after congress showed forth clearly its hesitation on almost every question of practice. It seems gradually to have impressed itself upon the leaders that they were ploughing the sands, and some attempt at reform was bound to come. This finally appeared in the form of the tendency since known as Revisionism, and associated especially with the name of Eduard Bernstein. At the Stuttgart Congress in 1898, he expressed his criticisms in a long and able speech, and afterwards published them in his volume, *Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus und die Aufgaben der Sozialdemokratie*. The details of these views do not specially concern us. They consist in a critical review of practically the whole theory of orthodox Marxism, but their aim is not primarily theoretic. The problem from which Bernstein really begins, and to which he always returns, is that of the transition from capitalism to Socialism. The real driving-force behind all his work is the conviction that the powerlessness of the Social Democratic party has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. It is for this reason that he attacks the materialistic conception of history, the doctrine of surplus-value, and most of all the famous *Verelendungstheorie*. In connection with each of these he certainly brings out great exaggerations in the traditional statement of the doctrine, though I am not inclined to think his argument as a whole is particularly successful.

Its philosophical background is exceedingly weak.¹ But so far from trying to make it consistent in the way I have indicated, he proposes to make it as opportunist as possible, and in particular to bring about a *rapprochement* with the most advanced section of the Liberal party. The objects in which, in his view, this policy is most of all necessary are in the votes on the Budget, and in regard to foreign and colonial affairs. "It can be no matter of indifference to German Social Democracy whether the German nation, which has carried out, and is carrying out, its honourable share in the civilising work of the world, should be repressed in the council of the nations."² He recommends definitely that the Socialist party should support the Government in carrying out its imperialistic policy, and in the measure it takes for the defence of the Fatherland. Without entering upon the question how far this view is reasonable in itself, it is not hard to see that in putting it forward Bernstein has lost sight of the fundamental principles which make Socialist policy Socialist. We have already seen how these principles define the relation of the Socialist to war, but in Bernstein there is no recognition of this, or at least no admission that the limits within which the Socialist argument must fall are quite definite. It is obvious that this is closely connected with the manner in which Revisionism is wholly given over to politics. Bernstein, indeed, suggests that the political rights already conferred upon the working-classes have identified them so far with national interests.³ Whatever that is, it is not Marxism. We might, indeed, simply say that Bernstein had given up Marxism altogether, and I do not deny that this is true. But there are two things to be borne in mind. The first is that the party as a whole still professes to do reverence to the fundamental principles which Marx set forth, and even the Revisionists often assert that they are the true disciples of the

¹ He suggests, for example, that Socialist theory to find salvation must go "back to Kant"—*via* F. A. Lange! *Loc. cit.*, pp. 222 *seq.*

² Bernstein, *loc. cit.*, p. 170.

³ Bernstein, *loc. cit.*

master. The second is that no theory can be rightly called specifically Socialist which does not make the abolition of the wage-system fundamental, and attach itself to a doctrine which agrees in principle with that of Marx.

Consider the sequel to the Revisionist controversy. It profoundly affected the whole movement, and laid it open to influence from the side of Imperialism. If ever there was a Jingo election in Europe, it was the 1907 election to the Reichstag. Bülow announced a greatly extended naval and military programme, and appealed to the patriotism of the electors. The Socialist representation fell from seventy-nine (in 1903) to forty-three. And the cause of it was the uncertainty of German Social Democracy as to the limits of its theories; it was the penalty of decades of hunting after what was, for it, a political will-o'-the-wisp. The process has continued since; even Bebel shouted for the Fatherland. And in the end no protest was raised against the threatened violation of Belgian neutrality.

We conclude, then, that Socialist theory in the strict sense, of which Marx is the typical representative, must regard all modern wars as the expression of the class-struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, but is not therefore bound to oppose all wars as such: that the policy which this theory involves is fundamentally an economic one, with politics in the strictest subordination; but that German Socialism has never seen this clearly, owing to its preoccupation with political ends, a preoccupation for which we tried to account: and that the newer form of the doctrine, commonly called Revisionism, has so far lost touch with the fundamental ideas to which it still pretends to do lip-service, that it was not even theoretically opposed to the form of Imperial expansion on the part of Germany which is amongst the most important of the causes of the present war. The condition of things may permit only of complex statement, but it is in essence simple enough.

M. W. ROBIESON.

CARLYLE'S GERMANS.

J. M. SLOAN.

THE Kaiser, when a young student, studied Carlyle. The marvellous biography of Frederick the Great was one of his favourite books. Each of the six volumes was translated into the German language as it appeared. So great was the affinity of temperament between the Hohenzollerns and Carlyle that admiration for the rugged and bellicose Scot of Chelsea must have been inevitable for the then youthful heir to the throne of Prussia and the Empire of United Germany. After his accession the Kaiser displayed his reverence for the memory of Carlyle by subscribing to the fund for the purchase of the Carlyle House in Chelsea.

Carlyle was essentially the recurrent type in the human evolution of the Border raider. The rage of the Border fighter in him was but partially restrained by the Christian temper, and the trust in the strong right hand in him lay half hidden behind the acquisitions of culture. He loved a strong man with a worshipful mind. The business of his literary life was the search for the real King—König, or the able man—among sham rulers. To him the "mailed fist," which could strike down incompetence, corrupt ambition, bungling inefficiency, mendacity in high places, imposture, was an ordinance of the Almighty. He reserved his admiration for the ruler who could impose a relentless discipline upon inferior beings, who were not supposed to have enough brains to know what was good for them. His emotional temperament often misled him into devious paths of prejudice. He was considerably

blind to the daring blackguardism of Frederick the Great. Hardly could he shed his own earlier prepossessions in favour of his elect hero of the eighteenth century, as the Titan's task of the biography dragged its slow length along, albeit evidences are not wanting that he was beset secretly by the suspicion that he was then in partnership with Belial and Moloch. There was, in short, a certain qualified affinity between Carlyle and the Royal stock of the Hohenzollerns.

Sympathy with the Prussian theory that might is right could be found by the Kaiser in the writings of Carlyle. If this be "the theory of the savage," as Dr Eliot of Harvard has described it, Carlyle, its exponent, must have been three parts a savage. He threw the emphasis on the right, and traced the sources of might in truth, justice, honour. But he often discovered in the strong man's success the justification of his policy, his aims, his actualities of achievement. In 1843, at the age of forty-nine, Carlyle in *Past and Present* defined his view of the correlation of might and right in the following language:—"All fighting, as we noticed long ago, is the dusty conflict of strengths, each thinking itself the strongest, or, in other words, the justest; mights which do, in the long run, mean rights. In conflict the perishable part of them, beaten sufficiently, flies off into dust: this process ended, appears the imperishable, the true and exact." Now, if applied to the war of 1914, this Carlylean theory would require that we should suspend judgment respecting its cause until peace arrived. Let Austria and Germany win, and it follows from Carlyle's argumentation that the "perishable part" of the rights of Belgium would fly off into dust, "beaten sufficiently." At the close of the war, after the victorious Germans had annexed Belgium, and shot all Belgian citizens refusing to submit to the Kaiser's rule in their fatherland, the "imperishable, the true and exact," concerning the war would appear. Is not this a flagrant example of the fallacy in logic of *reductio ad absurdum*?

Twenty-three years later, when Carlyle was growing old at
VOL. XIII.—No. 3.

seventy, he gave us a different version of his conception of the correlation of might and right in the last chapter of *Frederick*. "Intimately, too, he—Frederick—believed," he then wrote, "no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world: ultimately, yes." As applied to the case of Frederick the Great this meant that ultimate success was proof of right. Success, established and permanent, was its own justification. Frederick, from that point of view, might console himself that he had a just right to conquer Silesia in spite of the "scrap of paper" known in history as the Pragmatic Sanction. The conquest worked out satisfactorily, therefore it must have been just! Napoleon's attempt to conquer Europe did not work out well, was not continuous, could not support itself; therefore, in Carlyle's view, it was based upon wrong, and did not illustrate the play in war of either might or right. "Your Napoleon," Carlyle wrote, in the same chapter of *Past and Present* already quoted, "is flung out at last to St Helena: the latter end of him sternly compensating the beginning." According to Carlyle, who here becomes more utilitarian than the Utilitarians whom he denounced, Napoleon was wrong because he failed. Does the burglar cease to be a burglar after he has acquired a fortune, retired, and gives sumptuous dinner parties to Mrs Grundy and her friends? The commonplace public may be left to worship success without asking how it has been gained, but a moralist of the type of Carlyle should have known better. There is a certain flunkeyism even among philosophers. Frederick the Great cynically confessed that he made what conquests in war suited him, and always found plenty of pedants coming along in the sequel to justify his procedure. Doubtless, if for misfortune to Europe and mankind the Kaiser should conquer in this war, the "pedants" will not be wanting who will place him among the gods, and vindicate his right even to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and to accept the responsibility for the crimes against civilisation and humanity perpetrated at Louvain, Dinant, and Rheims.

In the light of his reiterated hypothesis in national ethics of might working itself out into right, and might failing, perishing, unless it was based upon right, Carlyle contemplated the Franco-Prussian War in 1870-71. Five years before he had completed his *magnum opus* of *Frederick*. His last words were these of the Prussian monarch: "I define him to myself as hitherto the last of the Kings; when the next will be is a very long question!" No second Frederick arrived just then, for the Kaiser, in 1865, was but a naughty child hardly breeched, and in Carlyle's outlook the world was going to the dogs—"to anarchy, or the Rule of what is baser over what is nobler, the one life's misery worth complaining of, and, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever." To anarchy! yes, perhaps to the variety of anarchy from which the culture of Prussia, imposed by the mailed fist, could save mankind!

The logic of the European crisis made it inevitable that Carlyle should be pro-German in the war of 1870. Froude states that Carlyle, his hero, perceived in the war "an exhibition of Divine judgment which was after his own heart." He detested Louis Napoleon. Formerly the ill-fated Louis had spent an evening with Carlyle at Cheyne Row, and walked away inquiring "if that man was mad." Carlyle gave Louis the nickname of the "Copper Captain." He vituperated against him consistently for "the abomination of desolation, a mean and perjured adventurer." His peculiar Puritanism gave him a prejudice against France. He committed the fallacy of hurling his indictment against a nation. He measured the French people by the baser Parisians, by Paris, its social atmosphere, and its easy sexual morality—"a new kind of Phallus-worship, with Sue, Balzac and Co. for prophets, and Madame Sand for a virgin." Prussia was to him the appointed executioner of the "Divine judgment."

In 1870 British public opinion was against France. She was the aggressor to the immediate, half-informed, superficial onlooker. The descent of the Germans, swift and fell, the

early surrender of Louis Napoleon, the march to Paris, followed by the siege, conspired to alienate sentiment in Britain from the Germans. A certain Good-Samaritan compassion was awakened towards France. Apparently the French nation was about to be crushed ruthlessly as by one fell stroke. By that date Carlyle had lost the power of his right arm, and could not write without the aid of an amanuensis. He then dictated to his niece a "Letter to the *Times*," which has been incorporated into his collected writings among the last of the "Miscellanies." It was dated 11th November, and appeared in the *Times* of 18th November. The elaborate "Letter" bore the title, "Latter Stage of the Franco-German War." Such intervention in public affairs was unusual on his part. He preferred to let off his steam to his listening friends at home between the whiffs of his clay pipe. His avowed purpose in composing the "Letter" was to check "the cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France," especially as that "idle, dangerous, and misguided feeling" was applied to the "cession of Alsace and Lorraine to her German conquerors."

Carlyle embodied in the "Letter" the results of many days of laborious historical research. He accumulated evidences from remote times of the sufferings of the Germans under tyrannies and spoliations of France, going back in his range for four hundred years, or from the times of Louis XI. and Kaiser Max, through the age of Richelieu and Louis XIV., to the Revolution and the despotism attempted by Napoleon. His conclusion was expressed in the following terms: "No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany has had in France for the last four hundred years; bad in all manner of ways; insolent, rapacious, insatiable, unappeasable, continually aggressive." Was not the boot on the other leg in 1914? Modern Germany has been a diligent and successful pupil of ancient France, and, as the neighbour of the France of 1914, became "bad in all manner of ways; insolent, rapacious, insatiable, unappeasable, continually aggressive."

Limp logic, unworthy of Carlyle in his earlier years, was applied in that "Letter" to the Prussian claim to Alsace and Lorraine. Here is, in effect, the defence:—The two provinces were stolen from the Germans by the might of France; therefore by like might, which carries with it the right of conquest, Germany is justified in recovering her own stolen property. "There is no law of nature that I know of, no Heaven's Act of Parliament, whereby France, alone of terrestrial beings, shall not restore any portion of her plundered goods, when the owners they were wrenched from have an opportunity upon them." Centuries of possession made no difference, conferred no claim of right. Time had only a relative existence. "The cunning of Richelieu, the grandiose long sword of Louis XIV., these," said Carlyle, "are the only titles of France to those German countries." No jurist, however, nor any sane moralist, will support Carlyle's argument. For there can be no essential moral difference in the right to private property and the right to public, or national, possessions. Macaulay is much nearer the justice of such a case than Carlyle. "Is it not perfectly clear," wrote Macaulay concerning the plea of ancestral possession advanced in defence of Frederick the Great and the annexation of Silesia, "that, if antiquated claims are to be set up against recent treaties and long possession, the world can never be at peace for a day?"

The "Divine judgment" executed by the Germans upon France in 1870, according to Carlyle, was deserved, because, as a nation, the French had ceased to recognise facts, and had clung to shams mistaken for realities. He denounced "Ministers flying up in balloons ballasted with nothing but outrageous public lies, proclamations of victories that were creatures of fancy; a Government subsisting altogether on mendacity." Which of the two nations—France or Germany—has "a Government now subsisting altogether on mendacity"? The France which Carlyle believed he knew and judged justly in 1870 has passed into the image of the Germany revealed in and through the war of 1914. M.

Cazamian, one of the Professors at the Sorbonne, who recently produced one of the most competent studies of Carlyle known to me in all the Carlylean bibliography, quietly dismisses the *History of Frederick the Great*, and the "Letter to the *Times*" in 1870, with the pregnant remark, "Mais il n'avait pas tout prévu." Carlyle was dead nine years before the episode occurred known as "dropping the pilot"—Bismarck. Amazing, indeed, is the exactitude with which Carlyle's description of France in 1870 fits the Germany all the world knows in this war. France, he wrote, was a nation under the delusion that "celestial wisdom was radiating out of it upon all the other overshadowed nations"; that France was "the new Mount Sinai of the Universe," the missionary of "a veritable new Gospel out of Heaven pregnant with blessedness for all the sons of men." The French people, he said, believed that they were "the Christ of Nations; an innocent, godlike people, suffering for the sins of all nations, with an eye to redeem us all." Where is now the colossal self-deception? Perhaps the only ethical difference between Carlyle's France of 1870 and the Germany of 1915 is that Germany has now no use for "Heaven," out of which to import a new Gospel of redemption for mankind: her own "Kultur" is more than competent to provide all the spiritual and saving illumination which mankind can need or lawfully desire!

In Carlyle's prejudiced vision France before 1870 had accomplished "only zero with minus quantities." The German race was in future to be "the protagonists in that immense world-drama"; and from the Germans he expected "better issues." What has happened? Carlyle's expectation has been shockingly disappointed. Germany has emerged in the guise of the arch-sophist. It is Germany that, after forty-three years, "is given up to strong delusion, till at last the lie seems to them the very truth." It is the Germans now that, "in their strangling crisis and extreme need, appear to have no resource but self-deception still, and quasi-heroic gasconade." The closing sentence of Carlyle's "Letter to the

Times” reads thus: “That noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid Germany should be at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vain-glorious, gesticulating France, seems to me the hopefullest public fact that has occurred in my Time.” One is tempted to challenge the ghost of Carlyle, if he should condescend to revisit the glimpses of the moon, with the query—Which of the two nations, France or Germany, is now “noble, patient, deep, pious, and solid”? Which of the two ancient rivals is now “vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless, and over-sensitive”? By transposing the names and reading “Germany” for “France,” we have in Carlyle’s “Letter to the *Times*” in the autumn of 1870 a Daniel come to judgment.

Let us cite an instance of Germanic self-deception from the political headquarters of the nation. On 22nd October last, Count Schwerin-Löwitz, at an extraordinary sitting of both Houses of the Prussian Diet, made the following statement on behalf of his Government: “We honestly wanted peace, and have been compelled by the ill-will of envious enemies to go to war, to fight, not for extension of power, or for the acquisition of land, but for our existence, for house and home, for wife and child.” Speaking under the solemn responsibility of the President of the Diet, the Count further declared that “the whole German nation is determined to fight until a peace is achieved which will repay the vast cost of the war, and which will give us the absolute certainty that we shall not again be attacked in such a wanton manner by envious and jealous enemies.” On the same day the President of the Upper House of the Prussian Diet informed all the world that “the German people are the most peaceable on earth,” and asserted that the policy of England and Russia, which was based on greed, was responsible for the war. Over against that German statement, reiterated times without number by responsible Germans since the war began, let us place the verdict of a competent and responsible American

lawyer respecting the cause of the war. One of the leading American newspapers instructed Mr James M. Beck, ex-Assistant-Attorney-General of the United States, and one of the leaders of the New York Bar, to examine all the official documents available from all sides, and give his professional verdict on the great question. His judgment was "that Germany and Austria are responsible for the war; that Germany had it in her power to compel Austria to preserve a reasonable course, but did not exert that influence; that England, France, Italy, and Russia sincerely worked for peace, and that Germany in abruptly declaring war against Russia precipitated the war." Let the ghost of Carlyle judge now as to whether France or Germany has "wandered far astray . . . in the way of deception and self-deception," and is "given up to strong delusion, as the Scripture says; till, at last, the lie seems to them the very truth."

If they are to be judged by the lofty standard of the earlier Germanic Idealism, through all its phases from Luther to Goethe, the Germany and the Germans of this war have displayed an appalling intellectual and moral deterioration. This descent of Avernus can be most clearly traced from the period of Bismarck and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, and grows more marked after the youthful Kaiser dropped Bismarck, "the pilot," in 1890. The Germans, after the victory over France and the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, admired Carlyle, because, as they believed, his judgment of their policy was true and just. Treitschke, sometimes called the German Carlyle, was the Kaiser's favourite professor. He died in 1896, or fifteen years after the death of Carlyle, whom he extolled for "the only Englishman who had thoroughly understood the Germans, and the first foreigner who had risen to the height of German thought." The "Letter to the *Times*" appeared, as already stated, under date of November 18, and on November 25 Count Bernstorff, who was then the Prussian Ambassador in London, forwarded to Carlyle a telegram, which he had received from Hamburg,

in which the gratitude of the Germans was expressed officially for the "Letter." "I am much gratified," wrote the Count, "to be able to avail myself of the opportunity of forwarding it to you and of expressing to the celebrated historian my entire concurrence in the thankfulness of my countrymen." Froude remarks that Carlyle "saw, when no one else saw it, the coming greatness of Prussia." But neither Carlyle nor Froude saw, or foresaw, the coming decline of the old Germanic Idealism, which was essentially humanitarian. Bismarck found his fellow-prophet in Carlyle, and conferred on him, in 1874, the Prussian Order of Merit. Carlyle accepted the decoration, but was not elated by it. "I feel about it," he wrote, "after the fact is over, quite emphatically as I did at first—that had they sent me a quarter of a pound of good tobacco, the addition to my happiness would probably have been suitabler and greater."

Probably Carlyle experienced a secret and unrecorded feeling that the Germany of blood and iron, which emerged at the creation of the Empire in 1871, was setting out upon a road perilous at once for Germany and for Europe. With his writings, and his letters and table talk, before us, however, it is impossible to argue that Carlyle had deep and true insight of the mixed Prussian and German peoples. He did not foresee everything. Heine saw into the Prussian heredity with a deeper eye than Carlyle displayed. "I have great misgivings," wrote Heine in 1832, "about this philosophic, Christian military despotism, this medley of beer, deceit, and sand. Repulsive, deeply repulsive to me was ever this Prussia, this pedantic, hypocritical, sanctimonious Prussia — this *Tartuffe* among the nations." Heine was Carlyle's equal in capacity of brain. He was German-French, and his opportunities of forming an opinion of the traditional Prussia were superior to those of Carlyle. Heine died in 1856. His prophecies of the future of Prussia were partly fulfilled in 1870-71. They have been completely fulfilled in 1914.

And so, whosoever wishes to know the Prussians, the

Germans, the Prussianised Germany of to-day, had better close his Carlyle and open his Heine. In the year 1834 there appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an elaborate essay by Heine, bearing the title, "De l'Allemagne depuis Luther," which is as fresh and informing to-day as when its incisive eloquence fell hot from his sardonic mind. "The thought," said Heine, "goes before the deed, as the lightning precedes the thunder." Among the ancient Germanic peoples he discovered a certain brutal lust of war. Not merely to destroy, nor to conquer, did those Germanic barbarians fight; they waged war from a savage, demoniacal love of war for its own sake. Lutheran Christianity, as Heine perceived its far-flung sway, had in some measure moderated that brutal lust of battle, but could not altogether eradicate it. Prussian philosophy, from Kant of Königsberg forward, had indirectly availed to empty the old Lutheran Christianity of the kernel of sincerity, and left it no better than a hollow husk of hypocrisy. Prussian Christianity had been subjected to a slow death by Prussian metaphysics and ethics. "And when once that restraining talisman, the Cross," wrote Heine, "is broken, then the smouldering ferocity of those ancient warriors will again blaze up; then will again be heard the deadly clang of that frantic Berserker wrath, of which the Norse poets say and sing so much. The talisman," he continued, "is rotten with decay, and the day will surely come when it will crumble and fall. Then the ancient stone-gods will arise from out the ashes of dismantled ruins, and rub the dust of a thousand years from their eyes; and finally, Thor, with his colossal hammer, will leap up, and with it shatter into fragments the Gothic cathedrals." The Prussia of Heine's eloquent and deep-seeing scorn is substantially the Germany of 1914: "The braggart with the capacious maw, carrying a corporal's staff, which he first dips in holy water before bringing it down on one's head." Siege-guns from Krupp's factory at Essen, so near to Heine's native Düsseldorf, are now the colossal hammers of Thor by which the Gothic cathedrals have been shattered into fragments.

Carlyle's prophecy that Germany, after 1870, would emerge, by meritorious might, through her triumphant allegiance to the eternal verities, and her contemptuous disregard of all shams and unrealities, as "Queen of the Continent" for the good of the Continent, has been woefully falsified among the hurricanes and earthquakes of this iniquitous war; while Heine's prophecy of the certain recrudescence of Prussian barbarism, of the old Germanic lust of battle for its own sake, veneered by Christianity and "Kultur," has been all too literally fulfilled.

J. M. SLOAN.

LONDON.

MIND AND MATTER : A HYLOZOISTIC VIEW.

FLEET-SURGEON C. MARSH BEADNELL, R.N.,

Second Cruiser Squadron.

THE more one ponders over the widespread reluctance to acknowledge the universality of mind, the more does one become convinced that it is due to the common but fatal tendency to draw conclusions from comparisons that have been too exclusively limited to extremes. The man in the street is so wont to take the mind of Nature's highest product, Man, and derisively ask: "Where is its prototype in the inorganic world? What can there be in sticks and stones at all comparable to it?" Now a very little reflection should convince anyone whose thoughts are not hopelessly shackled that the rudiments of mind are, and indeed must be, present in the inorganic universe. There is nothing in the whole that is not to be found in its parts, nor in the complex that is not in the simple; true, Man differs from the egg-cell which initiated his individual development as well as from that amoeboid creature which, in the dim and distant past, inaugurated his racial evolution, but the difference is solely one of degree, the structure and psychical processes of a man are relatively elaborate, those of the egg-cell and of the amoeba are relatively simple. But, owing to one's natural proneness to take note of obtrusive features of dissimilarity in two things and to overlook the really significant features lurking in the background and common to both, direct con-

trast between the egg-cell or the amoeba and the fully developed man is to be avoided, unless and until due attention has been paid to all possible intermediate stages and connecting links. If a historian attempted to elucidate the history of the origin, rise, and progress of a great navy by making a comparative study between a Dreadnought and a dugout, it is more than probable that he would make a sorry mess of an apparently hopeless task; but, given an ample supply of intermediate connecting links in the shape of war-canoes, galleys, three-deckers, and ironclads, he will show how, in the course of centuries, the modern complex battleship arose from small, simple, and imperfect types, and will be able to trace a direct relationship between, and point out many characters common to, the terminal links of his genealogical chain of vessels. Nature abhors abrupt lines of demarcation, she loves to join night to day by shades and twilights; her method of progress is rather one long, stealthy, leisurely, and unremitting crawl than a series of brilliant plunges and rushes; she evolves rather than creates. Hence it is that we find she has interposed the most insensible transitions between what is active and what is inert, between what lives and does not live, between what feels and does not feel, between what is conscious and unconscious, and between what thinks and reasons and does not think and reason. What a contrast there is between the restless bird and the rigid metal bars of its cage; yet the physicist tells us that below the surface of the apparently inert metal there is a seething population of molecules, displacing each other, migrating to and fro, arranging and rearranging themselves into wondrous patterns conformable to the metal's particular environment at the time. So that the difference between the metal and the bird is not so much an absolute as a surface difference; deep down, the metal, like the bird, is a mass of activity, and, as will presently be seen, it too, like the bird, not only possesses the power of moving in response to stimulation, but actually "endeavours" to adapt itself to surrounding conditions.

As to what this marvellous aggregate of activities and properties—called, for want of a better name, mind—is in its essence we know just as much as we know concerning the essence of matter, and that is—nothing; we know of matter through the instrumentality of mind, we know of mind through the instrumentality of matter. They would appear to be inseparables, the one conditioned by space, the other by time, and to neither is it possible to fit a satisfactory definition, we can but echo the Professor who, when asked: “What is mind?” replied, “No matter”; and when pressed with the further question: “What is matter?” snapped back, “Never mind.” However, there is one thing which we do know concerning mind, and that is, it has degrees; the mind of the genius is of a higher order than that of the ordinary man, and still more so than that of the child, which, in its turn, is on a higher plane than that of the unborn babe. But the mind of the intra-uterine babe has developed from, and is in consequence a more highly organised product than, that of the foetus; the same may be said of the mind of the foetus relative to that of the embryo, and of the mind of the latter relative to that of the fertilised egg-cell. In this microscopic speck of living matter, almost invisible to the naked eye, the individual mind has its genesis, but in following it thus far we have by no means unfolded the whole story. To accomplish this will necessitate a much longer and more hazardous journey than that requisite to find the source of the *individual* mind, and we shall have to thread our way along its *racial* or phylogenetic path, passing by imperceptible gradations from the mind of parent and grandparent to that of distant forbear; from this to the mind of prehistoric ancestor, and so on down the whole gamut of extinct mankind from the Tziganian men of the bronze age to Neolithic, Palæolithic, and Eolithic men. The mind of Eolithic man would introduce us to that of the ape-like man, whence we should descend by a gentle declivity until we reached the mind of the old man-like ape mumbling and stumbling through the dark, dank, primeval

jungles. But this sulky old proto-simian had his genealogical tree no less than a noble scion of to-day, and his mind was colossal compared to that of the proto-mammals preceding him. From the mind of a proto-mammal we must pass to that of one of the Permian reptiles, thence to that of a Silurian fish, and so on through the mind of a Cambrian worm and a pre-Cambrian amoeba until at long last we arrive at the mind of the Archean protist, an ultra-microscopic primordial life-germ whose simplicity was such that by comparison our modern, fashionable, and ubiquitous microbe would appear to be a veritable embodiment of Machiavellian cunning. Now in this stupendous life-chain, stretching over more than a hundred million years, there is no one point at which we can consistently put our finger down and say: "Here, on this side, is mind; there, on that side, mind ceases to be"; if there were we should be compelled to postulate at that point the coming into being of mind out of no mind, of something (not necessarily "some thing") out of nothing, a postulate at once unthinkable and repugnant to the normal intellect. There is an old saying that you cannot take out of a bag what is not in it. Sir Oliver Lodge in his *Life and Matter* says: "A property can be possessed by an aggregation of atoms which no atom possesses in the slightest degree." Doubtless new properties may come into existence, but they do so only by combination of previously existing and analogous properties; they are not created, and they cannot be destroyed. Liquidity is a property of matter dependent upon a particular state of aggregation, and solidity is another property dependent upon another state of aggregation. As a rule we have no difficulty in distinguishing between a solid and a liquid, but we should be wrong did we conclude on this account that there is any boundary line between the two states, for, as a matter of fact, they merge imperceptibly the one into the other and are linked together by hosts of substances in an intermediate, viscous state. Again, for any one substance the liquid and solid state is interchangeable at will

by mere alterations of temperature and pressure, and at no point can we say : " Here the solid condition begins and the liquid condition ends." In every solid is something of the liquid and in every liquid is something of the solid, it is all a question of relativity and of the degree in which many factors, such as temperature, pressure, time, space, etc., figure. A body which retains its shape when handled is commonly termed a solid ; a body which adapts itself to its containing vessel while retaining its volume and assuming a level surface above is commonly called a liquid, but that these words " liquid " and " solid " are only working terms of convenience the following examples will show. Into a cup is placed a small piece of cork ; upon this is placed a hard, square-shaped piece of resin such as shoemakers use, and, finally, upon the top of this is placed a pebble. After some weeks it will be found that the resin has conformed to the shape of the cup and has a level upper surface, that the pebble is at the bottom and the cork at the top. In such an example we see the significance of the factor *time* in any definition of the solid or liquid state. Again, a vortex of gas has rigidity and behaves in many other ways as a solid ; a high-velocity jet of water has the properties of the hardest steel—it cannot, for instance, be cut by a powerful blow of a sword. Such facts as these emphasise the principle of continuity and compel us to realise the infinity of gradations in the world of things ; they should make us hesitate to apply the terms " destruction " and " creation " to any things or, indeed, to anything, properties, qualities, attributes, or what not. When the sugar melts we see not so much the annihilation of " solidity " and the creation of " liquidity " as the insensible transition, the continuous path between the apparently antithetical states. We call the diamond solid, and water liquid, because the more obtrusive of the properties of the diamond and water respectively are those of the solid and liquid, and not because the precious stone is devoid of all liquidity or the liquid devoid of all solidity. We assume that the same principle holds

good in the world of mind ; there can be no creation nor destruction of mind any more than there can be creation or destruction of substance, or of the properties of substance, or of motion or of energy ; only can there be change. The difference between the machine and iron ore is intrinsically a difference of form ; the machine is not concealed in the ore, it is not created ; the ore simply changes its form and there results a steam-engine. Similarly, by suitable shuffling of the molecules of inorganic compounds these latter become the blade of grass ; by further shuffling and reshuffling, the grass becomes the bullock, and by yet further change of form the bullock becomes Man. After all, Man is merely an assemblage of the inorganic elements which he has extracted from his food ; that food was itself once a living organism (we have selected a bullock merely for example's sake) that owed its form and being to the aggregation of the inorganic elements in the food (grass) which it ate ; the grass, in its turn, built up its tissues by abstracting the inorganic elements from the air, earth, and water in its immediate vicinity ; if, then, Man has a mind, those elements must surely possess a rudiment of mind. It has been argued that mind may be the effect of some new arrangement of the elements, but it is difficult or, rather, impossible to conceive how any aggregations and arrangements could suddenly introduce into the complex a mind or rudiment of mind that had no analogue in the preceding and more simply arranged elements. "Life," says Haeckel, "is universal ; we could not conceive of its existence in certain aggregates of matter if it did not belong to their constituent elements."

In our search for the phylogenetic origin of mind we traced it as far as the primordial protists, but we cannot allow ourselves to regard even that lowly stage as the terminus of our journey. If those protists arose, as we believe they did, from solutions of the inorganic salts of the earth's crust, the principle of continuity by transition and by summation compels us also to believe that their "minds" arose in a

parallel manner. In other words, we adhere to the hylozoistic view that mind of some kind exists not only in Man and the higher and lower animals, not only in the protists present and past, not only in the colloids, crystalloids, and chemical compounds antecedent to the latter, but in the very molecules and atoms themselves. Whether this "mind" is a third element in the universe, coexistent with matter and energy but distinct from either, whether it is another aspect of matter or energy, or whether it is some particular stereochemic arrangement or some peculiar mode of motion of the ultimate particles of matter, or what *au fond* it is, we do not know and, indeed, unless that which knows can at the same time be that which is known, unless subject and object can be simultaneously identical, we never shall know. If mind has not originated from matter or motion then its conditions must have been present in the nature of existence from all time. Centuries ago the Brahman and Buddhist philosophers insisted that mind could never have originated from motion. Mind, they likened to a lame man; motion, to a blind man. As long as the lame man is upon the blind man's back the pair get along very well together and go where they please, but neither can get about without his comrade. Associated, they mutually serve each other; separated, they are helpless and would soon cease to be. The lame man represents subjectivity, he apperceives, he *directs*; the blind man represents objectivity, he *is directed*, he moves. Whatever may be its ultimate nature we believe that mind—infinitely less organised, no doubt, than the type of which we are cognisant in ourselves—exists throughout all Nature, organic and inorganic. In the so-called inanimate world, mind, though reduced to its simplest terms, none the less possesses almost unlimited potentialities, not the least of which is the capacity, given the requisite time and environment, to develop into the human mind.

There are still people who believe that the soul or mind and the body are two distinct entities which can exist in-

dependently of each other, though this opinion is no longer held by those entitled to be regarded as authorities. Whatever mind is, it certainly is not an entity, although it may possibly be a process having its physical basis in the entity, matter. What is popularly termed mind in Man is that faculty whereby he thinks, reasons, and remembers ; it might be more appropriate to call this faculty "mentation"—a process limited to highly evolved brain-matter—and reserve the term "mind" for that wider and more disseminated faculty which gives to matter in general an "irritability," that is to say, a capacity for receiving and responding to stimuli. The most primitive and essential attribute of mind is sensation ; take away from our consciousness all that we owe to past experience and what remains ? Nothing but the most elementary subjective feeling—that is, sensation. It is by the integration of sensations that the sentient being becomes the thinking being. Mentality is the offspring of associated sensations, it is the outcome of the representativeness of feelings. Here, again, if we ask point blank : "What is a sensation ?" we are compelled to acknowledge complete ignorance. We do know, however, that all sensation is relative ; that is to say, can only be experienced in relation to some previous sensation. We can only sense change ; if the whole world was blue we should possess no sense of colour ; if every sound was constant and of the same pitch and *timbre* we should be quite unaware of the sound-waves around us ; if *all* stimuli were continuous and without change we should lose all sensation and become unconscious ; there is a fund of truth in the popular expression "It is the monotony that kills." Sensation gives rise to thought as follows : the elementary sensations (feelings) are, as it were, collected together and integrated into percepts ; by revival of these percepts are obtained images ; from these images are evolved the higher products of the mind, such as abstraction, generalisation, and other forms of conception. Since, then, sensations are the bricks and mortar out of which the whole edifice of mind is constructed, we should expect to

find in them some element of intelligence, and such an element, there is not the least doubt, does exist—to wit, perception of the past or, in other words, *memory* of preceding experiences. A moment's consideration must convince one that however simple and fleeting a sensation may be, it must last some time and must, therefore, contain the memory of some of the past. A sensation that lasted no time at all could no more exist than could a motion that lasted no time.

In order to get some sort of idea (we do not say a clear idea, for that, it is feared, is outside the bounds of the possible) as to how dim and vague sensations or feelings are knitted up into the elaborate texture of mind, we must examine the latter's machinery and see if it will help us. The whole body of man, as is well known, is built up of myriads of tiny cells, everyone of which, though owing allegiance to, and dependent upon, the cell-community as a whole, lives a separate and independent existence, and has its own sensations and psychic life. The nervous system is built up of cells which are specialised in sensitivity; that is, in receiving, storing, and reacting to impressions. Each of these neurons, as the cells of this particular system are called, is, like the other cells of the body, completely isolated from its fellows. Nevertheless, each one, owing to the fact that it has retained some of the old power of pseudopodial movement possessed by its free-swimming amoeboid ancestors, can throw out minute "feelers" which, coming into contact with similar "feelers" protruded by neighbours, put it into temporary communication with other and, perhaps, far-distant neurons. Just as the "mind" of a swarm of insects, of a herd of animals, of a flock of birds, or of a crowd of men and women consists of the integrated minds of the several individuals that make up respectively the swarm, herd, flock, or crowd, so the mind of the cell-community called Man is the integrated "minds" of the sixty odd trillion little living units of which he is composed. In sleep the neuron shrinks, and so shuts itself off from all the other neurons, and, incidentally, from all the other cells of the body; in the

wideawake state, and especially during action, it puts itself into communication with the other neurons and body-cells. Every neuron is regarded as charged with a kind of "nerve force" called neurokyme, in much the same way that a Leyden jar is charged with electricity. The effect of any stimulus applied to a neuron is to set free in it a surplus quantity of neurokyme. When neurokyme accumulates in any neuron to such an extent that the latter is overcharged, the excess overflows at the *synapse* or junction where two neurons touch, and infiltrates the next neuron, which again, in its turn, becomes overcharged and overflows into its neighbour, and so the process goes on until great groups of neurons and possibly the entire nervous system is highly charged with neural energy. If the surcharge of neurokyme involves especially the motor areas of the nervous system there results an increased capacity for muscular action; if it is the sensorial areas that are involved, the increased capacity is for feeling, perception, etc.; and, similarly, if it is the psychical centres that are implicated there results an increased capacity for thought. In every such case the resulting transformations of energy fall as strictly within the laws of energy conservation as do the various transformations of energy taking place in a steam-engine. The sum total of energy, matter and mind, is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; in short, the sum total of existence is constant.

At this point it will be well to inquire what hylozoism has to say regarding the ultimate fate of mind in a higher organism when the body with which it was associated disintegrates in death. When a man falls asleep, his normal, individual, co-ordinated mentality is temporarily lost owing to the fact that it has undergone a kind of cleavage into a disconnected system of separate minds, each of which is associated with temporarily isolated groups of cells. The brain is to the body as the Cabinet of a great country is to the community. So far as the people are concerned, the Cabinet is a unit existing for the purpose of maintaining law and order, and so ministering to their general wel-

fare. If each member of the Cabinet acted on his own initiative, without reference to colleagues or principal, it is obvious that, owing to the want of co-ordination among the several parts of the governing machine, the standard of governmental efficiency would inevitably fall to a lower level, and, in consequence, there would be a corresponding fall in the standard of the people's welfare. In the unconsciousness of deep, dreamless sleep and other anæsthetic states the psychic individuality of each of these isolated groups of cells is further split up into yet lesser "minds," each of which retires into and becomes isolated in the cell itself, which now in its turn forms a separate psychic individual. In the deepest unconsciousness compatible with the maintenance of protoplasmic life there eventuates a yet further decentralisation of the "mind." Each cell now loses its own "consciousness," "feeling," and "individuality," because the cell-mind has undergone segregation into the "minds" of the biophors, the ultimate protoplasmic units of the cell. In consciousness-recovery, of course, the reverse process is assumed to occur; the biophoral "minds" integrate into cell "minds," these into the "minds" of numerous groups of cells, and these into the "minds" of a few principal centres, and finally these join issue and become the single individual mind of the normal Ego.

Suppose, however, that consciousness-recovery does not take place; that is to say, that there is a continuation of those disintegrative processes which, as we have seen, resulted in a tremendous decentralisation of the individual mind into the "minds" of multitudinous biophors. What happens to the biophoral "mind" when the little unit speck of protoplasm with which it was associated decomposes (in the putrefactive processes of death) into its various molecular components? For the hylozoist there can be but one answer: Further decentralisation. The individual "mind" of the biophor suffers partition into the several "minds" of the molecules. When the molecules "die," that is, when their individuality is destroyed by resolution of the molecule into atoms, the "mind"

of each molecule becomes broken up into the "minds" of the atoms. And so the hylozoist pictures to himself the process going on until decentralisation can go no further; until the bedrock of the universe, the primitive "stuff" of mind and matter, is reached.

If "mind" permeates all matter we should expect to find evidence of a rudimentary form of it inhabiting brute bodies, we should expect to find evidence of both life and mind hidden in the background of all things, we should be at one with the poets who sang :

"Winds, waves, and flames, trees, reeds, and rocks
All live; all are instinct with soul."

We should expect, further, to find, if not removal, a considerable lowering of the barrier between the two kingdoms, animate and inanimate. Let us then see if the dreams and fancies of the poets, the lofty conceptions of philosophers, can be brought nearer into line with the facts of the scientists. One of the first things that strikes the observant student of Nature is the persistent way in which those two elemental forces "attraction" and "repulsion" run, like warp and woof, through the fabric of all phenomena, whether pertaining to atoms or humanities, often producing in the most diverse things results which are astonishingly similar. A simple atom either attracts or repels another simple atom, but that higher product of evolution, the compound atom, not only attracts and repels but, in addition, exhibits a decided selective power, it "chooses" its partners, seizing one, rejecting another; in a word it has become, as compared with its more easily satisfied and less exclusive progenitor the simple atom, very "discriminative." When a youth comes within the sphere of attraction of a comely maiden he is attracted by her with as much certainty as is the north pole of one magnet by the south pole of another; they become lovers, they are mutually complementary (spelt with an "i" or an "e"), their "affinities are satisfied," so much so that should another youth wander within their "sphere of influence" he is

violently "repelled," sometimes with a considerable "exhibition of heat." Again, when two suns—we allude to cosmic bodies, to "heavenly twins"—come within one another's zone of disturbance, each describes an orbit around a common centre of gravity, its centripetal attraction exactly balancing the centrifugal dispersal consequent upon its original motion. For precisely similar reasons a moth, rushing towards a candle-flame, changes a rectilinear for a curvilinear motion and circles round and round the flame, now impelled towards it by the joy of the light, now repelled from it by the pain of the heat; and so, also, two pugilists, before they come to actual fisticuffs, skip warily around a centre that is common to both because each of them is torn by two conflicting emotions—the desire to pummel his opponent's face, and the desire to maintain his own face intact.

As we have already said, one of the most characteristic features of mind in the higher animals is memory, that faculty of recalling impressions previously received. Though seen at its best in man, there is no lack of evidence to show that it is present in the lowliest of animals, and even in plants, which undoubtedly "remember and forget," as, we think, the following experiment will show. A plant whose flowers opened and shut at sunrise and sunset respectively was transported to a perfectly dark cellar. For several days, despite the complete absence of any light stimulus, the incarcerated flowers continued to open at the hour of sunrise and to close at the hour of sunset; they "remembered" their customary time of "getting up" and "going to bed." "But," says the reader, "it is one thing to associate memory with a plant which, however humble, is yet a living organism, but it is quite another thing to claim its association with not-living matter." To which we would reply: "Can you in justice deny to the magnetic needle which orientates itself in space with so unswerving an allegiance to a higher power, can you deny to the salt which not only builds up with mathematical precision exquisite crystalline forms but even reconstructs them

when they are mutilated, can you deny to these 'inanimate' things that which you are prepared to grant exists in a plant?" In case the critical reader is still sceptical, we will quote an experiment of Hartmann's bearing on the existence of incipient "memory" in the inorganic world. To one end of a rod of soft metal of uniform calibre was suspended a weight which was just too heavy for the rod to bear; the latter, of course, elongated and began to thin out at its weakest part preparatory to breaking. However, before actual rupture occurred, Hartmann removed the weight and allowed the rod a prolonged rest in which to recuperate after its severe strain. During this period of convalescence a marvellous process of repair was carried out, adjacent molecules were, to speak symbolically, hurriedly mobilised to the threatened zone to reinforce it, and so effectually were these forces disposed that what was the weakest part of the rod became the very strongest, as the second part of the experiment proves. After giving the rod sufficient rest, Hartmann rolled it to make it once more of uniform thickness. Again the rod was subjected to a breaking strain, and again it elongated and threatened to rupture, but *never at the same place*. Does not this show that the metal in some manner retained the impression of past experiences and adjusted its internal parts in such way as to strengthen them against future attacks? The whole behaviour of the metal is paralleled by that of bone during the process of repair following a fracture. In both cases, too, the repaired zone remains ever after the strongest region, both the "dead" metal and the "living" bone will rupture under some future violence at any point rather than that marking the site of the old injury. Again, glass is a material which breaks readily under a suddenly applied strain, though it will bend to a most extraordinary degree if the same strain be gradually applied, the extra time so given enabling the glass to effect certain internal dispositions which prevent fracture; in other words, the glass "adapts itself to a new environment," a process that must surely entail

memory of some kind. As a last example we take a homely one that is probably within everyone's experience. It is well known that a razor that has been overworked by incessant use gets "tired" and becomes unable to cope with the least job of work, unless, indeed, it should happen to find in its path one of those cutaneous excrescences known as pimples, when it bursts forth into a malicious activity. Now, what does the owner of the razor do under these circumstances—we won't repeat what he says? He locks it away in a drawer and gives it a long rest, during which it "recovers" and by and by returns to duty as active and sharp as—a razor.

Analogies between the so-called three kingdoms of Nature are dangerous things with which to play, but they should not on that account be wholly spurned or ignored as mere coincidences beneath notice. The facts that hæmoglobin and chlorophyll, the two respiratory agents in the higher animals and plants, are closely allied in chemical composition, that sunlight will "tan" a piece of gold, an autumn leaf, or a maiden's face, and that potassium bromide will slow the activity of a photographic developing solution or of a human brain do, to say the least, suggest that the difference between living and not-living matter is but a difference of degree. Everything seems to point to the hylozoistic conception of mind pervading all matter as being that which fits most known facts; mind, however, which must be regarded as highly differentiated at that end of the scale associated with Man, and as lowly differentiated at the other end of the scale where it is associated with the "dust of the earth" from which Man *has* evolved.

Nothing is constant but change; things as now they are were not in the past nor will be in the future. Could we but look backward through the long vistas of time at our own particular world-system what a different spectacle would confront our eyes! Our solid globe, freighted with its seething humanity, would be dissipated, as a tear dropped in the sea or a sigh breathed in the air, throughout a vast whirling fire-mist,

This huge incandescent cloud, whose dimensions would extend far beyond the present orbit of Neptune, was the potential mother of our sun and all its retinue of planets and satellites, of worlds past, present, and to come. Disseminated throughout its fiery vapours we must imagine, with Tyndall, as lying latent, not only *matter*, such as this earth and the organisms that flourish on its surface, not only *motion*, from the majestic sweep of planets to the giddy dance of electrons, but that insolvable complex of activities and processes which embody our sorrows, failures, and fears, our joys, triumphs, and hopes—in short, our *minds*. But it by no means follows that these three elements—matter, motion, and mind—are the fundamentals of the universe; in fact, the general principle of continuity, the principle of the homogeneity of the complex and its parts, bids us look behind them and endeavour to trace their derivation from some one thing. And that one mysterious, immeasurable, and eternal reality—what is it? Is it Psyche or is it Physis? We know not; posterity must solve this cosmic riddle. For hylozoist and monist alike there is but one entity, the ether; already the physicist has played into the hands of the monist by dematerialising matter into a motion or restless vortex in the ether, perchance mind may prove to be yet another aspect of this boundless ocean of substance; perchance it is the ether in perfect rest and repose.

C. MARSH BEADNELL.

THE METHOD OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

THE REV. LAIRD WINGATE SNELL,

Rector of St Luke's Church, Jamestown, New York.

THE appearance in this practical and materialistic age of a considerable sect that employs the methods of old-time mysticism for the attainment of practical and material ends is surely significant. Entertain for a moment the supposition that prayer and mystical contemplation prove to be man's most completely practical occupation, that the relation between the ills of the flesh and the highest exercise of the spirit be demonstrated such as to make the law of survival bid mankind, "Pray! Pray much! Stand by the mystic within you; practise the presence of God! As ye would live, be not doers only but knowers of the word!"—it would constitute such an outward sanction for inward religion as the world has hardly heretofore possessed.

There is a way that is vain and a way distinctly fruitful, by either of which Christian Science can be approached. To come seeking a creed, asking what one is to believe, looking for a reasoned theory of things, is to come in vain. For Mrs Eddy's thought is nowhere constructive—is rarely, indeed, coherent. A condition of coherent thinking is the use of defined concepts. In Mrs Eddy's use, concepts are never defined—their outlines change from sentence to sentence like dissolving views. Thus at one moment, "matter" is included under the idealistic concept: "All is infinite mind, infinite manifestation"; the next, matter appears as illusion

or hallucination, evidenced by instances of delusive sense-perception; and again, the word imports temporary or secondary reality: "Matter is ever non-intelligent . . . and scripture saith that dust returns to dust. The non-intelligent relapses into unreality." When the troublesome question arises as to our criteria for distinguishing matter, and "the errors of mortal mind" from reality and truth, Mrs Eddy replies that "all that is beautiful and good in your individual consciousness is permanent. That which is not so, is illusive and fading. My insistence upon a proper understanding of the unreality of matter and evil arises from their deleterious effects upon the race" (*Unity of Good*, 18th ed., p. 10); by which matter is identified with whatever seems evil to each individual's consciousness. Try again to seize her concept of evil—one must catch it on the wing as it flits from one to another contradictory meaning.

It is usual in treating of Christian Science to note resemblances, as a rule superficial, between this modern sect and the ancient sect of Gnostics. Milman, however, notes that the Gnostics "dealt not with conceptions but with symbols"; and it is strictly true of Mrs Eddy's utterances that they deal "not with conceptions but with symbols." She has, as will appear, an entirely definite practical end to attain. Towards its attainment she does not employ—is apparently incapable of employing—coherent thought. But for the whole length of a long book, we behold a scantily furnished and inept mind straining the limits of its limited capacities to lay hold upon and subject to its purpose any and every chance article of mental furniture to be turned into symbols, which—if not by fairness, then by force—shall be made to enforce her end. This gives a true, not to say complete, account of Mrs Eddy's astonishing English style.

Mrs Eddy's practical end is the inculcation of a special form of immediate knowledge of God. The second-century Christian sect, as the name "Gnostic" records, practised just such an immediate, esoteric "knowing" of God—a "gnosis"; and while Christian Science cannot be said to show genuine

correspondence with ancient Gnosticism, in this central feature the two are alike; and "Christian Scientists," in no sense scientists, are, in the technical sense, gnostics.

Laying aside, then, the question of underlying theory, the search for a philosophy, and considering Christian Science purely as a practice, asking what it bids one do, there come to view three facts of significance:

1. Christian Science inculcates healing suggestion to the extreme possible limit.

2. Christian Science inculcates faith in God to the extreme possible limit.

3. Christian Science inculcates, on the basis of faith in God, an induced state of consciousness by which therapeutic self-suggestion seems to become uniquely efficacious; and in which one person seems to be able to affect another person's symptoms.

Measured by the largeness of truth the human mind at its largest is small; and when a moderately big truth is forcing its way to new expression it is often necessary that it take up the whole minds of a section of humanity, and make of them zealots or fanatics. Fanatics are, as it were, vicarious sufferers, whose mental balance is sacrificed to the birth of some new or neglected truth. Thus Christian Scientists are demonstrating the possibilities that lie open to a society that uses healing suggestion to the utmost, that aims to make it a uniform social practice. Their every custom is an act of obedience to this principle. Ugliness, sickness, accidents, death, are ruled out as subjects of conversation, and when touched upon it is with euphemisms aimed to turn evil suggestion to good. Newspapers and miscellaneous reading must be eschewed, especially by persons under treatment, for these do not accord with healing thought. For like reason, Christian Scientists must leave the Church that perceives suffering to be integral to the divine economy, and constitute a fellowship of their own. And for "full benefit" one must take the step of all steps most potent in auto-suggestion—

must "come out and be separate," a convert to the new sect. With extreme repetition narrowly selected passages of scripture with Mrs Eddy's interpretations are daily read, and the Sunday services provide the crystallising moments for the carefully directed thought of the week. The Wednesday evening meeting, largely given over to testifying, is electric with suggestion, and "full benefit," again, waits upon giving testimony, with all the potentialities that lie in public testifying for effective auto-suggestion.

Every sentence in *Science and Health* has its reason for being in this principle. Those minds for which defined concepts and rational method are not a desideratum Mrs Eddy's book effectively reaches, as it hammers away with colossal disregard for logic and English idiom on the two points that sin and pain and evil and all that one connects therewith ARE NOT; goodness, wholeness, God, alone ARE. And, breaking through all logic and reason, she demonstrates, not the truth of her statements, but the possibilities of suggestion when practised by an entire society.

Therapeutic suggestion carried to its extreme limit explains Mrs Eddy's emphatic denouncing of medicine and ordinary medical practice. Taking a dose of medicine involves indeed the suggestion of getting well, but involves with that the admission that one is sick. If the aim be the elimination by suggestion of the very consciousness of sickness, be the endeavour to transform the consciousness of being sick by sheer force of the vitalised idea that sickness is not—and precisely this is the aim of Christian Science practice—it becomes plain that the taking of medicine or the submitting to ordinary practice is no less than treason to Christian Science, is the cutting away of the very foundations of its method.

The second feature of Christian Science practice is faith in God carried to its extreme limit. Belief in "malicious animal magnetism," to be sure, is limitation of the severest order upon faith in God. It may with reason be held,

however, that that belief is not a true part of Christian Science, but was a personal limitation of Mrs Eddy's.

Christian Science practice rests upon the postulate that God, the sum of reality, is good; that God is whole; that you and I are His manifestation; hence you and I are good and whole, else we should not be His manifestation. What is not good and whole being no part of Him is no part of reality, and *is not* save as we make it to be—an induced hallucination, as it were, disappearing when by denying its reality we cease to induce it.

Various questions spring from this fundamental postulate which Christian Scientists do not trouble to answer. Refusing even to consider the question: Whence—if God is all—comes “mortal mind”; and whence its power—if all power is of God—to bind men in the chains of “error,” they confess that what they offer is no thought-out truth. In addition, is an entire series of profound problems springing from their postulate to which they give no heed: Whether God's self-manifestation may be—not “you and I,” but—you and I infinitesimal parts in an infinite progress, from the imperfect towards the perfect, from the material into the spiritual, from being animals to being Sons of God; Whether matter and its rigid laws may not constitute the discipline of growing souls and a growing race, and whether such discipline is good—whether the law of contagion, for example, may be God teaching the race the brotherhood of man; Whether material facts are not God's alphabet spelling truth too large for finite comprehension, and whether denying half the facts reads us the whole of truth; Whether the Kingdom comes save through men's overcoming, and whether the world's vast sea of evil may be God's challenge to the whole race of man to overcome and be eternally established in holy personality and a divine society; Whether our Lord taught—as, for instance, when he said, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me”—that compassion is primary in the spirit of goodness,

and whether compassion could grow to the likeness of God in the hearts of men were suffering unreal and Calvary a pantomime; Whether—granting an age-long progress for this world, and life unending for the world to come—death, or the passing of the bodies of individuals, is not good.

To these questions and the facts of evil the Christian Science answer is the closed mind. Practically, as a basis for healing by social suggestion, the advantage of this attitude is evident. Nothing could serve so well as a fulcrum for immediate results; it makes possible confident attack upon any and every case. And though that confidence repeatedly proves vain, and oftentimes harmful, by reason of the large element of irrationality in their working postulate, it remains true that only action based upon such an extreme postulate could reveal *at once* the possibilities of the method. Its efficacy depends upon confidence; and only confident trial of all cases alike can declare with what cases and in what measure the method will avail.

By far the most effective and significant factor in Christian Science practice is the self-induced state of consciousness called “realising God.” It results from continued, concentrated contemplation directed upon the fundamentals of their faith. In this contemplation the followers of Mrs Eddy find her written words indispensable. The form of contemplation has a twofold aspect: first, the nature of God, which may be variously contemplated as cleanness, wholeness, truth, life, light, love, harmony; and secondly, individual oneness with God, the identity of my nature with God’s nature of cleanness and wholeness, life and light.

If this contemplation be practised assiduously in the face of pain or physical distress, day after day and week after week till the lesson is learned, the time comes when consciousness takes on temporarily a new character—the knowledge of God becomes a diffused glow radiating to all the corners of the mind, the thought of God creates an harmonious organisation of the entire body of consciousness—from the centre through

the penumbra out past the bounds of thought ; it is not a wrought-up emotional sense of God's presence, it is not a rapt exaltation of one's personality, it has nothing of the ecstatic, need have nothing of the emotional ; it is strictly an organisation of the body of consciousness so that all radiates from the centre "God" in full rich content of that supreme concept. In the light of the fact, God, thus conceived and made to dominate consciousness, the ills and discords of the body—but now insistent as centres of consciousness, clamouring for exclusive recognition, forcing themselves upon the mind—become indifferent, impertinent, impossible. This is Mrs Eddy's esoteric "knowing of the divine mind"—the Christian Science "gnosis."

In order properly to set forth the physical results which follow from bringing disease face to face with this state of consciousness repeatedly induced, there needs such careful scientific determination and collaboration of data as has not yet been begun. Three or four statements of fact are possible without such scientific investigation. First is the specific fact that when this consciousness can be attained under conditions of bodily pain, the pain stops. Second is the fact that besides pain it affects other abnormal symptoms. Its effects will probably be found to be such as follow a marked augmentation of vital energy. Third, it may affect the symptoms of another person who is being held in mind while the particular consciousness is being induced and endures. This can be scientifically established as a fact. From the point of view of science it is the most significant feature of the method, as showing that the brain can be constituted a source of energy affecting immediately other organisms.

The effects of the induced consciousness upon abnormal symptoms are of course subject to natural laws and rigid limitations—not, however, as it happens, the laws and limitations usually predicated *a priori* by physicians. The effects are of a nature to explain, not to say to make inevitable on the part of minds not schooled in the scientific temper, the

extravagant claims and expectations as to disease and its cure put forth by Christian Scientists.

When "realising God" in repeated periods of concentrated contemplation is practised in a wholly Christian way and not under Christian Science limitations, making the personal God of the Incarnation—"the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity"—the object of contemplation, the moral effects become even more significant than the physical. The practice cuts below the abnormal habit to its roots, and that speedily. It is the straight path to moral normality; it shows man to be made for God—so made for God that consciousness itself is normal only as His Incarnation is its centre and His presence gives it cast and colour. In this its true employ, "realising God" is prayer in the form that makes prayer the one thorough-going, economical, and sufficient discipline for the development of the whole man in the likeness of Christ.

Throughout the Christian ages mystics and men of prayer have practised and attained this state of consciousness, have laboured to make the realisation of God their habitual and permanent state of mind, and have carefully elaborated and taught popular methods of mystical practice and prayer. By its means saints and mystics of all ages have wrought cures or endured the flames, or—through the direction their thoughts have taken—have, like St Francis, received the stigmata of crucifixion, or, like St Catherine of Siena, shared the dying agonies of their Lord.

Ours has been an age that had forgotten contemplation, that was impatient of mysticism and mystical meditation, patronising towards prayer as having a possible subjective value, and that took for granted a crassly materialistic therapeutic. In such an age Mrs Eddy has reduced to a method and brought to the fore a mystical practice which, though inferior, and limited in scope, in comparison to the earlier Christo-centric methods, yet within its limits, works. She wins a large following, creates a great organisation, commands vast material resources, and brings home to the age with

amazing force the reality of prayer and the practical value of mystical practice. In a day demanding immediate material results, she lays all emphasis on immediate results in physical comfort, bodily health, and material well-being. In a day that thinks in terms of causality and natural law, she brings a mystical prayer-method into manifest relationship to material causality; and spiritual healing, a recognised phenomenon of all times, she places for the first time squarely on the basis of natural law. It may be this fact that she aimed to express in the name "Christian Science," though oddly enough she denies *in toto* the reality of causality and the reign of law. That which is original in all that has been attributed to Mrs Eddy will probably prove to be solely this, that long-known facts and practices of healing by prayer and faith she has so organised and popularised as to bring them within reach of scientific investigation and adequate formulation of their law.

The Apostle Paul had occasion to observe with regard to the beginnings of Christianity that "God chose the foolish things of the world that He might put to shame them that are wise, . . . and the base things of the world and the things that are despised did God choose, yea, and the things that are not, that He might bring to nought the things that are; that no flesh should glory before God." It may be that, at a time when modern science and scientists had proved not uninclined to "glory," prone to wax dogmatic and boast their knowledge of what was or was not possible with God, God chose a woman, ignorant, illogical, irrational, from the standpoint of science emphatically "nought," through whom to remind us that He can still bring truth to earth through "fools" and "babes" in intellect, and that the scientific method has not yet delimited His Ways.

In the history of Christianity it has repeatedly happened that a sect has separated itself on the ground of some truth obscured by the trend of the age or forgotten, and has flourished for a time; then, when the ultimate meaning and worth of the movement have become manifest and proven,

the historic Church, keeping steadily true to all that truth of the race's deepest experience of which her very form and substance and being are the embodiment, has quietly added this fresh experience and emphasis to the stones of her living Temple; thus always and by every means approaching her ideal, "the Church, His Body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

So it will be again. And not without significance would seem in this connection the fact that the American branch of the ancient English Church has been foremost among established Christian organisations in this country to recognise the place within the Church of physical healing by spiritual means, both by its widespread activities along the lines of the "Emmanuel Movement" and similar lines, and by its discussions in General Convention of the possible restoration of the ancient office for healing by means of prayer and "anointing with oil in the name of the Lord." Whatever may be true in general of these particular movements and methods, they at least show a growing consciousness of the place of healing prayer as a function of the Church, and give promise that "the practice of the presence of God," with its intensely practical relation to all human well-being—the ancient but neglected truth which has occasioned the passing Christian Science movement — will shortly come to its own under wholly Christian forms, be seen in proper perspective, and receive its adequate and effective emphasis, in the coming life of the Church at large.

LAIRD WINGATE SNELL.

JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

TEACHING WHICH BECOMES PRACTICE.

TWO WORLD-WIDE MOVEMENTS AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE.

I.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR MOVEMENT.

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.,

President of the World's Christian Endeavour Union.

HAD some Peter the Hermit a generation ago proclaimed a great crusade for young people and children, and had he enlisted in the course of thirty years fifteen millions of adherents in every land and in every Protestant denomination, and had he sent them out to labour for the poor and the neglected, to comfort the sick and the shut-in, to keep alive the spiritual life of the sailor upon the sea, to light the spark of devotion in the hearts of tens of thousands of prisoners, and, above all, to labour in season and out for their own churches and their own denominational missionary organisations, while at the same time they train themselves for larger usefulness in the future—the world would have stood amazed at the result of such a crusade, and would have compared it more than favourably with the enthusiasm among the youth of the twelfth century, aroused by the hermit of old.

All these results have been accomplished during the past four-and-thirty years by the modern young people's movement, but they have been accomplished so quietly and with so little ostentation, so many Peters with flaming enthusiasm

have had a part in the results, that half the Christian world to-day scarcely knows of this uprising of the youth, and have still less knowledge of what it has accomplished.

It is admitted by practically everyone, I think, that, so far as this movement had a human origin, it started in the Williston Congregational Church in Portland, Maine, on the 2nd of February 1881, in the formation in that church of its Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour. There was no thought on the part of the pastor or the church or of any of the young people who were assembled on that eventful evening that they were starting a movement, much less a crusade, which would sweep around the world and affect far more nations than ever a crusade of the ancient hermit affected. It was merely the simplest kind of an experiment to put larger responsibility upon the young Christians of that one church for the work which they, as young people, could appropriately be expected to accomplish.

It was felt that there must be some common meeting-place for conference, inspiration, suggestion, and prayer, and so the young people's prayer meeting, which was by no means a new idea, was adopted by this organisation as its weekly rallying-point. To this prayer meeting the young people of this first society pledged their attendance and their participation. Not that they were expected to read a paper or preach a sermon, or give a glib exhortation. Any such efforts would doubtless soon have killed the meeting and the movement. But it was expected that they should consider carefully the subject of the meeting, that they should read their Bibles with reference to it, and that they should be ready to contribute, if not a thought of their own, at least a verse of Scripture or the thought of some other person bearing upon the subject of the meeting.

The meeting, however, was not for the sake of developing embryonic orators, though it has proved to be the place where thousands of ministers and public speakers heard their voice in public for the first time, and really started on their future

career. But millions of others have never developed into orators or public speakers. Still, all have gained more or less inspiration for the practical service of the church which the society was formed to promote.

This practical service was done, by that first society and by those that have succeeded it, largely by committees. It is a foolish and ancient piece of alleged humour to speak of the best committee as "a committee of three with two absent." A committee, as the young people have found in these societies, is a certain number of persons to whom something has been committed—some definite, specific, special work, for which they are responsible.

The prayer-meeting committee of this earliest of all societies was to arrange for the best possible weekly prayer meeting. The look-out committee was to look out for new members and to introduce them to their work. The social committee was to make the new members acquainted with the older ones and with each other. The missionary committee, the music committee, the Sunday-School committee,—all can be easily understood from their very names.

More than half a hundred different kinds of work the young people throughout the world have found to do for their own churches and their own communities, and even the "snake-killing committees" in India and the "finger-nail committees" (to keep the nails of the young Hindus out of half-mourning) have not been without their usefulness and significance.

Some eight years after the first Society of Christian Endeavour was formed in Portland, the first Epworth League was started in one of the Methodist Churches of America. The Young People's Baptist Union, in the Baptist Churches, was begun about this time; also the Wesley Guild in Great Britain, and other denominational young people's societies, which have many features in common with the Christian Endeavour movement, and which the leaders of these denominations themselves generously acknowledge drew much of

their inspiration from it, followed. Many other denominational young people's societies were formed at different times, but most of them have now become amalgamated with the Christian Endeavour movement, adopting its name, either alone or in connection with their denominational name, so that now throughout the world there are doubtless 120,000 of these young people's societies, with substantially the same principles and the same methods, with between five and six millions of members enlisted in their ranks. These figures are only approximate, but I think they are fairly estimated. Of these some eighty thousand are Christian Endeavour societies with some four millions of members.

There have been, of course, many other kinds of young people's organisations formed, more or less in affiliation with the churches, like the Boy Brigades, the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, the Knights of King Arthur, etc. Though these organisations may be related to the young people's movement, I am not considering them in this article, since their aim is not distinctly religious, and oftentimes they have no direct connection with any local church, as have the young people's societies of which I am speaking.

A significant feature of the young people's movement is its gregariousness, and that was to be expected, for young people have no love for solitude and like to join with others, whether for good or evil. In the societies of Christian Endeavour a remarkable sense of fellowship has been developed. They have organised themselves into numberless groups, local unions for individual towns or cities, where the societies in a union number from two to two hundred, county, state, and provincial unions, holding annual meetings which are often of great interest and inspirational power. National Christian Endeavour unions, too, have been formed in almost every Christian land and in many missionary countries, such as India, China, and Japan.

These unions have brought together the young Christians of practically all the evangelical denominations throughout

the world. Even the denominations that still maintain distinctive denominational young people's societies of their own, are only limited sections of the larger denominational family. Take it the world over, the Christian Endeavour movement has probably been more largely adopted by Methodists than any other body. Next come the Presbyterians, then the Baptists, Disciples of Christ, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Reformed, Church of England, Episcopal of America, and a multitude of the subdivisions of these denominations. It is an actual fact that in the Pennsylvania State Christian Endeavour Union, which embraces from three to four thousand societies, there are forty-six different denominations represented. So this young people's movement has become a great solvent of denominational differences so far as the youth are concerned. It has brought them together in fellowship such as they have never known, and has promoted the spirit of what the boys would call "team play" in a remarkable degree.

The combinations of these young people's societies for Christian service and for fellowship, while entirely spontaneous developments, undreamed of at the beginning, have been most interesting and suggestive of the multitudinous forms of Christian effort. For instance, the nineteen different Christian Endeavour Unions of London, each of which is composed of some scores of societies, are all united in the great London Federation, with five or six hundred societies all told, if I am not mistaken, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire Federations are equally strong and vigorous, composed of many local unions and of many hundreds of societies.

All the countries of Europe, most of which have their national organisations, are united in the European Union, while all the countries in the world have joined together in the World's Christian Endeavour Union, which holds its meetings quadrennially, and in cities as remote from one another as Washington and London and Geneva and Agra. An epidemic of smallpox alone prevented the latest World's Convention from being held in Sydney, Australia.

The numbers who attend these meetings are astounding. The first great convention was held something more than twenty years ago in New York City. Provision was made for some ten thousand delegates, but more than thirty thousand attended, quite swamping the accommodation even in that great metropolis. A still larger meeting was held in Boston, Massachusetts, where the registered delegates actually numbered, by count, 56,420. Meetings almost as large have been held in London and in many other parts of the world.

While audiences should be weighed as well as counted, it is surely a significant thing that religious themes and plans for religious service should bring together such a multitude of the youth of many lands, turning their enthusiasm, their joyful songs, their unbounded vitality and energy, toward the things that make for righteousness.

A very practical and, just now, very important result of this fellowship is its international as well as its interdenominational character. At many of the great conventions in America and Great Britain delegates from many lands, and speaking many languages, are present. At the World's Convention in Geneva, and also in Agra, India, more than thirty different languages were spoken by the delegates, though in the former city the addresses were all made in French, German, or English, and in the latter, either in English or Hindustani.

But in quieter and less conspicuous ways this fellowship is also illustrated, as in the Christian Endeavour holiday homes in England, Ireland, and Scotland, in France and Germany, where delegates from the different nations are entertained and the next year receive a return visit from their hosts. Alas, that this particular phase of the fellowship is interrupted, as I write, by the world war!

But the Christian Endeavour Fellowship, I believe, though disturbed, is not broken by the war, and a good illustration of the way in which it can be easily renewed when peace is declared was given in Cape Town, South Africa,

when, a few months after the Boer War, British Endeavourers and Dutch Endeavourers came together to unite in their various languages in repeating the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm, and in singing together, some in Dutch and some in English, to the old tune of Dennis, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." In this audience I saw not a few young men who had recently been in prison in St Helena or Ceylon, and who belonged to some of the many Christian Endeavour societies formed in the prison camps, while other young men in that audience had lately worn the khaki of the British soldier.

The development of the work for sailors has been most interesting. Many so-called "floating societies" have been formed upon the ships of the United States and British navies and the vessels of the merchant marine as well. Another equally important branch of the work has been done by the young people on shore, especially those of Great Britain, who have thus been led to take a special interest in their brethren on the sea, sending them Christmas packages and frequent letters of good cheer, and showing them that they are not forgotten during their lonesome vigils on the ocean.

The development of work for the prisoners has been largely confined to the United States, where the wardens and chaplains have been very hospitable to the Christian Endeavourers and allow them free access to the prisons to hold meetings and to form societies, to which, during the past twenty years, have belonged some five thousand prisoners who have professed reform. So far as their careers after leaving prison could be followed, these men have not been unworthy of the society which they joined when behind the bars.

My space will not allow me to describe the united efforts of the young people of these societies for the inmates of hospitals, to whom they regularly carry songs and flowers, the evangelistic efforts at street corners, in the almshouses, street-car barns, and other places where men congregate, the efforts

made by the unions of many societies to give a multitude of poor children a summer outing, or the numberless forms of philanthropic and benevolent work which the lively ingenuity of the young people can devise, directed and guided, as it always is, by the older and more mature members of the societies.

I would not, of course, claim that religious work for the young began thirty-four years ago, or even that the first young people's religious society was then formed. As a matter of fact, such societies had often been formed, and somewhat on the order of the modern Christian Endeavour Society. A little book has recently been found, written by the famous Cotton Mather, the author of a prodigious number of books, entitled *Proposals for the Revival of Dying Religion by Well-Ordered Societies for that Purpose*. This book, though not discovered by the general public until long after the Christian Endeavour movement had grown strong, describes a society which has many features in common with the modern young people's organisation, even to the provision for keeping the membership an active one, and weeding out from time to time those who have lost their interest, or are wilfully negligent of their duties. This article, in the quaint language of two hundred years ago, says :

“ Let the List be once a quarter called over : and then, If it be observed, that any of the Society have much absented themselves, Let there be some sent unto them, to inquire the Reason of their Absence : and if no Reason be given, but such as intimates an Apostacy from good Beginnings, Let them upon Obstinacy, after loveing and faithful Admonitions, be Obliterated.”

This society, however, and others like it, which were formed in different parts of New England, were not sympathetically received by the churches, and were soon frozen out, for in those days the proverb that children—and young people as well—should be seen and not heard, had great weight in the Church as well as in family life. Ever since Cotton Mather's time, and doubtless long before, groups of young people have come together for prayer and consultation and service, but in 1881 began the thorough organisation of these groups along

definite lines—an organisation which has resulted in their multiplication a thousandfold, and in the fellowship which is such a marked feature of the present-day movement.

The religious spirit and purpose of this old society of Cotton Mather's, however, and of all similar sporadic and short-lived efforts, was the principle of all these modern societies, the reason for their existence, and their recent rapid growth in all parts of the world. They have sprung up and flourished simply because their time had come. The soil was prepared for them, the larger tolerance of the churches to new ideas made them possible, and though they have endured much opposition and ridicule, even in these days, the appeal that they make is so consonant, not only with the nature of the young people but with the times in which we live, that every year they have grown vastly in numbers and influence and in the consciousness of the mission which is theirs.

The following, I believe, are reasons for the growth and apparent stability of this movement. In the first place, as I have said, the young people's societies of Christian Endeavour, and others like them, appeal to the *religious nature* of young people. I know that there are some who are inclined to deny that religion makes a genuine appeal to the young. Their apparent frivolity and giddiness and restiveness under serious appeals—these things are but the chaff which cover up a deep, underlying religious nature that has not yet been seared by the cares of business, the demands of pleasure, or the hot iron of lust.

As a rule, I believe young people are far more open to a religious appeal than those in middle life. In fact, this proposition demands no argument. The period of conversion and of awakening to spiritual things is largely the age of adolescence—all statistics prove this. I think I may confidently appeal to the memories of my readers, that their own religious natures were more keen and sensitive in their youth than in maturer years. Almost every honest biography that has been written declares this truth.

On this account the Christian Endeavour Society, which is distinctly religious in its appeal, is welcomed by a vast number of young people, consciously or unconsciously. The society has never refused to proclaim that it is, first, last, and all the time, a religious society. It has never ignored its religious obligations. It has always begun its pledge with some such formula as—

“Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do.”

Its very name, “Christian Endeavour,” shows to every applicant for membership that it demands a strenuous effort to serve the Master and the present generation in all the ways that young Christians can properly do so. Its weekly prayer meeting has always been an essential feature of the organisation. The monthly consecration and covenant meeting has always insisted on a roll-call, when the personal obligation of each active member is brought to his mind, and several of the committees, however large and varied the activities of the society, have had to do with the distinctly religious life of the young people.

Nor has the society ever found it necessary to sugar-coat its appeals, to put the chief emphasis on football or lawn-tennis or picnics or Christmas fêtes. These things have always been incidental and distinctly subordinate to the great aims of the society. A multitude of young people’s societies have failed, during the last thirty years, simply because the nature of young people was not understood, and it was thought that nothing but amusements and regalia and badges and banners would appeal to them.

Another reason why the young people’s movement has assumed such proportions in so short a time, is that it has met their needs in furnishing real service that satisfies their spiritual natures. Not only are young people essentially religious, but they demand, consciously or unconsciously, something in which they may express their spiritual activities as well as their

physical powers. You cannot keep a healthy baby still. If a growing boy or girl is put in a strait-jacket, his physical powers will soon be atrophied. It is the same way with his spiritual nature. It demands something to do, but how little the Church has given the young people to do in the past! Its attitude has not been different from that of the father in Israel who, it is alleged, said to young William Carey, when he desired to go as a missionary to the heathen, "Sit down, young man; sit down. When the Lord wants to save the heathen world, he can do it without your aid or mine."

Not that the older generation did not believe that the world needed *their* aid, but they had very little belief in its need of the aid of the younger generation. Even to-day how little is given by the Church to the young people to do. The minister is glad to have them sit in the pews and listen to his sermons: the Sunday-School teacher is glad to have them come to the class and pay attention to the lesson: there is no reason why they should not go to the weekly meeting of the church, but how little concern does the average church take in furnishing some real service which the young people can do, or service which is appropriate to their years and their ability, and which is just as important and necessary as the service which the older people can render!

To this task the Christian Endeavour movement has applied itself, and not without some success at least. It has found and made definite the ways in which the young people can be of real value in the cause of religion. It is always finding new ways, as the ingenuity of the young people themselves suggests things that can be done for the Church, for the community, for those in sad or evil circumstances. I have been surprised at the resourcefulness of the young people in these matters, and the new methods which they have invented, at the wise plans which they have put into practice for the service of all classes and conditions of men.

But this is only the working out of their natural spiritual activities when they have a chance to expand. The Christian

Endeavour movement has simply given them an opportunity, has opened the way for their individual and united effort, has told them what work to do and how it can be done, through the example of others, for when one society finds a good method or a good plan, thousands of others soon adopt it.

Again, the Christian Endeavour movement has been a constant exemplification of the important psychological rule that there should be no impression without expression. When only the emotions are stirred and no real effort is made to put in practice the stirring truth, it is worse than if the spirit had not been aroused at all. Every meeting, every committee, every organised effort of the individual Christian Endeavour Society or of the unions into which they are combined, is an effort to put in practice the truths of religion, the truths of the pulpit, of the Sunday School, of the pastor's class, and of the religious paper and book.

In all the ages past the Church has been impressing truth upon the young. Almost every organisation from the time of the Apostles has had that in view. The pulpit, the Sunday School, the church paper and religious tract—these have all made their impression, and have existed chiefly for the impression of truth. Where do we find an organised effort to put these truths into practice, to see that the one taught also becomes a teacher and a doer? It is the most difficult part of the programme of the Church. It is comparatively easy to preach: it is not so difficult to teach; but to see that the teaching and preaching are put into practice by each individual, to see that each one has an opportunity, at least, to do the things that he has been taught—to do, this is another matter, and, because it is the most difficult task of all, it has often been neglected. But this, as I say, is the real service which the Christian Endeavour movement has rendered to the churches. It has opened scores and scores of channels for the activities of the young people connected with it.

I have already spoken of the team work which has been developed, of the fellowship which has resulted in the com-

munity, the state, the nation, the world. This perhaps may be considered a by-product of Christian Endeavour, but it is no less an important one, and none the less a natural outgrowth of the needs of the young. In this fellowship have been numbered millions of both young men and women. It is not a young men's society, or a young women's society: it is a young people's society, and here, I think, lies one secret of its growth and power. Each sex helps the other in religious work. The young men need the influence of the young women to make their work fine and sweet and pure, and the young women need no less the strength, the vigour, the initiative of the young men in their religious service. On the committees both sexes are almost invariably united, in the meetings both sexes take their part, and in the united effort for the prisoner, the sailor, and the slum child, neither sex is absent or can be spared.

Such are some of the developments of this movement, and some of the reasons for its development, which the necessary brevity of the space at my disposal allows me to record. May I add that just at this crisis of the world's history I believe these young people's societies may have not a little to do in the promotion of the peace of the world, or at least in healing the wounds of war, when the last battle has been fought.

There are several subsidiary organisations connected with the Christian Endeavour movement, like the "Comrades of the Quiet Hour," who agree to spend a little time each day in personal communion with their Maker: like the "Tenth Legion," whose members agree to give proportionately and regularly as they are prospered, of their substance, to mission work or other good causes. The latest of all is the "Christian Endeavour Peace Union," whose pledge is as follows:—

"As a follower of the Prince of Peace I will seek to promote goodwill among men and peace on earth: I will work as I have opportunity toward the abolition of war, and will endeavour to cement the fellowship of people of all nations and denominations throughout the world."

It may seem at first sight, to a sceptic, that a company of young people scattered throughout the world, in a hundred thousand churches, can do but little to heal the ravages of war, and yet there is nothing else that will so quickly remove the blight of enmity and hatred as the influences of Christian fellowship. As within a few months after the Boer War, as recorded on an earlier page of this article, the young Christians were able to sing together the hymns of Christian fellowship, so I believe that at the close of this mightier war the Christian Endeavourers of Great Britain and Germany and France and Austro-Hungary and Russia will unite with those of the United States and other neutral lands in the common service of their common Master, and in the fellowship which in the past has been to them such a joy and blessing, and this fellowship will be at least one of the strands in the cable which will bind together again the nations of the world in the bonds of peace, goodwill, and fraternity.

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

BOSTON, U.S.A.

II.

THE BOY SCOUTS.

CAPTAIN CECIL PRICE.

LORD ROSEBERY once remarked: "If I were to form the highest ideal for my country, it would be a nation of which the manhood was exclusively composed of men who had been trained in the Boy Scout theory, for such a nation would be an honour to mankind; it would be the greatest moral force that the world has ever known." That is the estimate placed upon the Boy Scout movement after its six years' existence, and there are few, I make bold to say, having seen the work of the Boy Scouts within the last few months, who would dare to differ from Lord Rosebery's dictum. It would perhaps be

idle for me to trace the origin of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's organisation at this juncture. Its *motif* must be obvious to everybody; but, briefly, its aim is to teach boys, or rather to train them imperceptibly, to fear God and honour the King, to love their country and be prepared to aid it with all the power at their command, to scorn lies and dishonourable conduct, to be courageous and chivalrous, to use their hands, their eyes, and their intellect to useful purpose, so that by this early training they may become worthy men and good citizens of our great Empire.

It was one of the happiest days for England and the world when that movement was set afoot. Slackness, softness, self-indulgence, forgetfulness of the nobility and happiness of industry, were seen on all hands and among all classes; but there is no sanction for anything of that kind to be found in the tenets of the Boy Scouts. There is no place in their ranks for Weary Willies and Tired Tims.

It is only when one looks closely into the working of the Scout organisation that one realises how carefully it has been designed to help lads to grow into valuable and useful citizens. Usefulness is a fundamental principle of the Boy Scout movement, and each year sees some step forward by the Association in their endeavour to enlarge the effect of usefulness of the lad who becomes a Boy Scout. The boy who has received a Scout training can claim to have graduated in the University of practical life. First of all, there is character training to bring out perseverance, hardiness, pluck, and skill. Then he is taught how to get and keep himself fit, how to assist his fellows in times of emergency and otherwise, how successfully to pursue some art or craft, how to be ready to turn his hand to anything, from cooking a hunter's stew to felling a tree.

A side of the organisation which perhaps more than any other has affected the population of every corner of the globe is the training which a Scout undergoes for public service. "To serve" is the best of all traditions, and the

Scout Law demands of its disciples that they shall each do *at least* one good turn every day, no matter how small or large it is.

When Lord Haldane was our War Minister he realised the value and significance of this movement. He saw in it "a great national asset," and there are few who would now question that estimate of its value; and in a word, the Scout movement may be characterised as a bold move in a patriotic direction. From whichever standpoint it is observed we find that it inculcates the ideas of citizenship, patriotism, and love of country, and I may not be accused of extravagance if I declare that the salvation of the Empire may come from the Boy Scout movement.

Lord Kitchener the other day said to Sir Robert Baden-Powell: "What a splendid thing this war is for the Scouts!" He went on to give the most encouraging comment on their work, and paid a tribute to the value of the assistance of the boys who were whole-hearted in their work and could carry it out to the best of their ability. "The Scouts were a great asset to the nation," said Lord Kitchener. Sentiment like that coming from such an authority carries conviction, and I shall proceed to show in this essay how the Boy Scout has more than justified his existence. Only a short time ago we were all talking of him admiringly, no doubt, but perhaps with a slight air of patronage. Now after six years of work carried on in the face of scoffers the movement has won its spurs. A time of national emergency has found the Boy Scouts organisation ready, on the instant, to contribute its quota to the public weal. As soon as the war clouds threatened to burst over England, word was sent from the Chief Scout, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, to every Scout headquarters in the United Kingdom that all Scouts possible would be needed in the crisis. Within the space of a week the whole of the 22,000 Scouts in the London area were completely mobilised, as well as all the available Scouts in the country, more especially along the coast.

The duties which were allotted to these lads were as follows :—

- Handing out notices to inhabitants, and other duties connected with billeting, commandeering, warning, etc.
- Carrying out communications by means of despatch riders, signallers, wireless, etc.
- Guarding and patrolling bridges, culverts, telegraph lines, etc., against damage by individual spies.
- Collecting information as to supplies, transport, etc., available.
- Carrying out organised relief measures among inhabitants.
- Helping families of men employed in defence duties, or sick or wounded.
- Establishing first-aid, dressing, or nursing stations, refuges, dispensaries, soup kitchens, etc., in their club-rooms.
- Acting as guides, orderlies, etc.
- Forwarding despatches dropped by aircraft.
- Sea Scouts watching estuaries and ports, guiding vessels in unbuoyed channels, or showing lights to friendly vessels, etc., and assisting coastguards.

This list does not exhaust all the duties which they are able to undertake ; it merely gives an outline which may be elaborated to suit the local requirements and conditions in the respective areas, after consultation with the chief constables and defence authorities.

That Boy Scouts are admirably suited to the work which may be entrusted to them will be admitted when some idea is given of the sort of training which a Scout undergoes before he is permitted to wear the badge denoting efficiency. Take the boy chosen to assist in a first-aid capacity. He has passed a test within 10 per cent error, and knows the fireman's lift ; how to drag an insensible man with ropes ; how to improvise a stretcher ; the position of main arteries ; how to stop bleeding from vein, artery, internal or external ; how to improvise splints and to diagnose and bind fractured limbs ; and amongst other useful things he must have a knowledge of the laws of health and sanitation as laid down in the official handbook.

The Scout cyclist is everywhere to be seen on Government service, and before he is awarded the cyclist badge he must sign a certificate that he owns a bicycle in good working order, which he is willing to use in the King's service if called

upon at any time in case of emergency. He must be able to ride his bicycle satisfactorily and repair punctures, etc. He must be able to read a map and repeat correctly a verbal message. Before employing a number of these cyclists, the Acting Quartermaster-General of the Eastern Command gave them a "knowledge of London" test that might have puzzled the most competent of our taxi-drivers. These lads came very successfully through the test, and are now acting for the Headquarters of the Eastern Command.

Of great utility and importance to troops drafted into different parts of the country and on the coast must be the Scout who wears the badge denoting his efficiency as a "Pathfinder." To obtain it a boy must know every lane, bypath, and short cut for a distance of at least two miles in every direction around the local Scouts' headquarters in the country, or for one mile if in a town, and to have a general knowledge of the district within a five-mile radius of his local headquarters, so as to be able to guide people at any time by day or night. He must also know the general direction of the principal neighbouring towns for a distance of twenty-five miles, and be able to give strangers clear directions how to get to them. In addition, country Scouts must know, in a two-mile radius, the names of the different farms, their approximate acreage and stock; or, in a town, in a half-mile radius, know the principal livery-stables, corn-chandlers, forage-merchants, bakers, and butchers. In town or country a Pathfinder must know the situation of the police-stations, hospitals, doctors, telegraph and telephone offices, fire-engines, turncocks, blacksmiths, jobmasters, and factories where over a dozen horses are kept.

Small wonder, therefore, was it that when the mobilisation of this newly formed service of Boy Scouts was completed calls were made (and are being made daily) from every part of the country; and it is computed that fully 20,000 Boy Scouts all over the kingdom have been requisitioned for special duties. One of the earliest requests came from the Prince of Wales

(who, by the way, is the Chief Scout for Wales), who desired the assistance of some cyclist Boy Scouts at York House in connection with the National Fund. The Secretary of the G.P.O. asked for sixty, all cyclists, to relieve the telegraph department. Another public department required a hundred at once who were able to give their services continuously for a week. Ten Boy Scouts were despatched in response to an appeal from an aircraft factory, for patrol work at night time.

To the staff of workers at the War Office have been added over a hundred Boy Scouts from various parts of the metropolis. Some, provided with bicycles, are messengers, taking their orders from the sergeants in the main halls and returning with envelopes of the letters they have delivered marked with the time of delivery. Other Scouts are employed all over the building as office-boys, running about like so many mice among the big men. At the Admiralty, Stationery Office, and at all the town halls in London a Scout is waiting for the same purpose of doing someone a "good turn." One of the smartest of these good deeds was done recently by the boys. At midday circulars relating to recruiting were sent by the War Office to the Scouts' headquarters in Victoria Street, with instructions that they were to be made into slides and distributed to the four hundred and ninety-four London picture theatres. These circulars were despatched to the ten London district offices, and so prompt was the work that the slides were actually shown on the screens of these cinema theatres the same evening.

A more confidential duty in assisting police patrol was entrusted to eighty Boy Scouts who were despatched from headquarters in four parties of twenty, each under a Scout-master. They are being employed for night work over a wide area outside of London, and are equipped with blankets and rations. Their departure was watched by a large crowd, who showed much curiosity as to their destination. This and other instructions, however, were only given to the Scouts on their reaching a notified rendezvous, some miles out of London.

Then, again, there was a rumour that the London reservoirs might be tampered with. An offer of patrols from Boy Scout troops in the immediate neighbourhoods of these was immediately sent to the Metropolitan Water Board.

In view of the public services which are being rendered generally by the Boy Scouts, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War has given the Association authority to publish an announcement that the uniform of the Boy Scouts ("B.-P." hat or Sea Scout cap and fleur-de-lys badge essential) is recognised by His Majesty's Government as the uniform of a public-service non-military body. It is important that this step should not be misunderstood. It does not mean any change in the policy or organisation of the Scouts—they remain what they have always been, a strictly non-military body without arms or regulation drill.

Another branch of the organisation which is winning golden opinions for the assistance rendered to coastguards is the Sea Scouts. This latter organisation, which is headed by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, is busy patrolling cliffs. Every headland, creek, and harbour is finding work for the keen-eyed Sea Scout, who, properly instructed how to get into touch with the telegraph, is giving a good account of himself all along the coast-line. No less than twelve hundred Sea Scouts were specially requisitioned by the Admiralty for this work, and Sir Robert Baden-Powell has been personally superintending the work on the East Coast.

In Paris the Boy Scouts are being used for all sorts of odd jobs. They are serving as bearers for the ambulances of the city; as messengers, going about between different administrations; and even as sweepers and cleaners of courtyards. In Holland they are to the fore in first-aid work, distributing food to the refugees, acting as cyclist despatch-bearers for the military authorities; others are collecting books and papers from people in town, and distributing them among the soldiers who have been stationed in lonely spots or billeted in remote villages.

In Belgium the Boy Scouts have more than proved their worth to the country. During the attack on Brussels by the Germans the Scouts were employed in performing most of the civic duties of those who were fighting at the front, patrolling the streets, assisting in the issue of "laisser-passes," searching farms for contraband of war, and affording a useful adjunct to the Garde Civique. Amid all these duties they also traversed the streets soliciting subscriptions for the women and children and for the wounded.

In Germany the Boy Scout organisation has always been looked upon more particularly as an adjunct to the military forces as such, and it is in this capacity that their services are being requisitioned.

In a civil capacity the English Scouts are being asked to help all over the country, as the Scout is ready to turn his hand to anything. He is in great request as the *corpus vile* at first-aid lectures, a rôle he plays to perfection, for he had to learn very early in his training both to submit to and inflict every indignity and discomfort of which the amateur bandager is capable.

One London Scout was asked the other day to bring home some valuable furs from Paris; another went over and shepherded home a war-bound tourist; others, of special linguistic powers, are in demand as interpreters; and recent requisitions a little out of the common have been for a Scout band to hearten recruits (supplied at less than twelve hours' notice), and a patrol of four with trek cart to convey tobacco and pipes for troops.

Of course, these are all in a sense emergency duties. The Scouts employed are boys over school age, and for various reasons out of work. Their pay is varying from 1s. to 2s. 6d. a day. Like Lord Kitchener's Army, they are in their jobs for the most part "during the war only." All the same, the possibility of something more inevitably suggests itself. With his slouch hat and neckerchief and khaki shirt, the Scout puts on qualities of application, courtesy, and resolution

that flourish far less kindly inside a whitish collar and a shiny-elbowed coat.

I heard an officer commanding a Territorial unit remark that one Scout was worth three of some kinds of men that he had to do with. In his department there is much material to be disposed of at very short notice, and a large staff is kept to cope with it. He is helped greatly by a body of Scouts, who seem to divine beforehand what is required, and can get through a lot of purely verbal work which disposes of much writing. And they rarely err.

In Hampshire the local Scouts at Alton, armed only with their familiar "broom handles," are guarding the Abbey concentration camp at Beech, where two hundred alien enemies are interned.

When the concentrated Germans and Austrians first saw there were no soldiers with fixed bayonets to hinder their movements, but only bright little boys in knickerbockers, some of them took a fancy to gathering nuts and blackberries in the Hampshire lanes, particularly those at a distance from the camp!

But Boy Scouts had an awkward way of turning a corner suddenly, and asking pointed questions as to the quickest way to the Abbey. If a boy held up his hand or waved a flag, others appeared to rise out of the ground, and the military are only about two miles away downhill. A cyclist Scout covers this in fewer minutes than he has fingers.

The boys do wonders with their flash-lamps and whistles, holding "conversations" with fellow-Scouts a long way off. At night they tie black thread ankle-high across paths, in copses, or place pieces of dry wood, so that they must be moved or broken by anyone passing.

They have an ingenious device of laying a network of threads all round, which connect up with tin cans in the Abbey precincts. If a thread is moved it "rings" a tin can, and they know exactly where the intruder is, just as the hotel indicator shows that "No. 19" is ringing.

In the splendid behaviour and genuine enthusiasm of the Boy Scouts we have a fine example of that seriousness of purpose with which the juvenile population of this country can view the graver affairs of life. No one would have believed a few years ago that our boys, many of whom are but little more than infants, could have thrown themselves so heartily into the objects of that great movement of which Sir Robert Baden-Powell was the initiator. How many were there at the time who believed that anything really good and useful could come of such an apparently childish idea—a game good enough, perhaps, to keep boys out of mischief on a summer's afternoon, but nothing more?

The story of the French Boy Scout who was shot by Germans because he refused to betray a party of his countrymen who were ambushed in a wood, as published from a German source by the Government Press Bureau, is one which every British Boy Scout may read with a glow of emulation.

“ . . . He went with firm step to a telegraph post, and stood up against it with the green vineyard at his back, and received the volley of the firing party with a proud smile on his face.”

Here was bravery indeed. It is to be hoped that the name and locality of this youthful French hero may be rescued from oblivion, that his gallant deed may be remembered by Boy Scouts wherever that institution extends, as an example of the highest fidelity to the spirit of Scout Law.

Again we read: “ Had the Boy Scouts been formed in Belgium eight years before the war, it would have been better for Belgium now.” These were the words of General Clooten when disbanding the Boy Scouts of Ghent. They were part of a message of thanks from the Belgian General to the Ghent organisation, who have done such splendid work for their country.

Here is another instance of what the Boy Scouts are doing, taken from the report of the special commissioner of the *Lancet*, who went to supervise the arrival of the Belgian refugees at Tilbury per s.s. *Brussels*: “ We had with us on the

tender a company of Boy Scouts—agile, intelligent, and most willing helpers. They were the first to leap on board the *Brussels*, and quickly found their way among the refugees. With smiles and expressions of kindness they assisted them to the gangway, carrying their bundles, and at the same time marshalling them so that they should pass out in Indian file."

But it is not every lad to whom the opportunity comes of distinguishing himself in such a prominent way. None the less, they each one prepare themselves for the big risks and important deeds by faithfully carrying out the small ones which are always at hand. One need only turn to the files of any newspaper at random to read of Scouts doing the right thing at the right time. These lads are available for almost every conceivable form of duty which requires smart and quick attention, and no charge is made whatsoever for any work thus performed! It is not surprising that employers have also begun to realise the value of the Scout training and to look out for boys who have gone through it. The trustworthiness, the alertness of mind, the handiness and resource of the Scout are qualities worth coveting and worth paying for, and they are qualities that the elementary school does not inculcate very successfully.

Five years have now elapsed since the movement was inaugurated, and the work of organisation has been successful in establishing throughout the Empire one definite movement. The Scout organisation is now not only Imperial, but world-wide; and it is not only vast and extensive, but it is growing with a rapidity and a strength which may be truly described as astounding. In entering the second half of the decade, Sir Robert Baden-Powell has initiated two new developments whereby the movement will become even more widespread and popular than it is at present. Firstly, there is the inception of the "Wolf Cubs" or Junior Scouts; and secondly, there is the Scouts' Friendly Society, which tends to deal with the problem as to what to do with the Scouts when they have passed out of the ranks. This Society has been the means

of assisting recruiting for Lord Kitchener's Army during the present crisis, furnishing a large number of recruits, and offering a complete cyclist company for active service. It is one of these senior Scouts, Georges Leysen of Liège, a lad of eighteen, who has been decorated by King Albert, and given a commission. Young Leysen, by brilliant work, has already captured eleven spies.

Near Malines two fellow-Boy Scouts of sixteen and seventeen were executed. Leysen declares their only arm was a long knife.

It is not too bold to suggest that there is scarcely a thinking man or woman in the kingdom who is not ready to speak in the highest terms of praise and value of this wonderful Boy Scout movement. Its sphere of usefulness is only limited by the number of helpers, and thousands of men are still required to undertake the fascinating duty of Scoutmaster. In recent years the Scout movement has provoked widespread support and much encouraging interest. The meaning and purpose of the movement was explained by the Chief Scout, who said that Scouts were taught to be good citizens. That, in his opinion, was the highest step a man could reach, "and that is the aim we are putting before the Scouts. It is the character of the nation that brings it to the top."

It is possible to believe that when the historian of this age comes to review its salient events he will point to the Boy Scout movement as one of the most potent and significant developments of twentieth-century civilisation. Boy Scouts will make the better soldiers and the better sailors for the training; and, not the least, discipline will be of service to them in civilian callings, or any occupation which may be theirs in the future.

W. CECIL PRICE.

JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.

DISCUSSIONS

N.B.—The contributions under this heading refer to matters previously treated in the "Hibbert Journal." Reviews of books are not open to discussion. Criticism of any article will, as a rule, be limited to a single issue of the Journal. The discussion ends with a reply from the original writer.—*Ed.*

"WHAT NEXT?"

(*Hibbert Journal*, January 1915, p. 261.)

I.

I HAVE been asked about a statement to which I gave publicity at the beginning of my article in the last issue, to the effect that I had had definite information about a child in the south of England whose hand had been cut off by the Germans.

The statement, however, has been investigated and is found not capable of verification. One other similar statement reached me, and has been investigated with the like result. E. LYTTLETON.

ETON COLLEGE.

II.

WHILE there is much in Dr Lyttelton's "What Next?" that will command wide assent, yet it is just the most critical details that he leaves very imperfectly dealt with. He says, "We can make it plain that we don't require an inch of territory (except Heligoland . . .), and in short have no aim in view except that of providing as far as possible for a stable peace resting on a readjustment of the map of Europe according to national requirements and the recognition of the rights of small States to a secure existence."

Is South-West Africa, which we expect soon to see under the control of the South African Government, to be handed back to Germany, even after the dangerous conditions which have arisen from Germany's action in the whole of South Africa, and in spite of the wishes of the South African Government?

What about the other colonies taken from Germany? If Germany is not to have them—and surely it would be courting danger to hand them back to her—who is to take them? Are we to hand them over to nations whom we think less likely to benefit them than we ourselves?

But, if not, how can we say we don't want an inch of territory except Heligoland? We shall be taking several large pieces of the earth's surface.

We shall believe that we do this as the best solution of a difficult question, and we may do it quite honestly; but unfortunately it will be a solution which nobody will easily believe to be disinterested, seeing that it will actually considerably increase our sphere of influence, and possibly also our trade.

Is the handing back of these colonies to the aborigines in all or any one case a reasonable solution? If so, what is to prevent their re-annexation by means of some agreement or treaty, if not by force?

It seems to me very easy to exaggerate the bad side of the motives which have led to our possession of our existing colonies, and very difficult indeed to show by our actions in the future that our motives have become so much more pure; the only way of doing so is to act habitually from pure motives. At first sight an obvious way of doing this would be to leave the decision in the hands of some neutral nations, or at any rate of accepting as much of their award as we felt to be fair to the colonies concerned. Against this, nations which have been neutral in the war are by no means nations which are neutral as to the terms of peace; nor have neutral Powers shown in their dealings with the quarrels of small Powers that their decisions are fair or unselfish—their attitude has been, "We'll punch both your heads if you endanger our peace."

We claim a right to maintain a predominant navy, and look with disfavour upon any country which presumes to challenge its predominance. If our claim is generally acquiesced in, it is because we show no desire to use our navy aggressively nor any contempt for the rights of others.

The Germans thought it necessary to have a predominant army with just as much or as little right; their claim was not acquiesced in because they showed an intensely restless and aggressive and threatening spirit, and their pundits deliberately urged that war was (1) necessary to the evolution of mankind, and (2) an indispensable factor in the evolution and progress of the State.

So always we have to return from acts to spirit and motive. We can only know that by our motives our neighbours will judge us, and probably judge us in the long run fairly; and so more than anything else it behoves us to look into our motives and be sure we desire to serve and not to dominate, to help and not to exploit.

E. H. BETHELL.

LONDON.

"SCIENCE AND EUGENICS."

(Hibbert Journal, January 1915, p. 355.)

PROFESSOR MORE's article on "Science and Eugenics" does not contain one single reference to any English or American author in support of his statements as to the views supposed to be held by Eugenists. Had Professor More attempted thus to fortify his position, I cannot but think that he would have discovered how much he misrepresents all the serious advocates of eugenic reform. He does not even use the word itself in its ordinary significance. In his first paragraph he tells us that, "for the sake of simplicity," he proposes to make Eugenics include an "entire system of scientific ethics." But does it make for simplicity to adopt a word coined by a great thinker like Sir Francis Galton, who had defined it with the greatest care—a definition quoted in every issue of the *Journal of my Society*—and then to widely alter its meaning? My doubts as to this method of simplification are increased by the statements made in the last paragraph of this article, where we are told that the author is certain that "science is not of itself concerned with ethics"—a view in which I myself agree. But if science is not concerned with ethics, what is the meaning of scientific ethics?

Then, again, in the opening paragraph we are told that the object of the Eugenist is to mould the human race into a "homogeneous society which shall progress towards a standard previously determined." I believe that Sir Francis Galton regarded heterogeneity as essential to practical progress of every kind; and, if I may venture to quote myself, when speaking at the close of the first International Eugenic Congress as its President, I said that I hoped there would "always exist differences of opinion amongst our leaders," the reason being that "absolute identity of views only exists in a moribund movement." If this idea of absolute uniformity of aims and ideas be abandoned, then many of the conclusions arrived at in the subsequent paragraphs of this article, in which Eugenists are depicted as claiming to be, or hoping to form, a "small and select body of superior beings" prepared to act as "arbiters of right and wrong," entirely fall to the ground. Eugenists as such are no more bound than are physicists to adopt one uniform ethical code. They must, it is true, hold that this generation has some power of affecting the "racial qualities of future generations." But that is a matter of scientific opinion and not of ethical faith.

In other parts of this article Professor More, however, seems to use the word Eugenics in what we hold to be its proper signification. He tells us that in Eugenics there is "a possible good," because "if the advocates of good breeding—and everyone is that to some extent—will work quietly and systematically on the problems of heredity," there will be "some trustworthy facts to work on." But can any single quotation be given from a student who has thoroughly studied the quiet and systematical work on

heredity which has, as a fact, been done in the last sixty years, in favour of the belief that we have not already a sufficient basis on which to take some action? When we were told, in regard to the work to be based on these facts, that "the human race contains the power of gradually eradicating defective stock," we should like to know on what facts this statement is based. Surely a walk in our slums is sufficient to prove that it is not always true of any one social group; whilst a study of history shows that it is not always true of any one nation. On the assumption that such a natural process does exist, we are told that "if it can be accelerated and guided, eugenics will be valuable." But to guide and accelerate the beneficial hereditary processes, which would otherwise be slow and uncertain in their action, is exactly the object we aim at, and we must therefore claim Professor More as Eugenist in spite of all his protestations.

In his final paragraph already quoted, it is true that there is a certain backsliding from this attitude. If Eugenics is "neither a science nor a practicable system of ethics," it is hard to see how Professor More can really have any hopes that it might be valuable. In science, we are told, "we have our most efficient agent in acquiring power by modifying our environment." Here we are in thorough accord. "And if this power is regulated properly according to the example and precept of lofty character, it must be considered as one of the most important factors in the advancement of civilisation." Again we agree. But might not science also be a most efficient agent in modifying the hereditary qualities of future generations? And if this power were also properly regulated according to the most lofty precepts, would it not also be an important factor in the advancement of the civilisation of future generations? All we desire is that Professor More should help us to "guide and accelerate" the power thus bestowed on us by science, and we believe we shall not appeal to him in vain.

LEONARD DARWIN.

LONDON.

"PROTESTANTISM AND THE BIRTH-RATE."

(*Hibbert Journal*, October 1914, p. 138.)

IN all articles or discussions on the birth-rate, one factor is almost always forgotten. Hardly ever do we hear any word of the *Mother*. Now, if the mother was a machine, producing or not producing, without any loss to itself, children at the will of its owner, we might eliminate her from the discussion. But we cannot get past the fact that at every birth the mother is a living, human agent and *must* be reckoned with. In no country or community, neither amongst the adherents of any particular sect, will the birth-rate swing straight until the mothers are given their right place. Any nation desiring a healthy, vigorous birth-rate that holds its own, must ensure within itself an *intelligent, voluntary, responsible*

motherhood. The two things go together. And it must be an expressed motherhood. Women must speak out and explain "the mystery of motherhood"; for who else can do so but themselves? How little is known at present even about the physical laws (much less the spiritual!) if healthy children are to be born, and a good birth-rate kept up!

Mothers all over the world would confirm the following; and yet it is a fact either unknown, or where known ignored, by the vast majority of writers on the population question. After the birth and nursing of a child, which occupy fifteen or eighteen months of a woman's life, in innumerable instances all desire for another child dies down, and *lies dormant* (as is shown in these cases where the mother-instinct is given free play) for any length of time up to even three or four years, *until Nature is recuperated*. Then—as we might expect, for the maternal instinct is part of every normal woman—the desire for another child springs to life again. Surely this is Nature's way of caring for the welfare of the race, and individually for the mother and child? Yet in how many instances is this instinct ever consulted, or considered in any way as something *to be reckoned with*? And yet surely it ought to be consulted. What other guide can we have on this great subject more infallible than just this mother-instinct? If only it could be given free play in our midst! What magnificent results we would soon be getting! But, shut it down, as it is in nearly every case at present, and you get—what? On the one hand thousands of weakly, sickly infants, born unwanted into the world; and on the other hand—artificial restrictions. If, at any time in her life, a woman expresses herself as not desiring, at that particular time, a child, she lays herself open to the accusation of being *unnatural*. When will we realise that, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, she is intensely natural? The whole idea of "free-love" is abhorrent to me; so also is the resort to artificial means of restriction. But as strongly as I hate those things, so strongly am I convinced that until motherhood—*within the blessed, holy marriage bond*—is voluntary, until the mother-instinct is given full play, so long will there be dislocation and confusion in the birth-rate of any family or country. At the root, at the back of almost every social trouble in our midst lies this awful enforced motherhood.

EVA H. M'LAREN.

EDINBURGH.

"NARRATIVE OF A PROFESSOR OF LOUVAIN."

(*Hibbert Journal*, January 1915, p. 271.)

I WAS inexpressibly shocked to see a narrative of a Professor of Louvain in the *Hibbert Journal*, relative to the occupation and bombardment of that city by the Germans. Such an article, even if it were truthful and strictly objective, should find no place in the pages of your magazine. For that

we have the daily press. And do you not see that this article is far from being a calm and objective statement of things seen and experienced, but that it is partly based on supposition and hearsay? The author even suggests that there had been no firing on the German troops previous to their firing on the inhabitants, although he admits that on that day he did not leave his house; and he concludes with this wonderful piece of logic, that because (on the evidence of another man) the empty cartridge cases in a certain street in which lay some corpses of German soldiers were all German, therefore the Belgians had done no firing. Did the Germans kill their own men? And would the Belgians shoot in the street when they could do so much more safely from the houses? Is not the fact that the Germans occupied the town peacefully for some days, and even lauded the inhabitants for their good behaviour, proof sufficient that there must have been some extraordinary provocation? Would the Germans make their own quarters insecure by an attack on the people after they had dealt with them courteously for some days, as all witnesses admit? On this point the reports of the American correspondents, Messrs M'Cutcheon, Bennett, Cobb, Irwin, and Hansen leave no doubt. As you may be aware, these are men of known character and truthfulness, whom no one dares to accuse of pro-German bias. In particular, these men deny the accusation of pillage made by your informant.

That there was an outbreak of the "furor Teutonicus" seems certain, but only after a most treacherous and preconcerted attack by the inhabitants, which did not cease even after they had been solemnly and repeatedly warned to desist. What a German hates above all is treachery. There lies your informant's offence, that he is silent concerning the nature of the provocation, except to hint that there was none at all! Can one presume him to have been entirely ignorant of it? Is the English public still in ignorance of it, believing the Germans to be gratuitous brutes?

Nor, of course, does the author make mention of the numerous outrages of the Belgian civil population on the German soldiers previous to the occupation of Louvain, which had raised their indignation to a fever heat. I myself have learned from two Sisters of the Poor Handmaids of Christ, who arrived here lately from their mother house in Dehnbach (Hessia), that at their hospital, connected with this mother house, they had had the care of eleven soldiers whose eyes had been gouged out by the Belgians, while they were lying helpless on the fields, in two cases, it had been stated to them, this having been done by women. But of that, too, you know nothing, or refuse to consider the possibility, while you eagerly snatch at the tales of German atrocities, because of the will to believe.

I repeat that I am shocked to see such an essentially dishonest statement in the truth-loving and calmly critical pages of the *Hibbert Journal*. After this, the magazine can never again be in my eyes what it has been heretofore. It will always be a blot on its character, and you yourself will in time recognise it as such. For the present you may be unconscious of the "fall from grace"—the descent to the level of the "yellow journals."

In war our judgments are strangely perverted. A sort of "the end justifies the means" policy is adopted, and the ordinary principles of thought and conduct give way to those of expediency. Or is the editor of the *Hibbert Journal* on a plane with that English correspondent of whom our John T. M'Cutcheon tells, that when he was informed of the act of a German officer who permitted an Englishman, though an officer on furlough, to pass through the German lines to fetch two daughters, who were being educated in a Belgian convent, out of the zone of war, and take them back with him to England, replied: "No, I can't publish that. I am supposed to send in nothing but atrocity stories just now." Shame and Pshaw!

To make amends for the very unfair and, by innuendo at least, perfectly libellous statement of your Louvain Professor, you ought to publish that of the Vice-Rector of the University, Mgr. Dr Conrads, also an eye-witness of the events under discussion, which I enclose herewith.

But, of course, that would not serve your purpose. Shame again, and a curse on war, which so blunts the mental and moral sensibilities of a people and its leaders!

I suppose it is known to you that at the time of the outbreak of the disturbances the town was held by a battalion of Landwehr, men of family, who, as is well known, are much inclined to pillage, breaking into houses, terrorising, etc.! Also that, at the first volley from the housetops, every member of the staff, which had assembled in the square preparatory to their departure, was either killed or wounded, and that the firing thereupon became general and continued for two days in spite of all the commands of the military and the entreaties of prominent citizens to stop it. What would you have done to control the situation, and to make a repetition of it impossible? Some such drastic action was necessary to bring the people and the Government to their senses, and the sequel has shown that it had this effect.¹

(Rev.) ARNOLD WEYMAN.

ST JOSEPH COLLEGE,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

¹ A reply to the above by the Professor of Louvain will appear in the next issue.

SURVEY OF RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

PROFESSOR G. DAWES HICKS.

MENTION was made recently in this Survey of the appearance in English of Professor Bernardino Varisco's book *The Great Problems*. There has just been published in the "Library of Philosophy," edited by Professor Muirhead, a translation of a subsequent work, *Conosci te stesso*, by the same author, under the title *Know Thyself* (London, George Allen & Unwin, 1915). The translator, Dr G. Salvadori, has had the assistance of Professor A. E. Taylor of St Andrews, and has succeeded in presenting the Italian philosopher's argument in a very readable form, although occasionally one comes across phrases, such as "optic sensation" and "doing-thinking," that might have been expressed differently. Starting with the dictum "intelligendo se, intelligit omnia alia," which Aquinas applied to God, and applying it to the individual subject, the author declares that it sums up the doctrine he proposes to set forth—a doctrine of the phenomenal universe. The doctrine is, in short, an idealism of the Neo-Kantian type, though not without certain characteristic features of its own. The existence, independently of any subject, of things, is rejected as an arbitrary and meaningless hypothesis. A thing is a phenomenon of myself in so far as I experience it, but it is not, therefore, merely a phenomenon of myself—it is relative not to me only, as a pain I feel is, but also to other subjects; the phrase "in itself," when applied to things, only means "in relation to more than one subject." Subjects are irreducibly distinct from each other, in the sense that an unextended phenomenon is never common to any two of them; my act of apprehending is never identical with another mind's act of apprehending. But a thing known or knowable is never outside of me in the sense in which "outside" is commonly understood; it is an element of me, a constituent of myself. The knowable, as a whole, is implied in the subject, and is already known in a subconscious form; knowing is never anything more than a self-developing of the subject; and since the subject implies the universe, its knowledge of the universe is self-knowledge. Thus the way is prepared for the presentation of a whole philosophy in the attempt to satisfy the demands of the Socratic behest. Self-consciousness is, it is contended, not a thing

which knows other things placed before it; it is a form of supreme organisation of these other things, and with regard to them to be known means to be so organised, to be arranged in a system the existence of which, as a system or form or organisation, consists in being transparent to itself, in possessing itself. Accordingly, the subject is in truth nothing but the system, or the unity, of its phenomena, and the matter composing the subject can be resolved precisely into the phenomena of which it is severally aware; were all phenomena to vanish, the subject which apprehends them would vanish likewise. The existence of the particular subject implies, however, the existence of other particular subjects; if there were no other activities, opposed to its own, the particular subject would not recognise those limits to its field of action which, in point of fact, it does recognise. The multiplicity of particular subjects involves, as a ground of unity, one absolute Subject, that must include, as its content, not only every content of a particular consciousness or sub-consciousness, but also every particular consciousness or sub-consciousness. In other words, the absolute Subject must be aware not only of all that of which every particular subject is aware; it must be aware likewise of the awareness of every particular subject. Although it cannot be said to be in any distinctive sense original, Professor Varisco's book undoubtedly contains much that is suggestive, even where it fails to carry conviction. And I write as one whom it has entirely failed to convince. I feel myself baffled at the start, in consequence of huge generalisations being laid down as *obiter dicta*, and being made the basis of the whole superstructure without the least attempt to furnish anything in the nature of warrant or justification for them. "Consciousness is nothing but subconsciousness organised"; "when the thing known is myself, the problem (of the possibility of knowledge) does not exist"; "existence is my way of conceiving all that I conceive"; "the philosopher who is incapable of reaching anything final ought to conclude that there is nothing final"—these, and a number of propositions of like generality, require strong reasons to recommend them, and their mere assertion helps in no way to lay the foundations of a scientific philosophy.

Professor Emile Boutroux contributes an interesting article to the *Contemporary Review* (December 1914) on "The Essence of Religion." What we need to possess, he argues, in order to pronounce a judgment of any importance upon the problem, is the idea of religion, the Platonic idea, as it were, the notion of what religion can and should be, if it is to exist in the truest and highest way possible. So soon as he makes a serious endeavour to transcend himself, not only quantitatively, but also qualitatively, man, he urges, is on the path of religion. An increase of worth and perfection is greater than the forces of nature as such. Science and art aim no doubt at such an increase, but, depending, as they do, upon nature and the given, they anticipate and seek after the true and ideal, not knowing whether they can attain thereto. Religion is the assurance that the true and the ideal *are* attainable, and its originality consists in the fact that it proceeds not from power to duty, but from duty to power.

He who shares in the divine life can really transcend nature; he can create. The two articles by Professor Ernst Troeltsch in the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. vii. (Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 1914), on "Idealism" and on "Kant" ought certainly to attract attention. Idealism, the author declares, implies that the relation of subject and object is one of the essential starting-points of philosophy, and in its view of that relation it lays down the decisive principle that objects can exist only for a subject, and that the subject which carries the objects within itself is the higher category, and as such must determine the process of philosophical thought. Idealism can never, he maintains, any more than any other form of philosophy, develop into religion, but in so far as mind and the supremacy of mind form the metaphysical pre-condition of religious belief, idealism is to that extent of the utmost significance for religious life and thought. The Kantian philosophy, Professor Troeltsch thinks, is idealistic in a double sense, since, according to it, the mind is not only that which possesses experience, but also the active subject of the necessary forms of thought through which alone experience gains order and meaning; experience is to be arranged and interpreted within the limits of consciousness by means of ideas. Writing in the same volume upon "Identity," Professor A. E. Taylor contends that memory is essential to personal identity, and that there is ultimately no sense in speculations which represent the same person as passing through a succession of lives in each of which he is absolutely precluded from all possible memory of the events of those which have gone before. Professor J. S. Mackenzie's article on "Infinity," in which he emphasises the distinction between the endless and the complete or perfect, is also of importance and value. Professor Rudolf Eucken contributes two articles on "Individuality" and on "Natural Law." A complete individuality is not, he insists, the starting-point but the goal of a man's development. A great mind, such as Goethe, undergoes repeated travail before it comes to a clear understanding of its peculiar gift. A little volume by Professor C. J. Keyser, *Science and Religion* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1914) deserves notice. The author argues that the method or process of limits in the domain of reason indicates the reality, and, in part, the nature of a domain beyond—a realm of the super-rational, and that this realm is the ultimate source of the *religious emotions*.

Mr Bertrand Russell's striking articles in the *Monist*, to the first of which I have previously called attention, will unquestionably give rise to a considerable amount of discussion. In the number for last April he criticises the theory of "neutral monism," as worked out by Mach and James. According to this theory, there are not two sorts of entities, mental and physical, but only two sorts of relations between entities—those, namely, belonging to what is called the mental order and those belonging to what is called the physical order. The theory, he points out, has arisen chiefly as a protest against the view that external objects are known not directly, but only through the medium of subjective "ideas" or

"images." But, he contends, it shares with this view the doctrine that whatever I experience must be part of my mind, and when that doctrine is rejected, much of its plausibility vanishes. In the July number, an "Analysis of Experience" is undertaken, and it is maintained that subjects are not given in acquaintance, and that therefore nothing can be known as to their intrinsic nature. We cannot, for example, know that they differ from matter, nor yet that they do not differ. The article contains an interesting criticism of Meinong's distinction between "content" and "object." I doubt, however, whether Mr Russell is right in saying that what Meinong means by "content" is what would commonly be called a "state of mind." At any rate, it is just precisely in order to avoid that implication, which the term "presentation" seems to carry with it, that some of us have preferred to use the term "content" to indicate those features of which, in and through the act of apprehension, directed upon an object, there is awareness. In the October number, Mr Russell deals with "Definitions and Methodological Principles in the Theory of Knowledge." Here he insists, with obvious justification, that a knowledge of physics and physiology must not be assumed as affording premisses upon which epistemology may build from the start. Thus, in considering whether or how the sense of sight yields information about physical objects, it is illegitimate to take for granted that we know all about the retina, for the retina is itself a physical object of which we obtain knowledge by seeing it. Finally, in the January number, Mr Russell treats of "Sensation and Imagination." He suggests, as a possible way of regarding imagination, that it may be an acquaintance with particulars which are not given as having any temporal relation to the subject, whilst sensation is acquaintance with particulars given as simultaneous with the subject. Whatever time-relation may in fact subsist between the subject and an object which is imagined, no time-relation need be implied by the mere fact that the imagining occurs. This would account, he thinks, in a manner consistent with logic, for what is called the "unreality" of things merely imagined. Mr Oliver Strachey, in an article on "Mr Russell and some recent Criticisms of his Views" (*Mind*, Jan. 1915), replies to a number of objections that have been raised to Mr Russell's doctrines. The article is well written and lucid, but I am doubtful whether all its statements would meet with Mr Russell's sanction. Thus, the comparison of "knowledge by acquaintance" with what Mr Bradley calls "feeling" seems scarcely a happy one. Mr Russell's "Herbert Spencer Lecture" on *Scientific Method in Philosophy* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1914) expands in some respects the position adopted in his recent book on *Our Knowledge of the External World*. The philosophy, he says, which he wishes to advocate might be called logical atomism or absolute pluralism, because, whilst maintaining that there are many things, it denies that there is a whole composed of those things. There are general propositions which may be asserted of each individual thing, such as the propositions of logic, and these it is the business of philosophy to examine. Philosophical propositions, again,

must be *a priori*, that is to say, such as can be neither proved nor disproved by empirical evidence. These characteristics distinguish the province of philosophy from that of the special sciences; but, after the manner of the latter, a scientific philosophy will deal with its problems piecemeal, and will invent hypotheses which, even if not wholly true, will yet remain fruitful after the necessary corrections have been made.

"Where do perceived objects exist?" asks Mr Durant Drake (*Mind*, Jan. 1915), and the answer he gives to that question has certainly the characteristic of being, as he says, "thoroughgoing." First, it must be explained that by "perceived object" he does not mean the "real object," but such entities as "converging railway-tracks," and "a drab tree seen by the colour-blind man,"—that is to say, appearances. These "objects," he is assured, obviously exist, and, if they exist, they must have a local habitation. But where? He suggests that by putting them not at the real-object point but at the brain-point in the world order, we can picture a homogeneous natural order into which all our delicately varying and evanescent perceived-objects can fit without unduly jostling one another. Our several perceived-objects are, he thinks, each the effect in a different organism of the one real-object beyond the organisms—an effect which may be called representative of the real-object. To the objection, how these perceived-objects can exist in the brain, when they are apprehended so unmistakably as being outside the brain, his reply is, however, halting and confused. The difficulty he has to face is surely that he is landed with three entities instead of two—the "real-object," the effect in the brain, which is not perceived at all, and the "perceived-object," which would, in that case, be a representative of the *effect* of the "real-object." A thoughtful paper "On Relations" appears from the pen of Mr Henry R. Bliss (*Phil. R.*, Jan. 1915). Mr Bliss maintains that some of the relation of a thing may be internal and some of them external, and that a relation may be internal to one complex or in one aspect, and external to or in another. He shows clearly that things are not all dependent upon all other things in the universe, even though they be all inter-related.

Dr H. Wildon Carr, writing (*Phil. R.*, Jan. 1915) on "The Metaphysical Implications of the Principle of Relativity," maintains that the Michelsen-Morley experiment established two facts—(a) that it is impossible to discover the uniform movement of a system by optical experiments within the system itself; and (b) that the velocity of light is independent of the movement of the source. The consequences which Dr Carr would draw from the principle of relativity are (a) that neither space nor time can be absolute, but that each is a function of the observer's system of reference, and (b) that since no kind of physical continuity can be ultimate, ultimate continuity must be psychical in character. In reference to the theory of relativity, mention should be made of an able book by Mr Alfred A. Robb, *A Theory of Time and Space* (Cambridge University Press, 1914), in which an elaborate attempt is made to show that space relations can be interpreted as the manifestation of the fact that elements of time,

or instants, form a system in *conical order*—a conception which may be analysed in terms of the relations of *after* and *before*. The theory of space thus appears as a part of the theory of time.

The first volume of the new "Cambridge Psychological Library" has just been published, and will be exceedingly useful to students of psychology. It is *An Introduction to the Study of Colour Vision*, by Dr J. Herbert Parsons (Cambridge University Press, 1915). The author devotes the first part of his book to a detailed account of the best established facts of colour vision, dealing with the spectrum as seen by the light-adapted and the dark-adapted eye, and devoting a section to the evolution of colour vision. In a second part he brings together the chief fact of colour blindness. And then in a third part he discusses critically the main theories of colour vision. Mr Sydney Waterlow has edited and revised Miss C. M. Williams's translation of Professor Mach's historical work, *The Analysis of Sensations* (Chicago & London: Open Court Publishing Company, 1915). Since the translation was made in 1897, three new German editions, two of them containing important changes and additions, have appeared, and the present volume is nearly twice as long as the original English translation.

Two articles in the *International Journal of Ethics* (July 1914) are written in defence of Casuistry. Mr G. A. Johnston, writing on "Casuistry and Ethics," discusses the popular and philosophical prejudices against casuistry, and dismisses them as ill-founded. Casuistry, he argues, is derived from and dependent upon ethics. It is an applied science, dealing with the concrete problems of conduct. Even though it applies in particular cases with only approximate exactness, yet the margin of error may in any case be very slight, and not sufficient to interfere with its practical utility. An exact parallel is furnished by the practical science or art of medicine. Mr H. L. Stewart tries to show "The Need for a Modern Casuistry." He points out that cases of moral perplexity are perpetually being presented in regard to social problems for the solution of which each of us is in some measure responsible, and that unless we begin by realising how sharp these difficulties are we shall be of necessity acting in the dark. As against the contention that it is not the robust but the neurotic man who is constantly feeling his own pulse and examining his own arteries, and that in like manner constant brooding over the state of one's own soul is likely to be a cause of moral enfeeblement, he argues that the difficulty is considerably lessened when the objective standpoint is taken, and the consequences of different kinds of action are studied, and the degree in which they severally contribute towards personal and social good estimated.

Two extremely helpful volumes for the study of Spinoza have been recently edited by Carl Gebhardt. One is the *Briefwechsel* (Leipzig, Meiner, 1914), containing the correspondence of Spinoza, so far as it has been preserved, translated into German from the Dutch and Latin manuscripts, with an interesting Introduction by the editor. The other work

is entitled *Lebensbeschreibungen und Gespräche* (Leipzig, Meiner, 1914), and contains the biographies of Jarig Jelles, Lucas, Kortholt, Pierre Bayle, and Colerus—all of them invaluable as being the earliest accounts we possess of Spinoza's personal history.

G. DAWES HICKS.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

THEOLOGY.

THE REV. PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFATT, D.LITT.

THE seventh volume of the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, which Dr Hastings and his coadjutors have issued with commendable punctuality, begins with "Hymns" and ends with "Liberty." The smaller articles are done with the same care as in previous volumes. Their arrangement and handling generally show an attentiveness to minutiae upon the part of editors and contributors alike which adds to the usefulness of this standard work. But some of the short ethical articles, in particular, are defective. Thus the article on "Hypocrisy" misses the real problems in the teaching of Jesus on this difficult subject, and passes straight from the New Testament to a long quotation from Thomas of Aquinum; the ethical analysis fails to bring out the ramifications of this vice, and the bibliography omits Dr Lyttelton's suggestive appendix to his volume on *The Sermon on the Mount*. Canon J. G. Simpson's article on "Justification" suffers from a total neglect of the eschatological setting in which the conception was originally rooted for Paul. The article on "The Image of God" does not appreciate the important discussions in Irenæus and Tertullian, and the article on "Liberty (Christian)" would have been none the worse for some references to Professor Oman's *Faith and Freedom*.¹ It is in the larger, longer articles, however, that the main interest of this volume centres, and to these we must now turn.

One group of these deals with the history and ideas of Judaism. Professor Kennett's "Israel" is a clear, incisive sketch of the religious development, the external history being only used to elucidate the growth of the moral and spiritual ideas. Professor Kennett is not afraid to be unconventional, upon occasion. "For a parallel to the religion of the average Israelite" during the period of the early monarchy, he thinks "we must look to modern Uganda or India rather than to modern Judaism." The book found in the Temple was not Deuteronomy, but a scroll of prophetic oracles, probably "a collection of Hosea's prophecies which had been brought to Jerusalem from Bethel when the persecution under Manasseh had come to an end." The article closes with a warm tribute to the piety of the *Hasidim* during the Maccabean age, whose sufferings, as reflected in many of the Psalms, represent the climax of Old Testament

¹ Loofs' bibliography on "Kenosis" omits Professor A. B. Bruce's standard discussion in his *Humiliation of Christ*.

revelation. It is interesting to read this sketch alongside of a volume on *The Religion of the Hebrews* which Dr J. P. Peters has just contributed to the American series of *Handbooks on the History of Religions* (Ginn & Company, Boston). Dr Peters still believes that Josiah's find was part of our canonical Deuteronomy, and his treatment is less unconventional upon the whole than Professor Kennett's. His archæological interests enable him to fill in the background of the religious development. The history is outlined in some detail, and the book includes chapters on the theology as well as on the institutions of Israel. Dr Peters brings his sketch down to the opening of the Christian era, but he surprises us by refusing to take any notice of the Talmud. "In that heterogeneous mass of Scriptural interpretation, legal and ceremonial definition and expansion, tradition and legend, there are, doubtless, mixed with material of later date, some things which may cast a little light upon the religious developments of the last pre-Christian centuries; but no analysis of that material has yet been made which renders it safely available for such a purpose." This is surely a counsel of despair. Both Jewish and Christian scholars have done something to make the relevant material accessible; and it is so important, that a volume like Dr Peters' ought not to have ignored it entirely. The book on *Discovery and Revelation* which Dr H. F. Hamilton has contributed to the Layman's Library (Longmans, Green & Co.) is an abbreviation of his larger work on *The People of God*; but, although its sub-title is *A Study in Comparative Religion*, seven or eight of the twelve chapters are devoted to the Old Testament. The aim of the book is to show that, of the two sources of monotheism, Hebrew religion is superior to Greek philosophy, and that, "as a result of the work and teaching of Jesus Christ, the Jewish national religion was reorganised in such a way as to enable it to become universal"—a unique phenomenon in history. By "discovery," Dr Hamilton means the knowledge of God which may be gained from a study of the facts of existence; by "revelation," a knowledge of God given directly, as to the Hebrew prophets. He uses Bade's ugly but convenient term "mono-Yahwism" to describe the monotheism of the latter. To some extent the volume traverses the same ground as that covered by Professor Nairne's book on *The Faith of the Old Testament* in the same series, but it has a rôle of its own, and the argument is well adapted for the audience which it has in view. The counterpart to its thesis is Mr Herbert Loewe's extremely interesting article on "Judaism" in the *Encyclopædia*, which contends that Judaism as the purest form of monotheism "awaits the day when it will, as originally, exert its influence over" both Christianity and Islam, "and so over all mankind." Mr Loewe starts his survey from the Restoration period, and concludes by pointing out that liberal Judaism is closer than Zionism to orthodox Judaism. His article is full of instruction and suggestion for the non-Jewish scholar, and the same is true of Mr Abrahams' brief articles on "Inheritance" and "Liberal Judaism."

The article on "Jesus Christ" by Professor W. D. Mackenzie, supplemented by Dr G. H. Gilbert's on "The Kingdom of God," furnishes not only a historical estimate of his person and teaching but a study of Christology in the Church. The position of the former writer may be gathered from his remark that "the 'double-aspect' theory of the Ritschlians is only an inadequate piece of homage to the perplexities of the hour. The Church has always held that its Christ is a divine being who entered the conditions of man's experience, and as the mediator between God and man. The Realistic, as opposed to the Romanticist, Agnostic, or Monistic view, is the one with which Christianity arose, and by which alone, it would seem, it can move and win the world's conscience and heart to God." The background for the special conception of the "Incarnation" is supplied by an elaborate, composite article, in eleven sections, introduced by a couple of pages on the general idea, written by Dr Söderblom. This article, and that on "Law," contain some valuable material for an appreciation of the setting of Christianity in the first century—an appreciation which is directly sought by two recent volumes, *The Environment of Early Christianity* (Duckworth) and *The Evolution of Early Christianity* (University of Chicago Press). Professor S. Angus, in the former volume, sketches briefly but lucidly the social, religious, and political world in which the new faith arose; he has produced a serviceable handbook which will be useful to students and to the general reader. The American volume, by Professor Shirley J. Case, is larger and more ambitious. Like Professor Angus, he feels the need of placing Christianity in its original environment, in order to realise its true vitality and originality. He goes into more detail upon questions like imperial worship and the mystery-religions, and is less interested in the social phenomena; but the outstanding merit of his book is that it gathers up for the English reader what has been hitherto scattered throughout various periodicals and volumes, or inaccessible in French and German. We still await Professor F. C. Porter's volume on *The Contemporary History of the New Testament* in the *International Theological Library*; it is no disrespect to Professor Angus and Professor Case to say that the Yale professor has pre-eminent qualifications for writing on this subject. But meantime these two volumes, in their special ways, fill a distinct gap.

Dr S. H. Mellone's thoughtful article on "Immortality" concludes that the teleological argument still holds the field against any of the scientific or ethical objections to the idea of a future life. The subject¹ is also touched by Professor A. E. Taylor in his article on "Identity"; he argues "that memory is essential to personal identity, and that there is ultimately no sense, *e.g.*, in speculations which represent the same person as passing through a succession of lives in each of which he is absolutely precluded from all possible memory of the events of those which have gone

¹ In Preuschen's *Zeitschrift für die neutestamentliche Wissenschaft* (1914, pp. 254 f.), L. von Sybel argues, against Victor Schultze and Achelis, that the resurrection of the flesh is not predominant in primitive Christian art.

before." Mr H. N. Brown's essay in the *Harvard Theological Review* (January, pp. 45 f.) enters a plea for the serious study of psychic phenomena as a confirmation of the belief in immortality. He thinks it quite certain that "the Church will have to live more and more on whatever assurance it can give of the reality of the idea of immortality." In his *Democracy and Christian Doctrine* (Macmillan), which is called "An Essay in Reinterpretation," Canon W. H. Carnegie selects the doctrines of the Trinity, the resurrection of the body, and the Real Presence, as cardinal doctrines which occasion difficulty to the modern man and require restatement. None of these is particularly prominent in the teaching of Jesus, and it is not easy to see from the Canon's pages how "democracy" has very much to do with their reinterpretation. Christian doctrine was not formed in autocratic or aristocratic circles, as essays of such a title are apt to suggest. Canon Carnegie pleads that Churchmanship must be re-Christianised before it can hope to re-Christianise England, and that this largely depends upon the fuller grasp of the social implicates in the doctrine of the Incarnation. He points out that the early Church was a power for righteousness, "not because her members talked about social problems, but because they faced them and dealt with them," and he has sound advice to give to his fellow-Churchmen on their need of sharing the spirit and sympathies of Christ. But any reinterpretation of doctrine, such as he desiderates, requires a fuller analysis of conceptions like faith and revelation than is offered in his pages. The problems are more clearly faced in Mr G. F. Terry's *Essays in Constructive Theology* (Robert Scott), which is also written from a definitely Anglican standpoint; Dr H. C. Vedder's *The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy* (Macmillan) approaches, from an American standpoint, the real social problems which Canon Carnegie has in mind, and approaches them with considerable vigour.

The incidence of the alphabet brings several articles on Church history into this volume, including brief sketches of Jerome (by Grützmacher), Knox (by Professor Cowan), and Kierkegaard (by Dr A. Grieve). Dr Vacandard, in the article on "The Inquisition," admits that "it is impossible to claim that the Church had never any responsibility for the execution of heretics," but pleads that sentences of death were not frequent. Professor W. A. Curtis writes on "Infallibility" from the Protestant point of view; and Viscount St Cyres gives a succinct estimate of "Jansenism," with its origin in Louvain and Ypres, and its appeal to Augustine against Aristotle. He thinks that if there is any future for free Catholic Churches in Western Europe, their natural centre will be the Jansenist Church at Utrecht, which calls itself "The Old Roman Catholic Church." In this connection we may note a sympathetic and penetrating appreciation of *St Augustine: Aspects of His Life and Thought* (Hodder & Stoughton), by Rev. W. Montgomery, and an English translation (Burns & Oates) of the late Professor F. X. Funk's *Manual of Church History*, which is both compressed and on the whole candid.

JAMES MOFFATT.

A SOCIAL SURVEY.

SOCIAL THEORY.

THE main theme of Professor F. G. Peabody's *The Christian Life in the Modern World* (Macmillan, 5s. 6d. net) is the practicability of the Christian life under twentieth-century conditions. That elusive quantity, the average man, who has to earn his daily bread at the desk or in the workshop, though he never attacks religion either publicly or in private, has in many cases made up his mind that Christianity does not fit into the world as we know it. "If the teaching of Jesus," replies Professor Peabody, "were a fixed deposit of revelation from which successive ages must draw their moral code, then the supply might become exhausted as the demand increased. A teaching fit for Galilee may well become inapplicable to modern Europe. . . . If the Christian life must be one of literal conformity to the conditions under which the Gospel teaching was originally given, then it is unquestionably true that we are 'none of us Christians, and we know we ought not to be.' It is, however, misdirected reverence which thus reduces the Christian religion to an unalterable fixity. The purpose of Jesus Christ was to free religion from this asphyxiation by the temporary, the technical, the external, and to give it room to breathe and to grow. . . . The practicability of the Christian life depends upon its flexibility, its applicability, its capacity for expansion, the possibility of translating one Gospel into many dialects, the contagion of its influence, the transmission of its example." Professor Henry C. Vedder, in *The Gospel of Jesus and the Problems of Democracy* (Macmillan, 6s. 6d. net), makes a vigorous and outspoken plea for a reconstructed interpretation of Christian values. "The theology of all Churches," he says in his preface, "has been dominated by monarchical ideas: it needs to be recast in the mould of democracy. It has been permeated with ideas of special privilege, such as were unavoidable when aristocracy ruled the world: it needs to be restated in terms of equal rights." Starting with this assumption, he sets out in detail the form which the reconstruction will take as applied to specific problems—vice, crime, disease, poverty, lawlessness; his idea being to supply practical programmes. *Progressive Democracy*, by Herbert Croly (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net), though its subject is American politics, will be specially interesting to European

readers who have tried to follow the currents of American thought for the last decade. The most piquant part of the book is its criticism of President Wilson: "Wilson progressivism is, on the one hand, either too vague and equivocal to inspire sufficient energy of conviction, or else it is progressivism with its eyes fastened more on the past than on the future."

Prince Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid*, which has long taken its place as a classic, has been republished in a popular edition (Heinemann, 1s. net) with the immediate purpose of combating the current notion that the present *débâcle* is a manifestation of "the struggle for existence," in the Darwinian sense. Every careful reader of Darwin knows perfectly well that any such notion is but a crude travesty of the great scientist's teaching. Prince Kropotkin republishes his thesis, now more interesting and relevant than ever, that biological and social progress is to be interpreted "not in terms of overbearing brute force and cunning, but in terms of mutual co-operation." A remarkable article in *The Eugenics Review* ("Eugenics and the War," by Theodore Chambers) also deals incidentally with current and erroneous conceptions of evolution. The writer, who is throughout candid and impartial, reminds us that the dysgenic effect of war is far greater to-day than in primitive times; that as regards combatants the chief dysgenic effect is the killing of a high percentage of the best of the nation—just those, in fact, who, from the eugenic point of view, would be the fittest to survive; and that, as far as non-combatants are concerned, the most cruel losses and injury both during and after the war will fall upon the middle classes.

The serious study of political thought appears not only not to have been hindered, but perhaps even helped, by the outbreak of war. An interesting corner in this field is explored in *The Abbé Sieyès*, by J. H. Clapham (P. S. King & Son, 8s. 6d. net), which, for the first time in English, and indeed in any language, throws clear light on the career of one whose activities, whether direct or indirect, had a profound influence on the events that led up to and succeeded the French Revolution. *Political Thought in England, from Bacon to Halifax*, by G. P. Gooch (Williams & Norgate, 1s. net), is a masterpiece of clear and compact statement, equally successful when dealing with persons like Bacon, Hobbes, Milton, Harrington, and Winstanley, or with abstract themes such as law *versus* prerogative, the State and religion, the State and trade. Professor A. V. Dicey's *Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net), which first appeared in 1885, and has long been a standard work, is now reissued in an eighth edition, with a new introduction, which reviews the changes that have taken place either in the law or in the working of the Constitution for the last thirty years. All serious students of constitutional development will read with interest, though not all will agree with, Professor Dicey's views on woman suffrage, proportional representation, federalism, and the referendum, important subjects on which non-combatants might very well clear up their ideas in preparation for the time when political discussion will be renewed.

An enormous number of books dealing with the causes that led up to the war have appeared in recent weeks. Mr Morton Fullerton's brilliant *Problems of Power*, first published in 1913, now comes in a new and revised edition (Constable, 7s. 6d. net), all the more welcome because the first issue was avowedly written with the intention of preparing British and American opinion for a European war. Read in the light of recent events, it will be seen that its foresight was remarkable. *A Political History of Contemporary Europe since 1814*, by Charles Seignobos (Heinemann, 6s. net), is a clear and concise explanation of the organisation of nations, governments, and parties in Europe. It is well indexed, and contains a number of useful bibliographies. *The Development of the European Nations (1870-1900)*, by Dr J. Holland Rose (Constable, 7s. 6d. net), has been reissued in a fourth edition. It is an independent and impartial estimate by one who has a thorough mastery of the facts. In view of all that has been recently happening, readers will turn with special interest to see what Dr Rose has to say about the Alsace-Lorraine and Eastern questions, the failure to solve which has been the prime cause of war. *What is Wrong with Germany*, by W. H. Dawson (Longmans, 2s. net), is by far the best thing of its kind that has appeared in English. Mr Dawson knows Germany as no one else in England does, and his indictment of Prussian militarism is unanswerable. Particularly interesting are the sections of the book which deal with Treitschke, under whom Mr Dawson was a student at Berlin, and with possible terms of peace. *The Political Thought of Heinrich von Treitschke*, by H. W. C. Davis (Constable, 6s. net), is an exhaustive account of Treitschke's historical method, which in recent years appears to have completely taken by storm the whole of the German universities. The passages explaining why Treitschke believed that England was a decadent State, dependent for her preservation upon an unprincipled foreign policy, have a curious attraction now. *The Hapsburg Monarchy*, by Henry Wickham Steed (Constable, 7s. 6d. net), first published in 1913, and now issued in a third edition, proves in a remarkable degree to have been justified by recent events. As interesting as it is well informed and impartial, it lays bare the tortuous history of the House of Hapsburg and its relation to the numerous discordant elements which the Dual Monarchy has striven to hold together. *The Russian Problem*, by Professor Paul Vinogradoff (Constable, 1s. net), deals with the psychology of Russia and the nation that will be after the war. He is emphatic in his assurance that the Russian peasant is still unspoiled, and that the bureaucracy has not, as in Germany, warped and corrupted education at its source. *International Socialism and the War*, by A. W. Humphrey (P. S. King, 3s. 6d. net), is a reproduction of a number of representative declarations against the war by prominent Socialists. It is true that in all the countries now engaged in war the Socialists have at the last capitulated and are now engaged in trying to help on a conflict for which others are responsible; but the important point is that the professional militarists are not international Socialists,

who to the last moment strove against war in all the countries now pitted against each other.

Sir Thomas Barclay has prepared a most useful handbook, *Law and Usage of War* (Constable, 5s. net), which deals with what, until the outbreak of the present struggle, has hitherto been the prevailing practice of land and naval warfare and prize. It will be invaluable to the mere layman in these matters, who will find that it is full, clear, and admirably arranged, and that it yields up its information readily when consulted. The serious way in which the thousand and one questions arising out of the war are being discussed and ventilated is splendidly exemplified in the Oxford University Press series of *Papers for War Time* (2d. each), one of the very best of which, *Spending in War Time*, is by Professor Urwick, who shows that much of our spending, even when we have persuaded ourselves that it is for the good of others, is selfish, wasteful, and non-productive.

SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

Dr B. Bosanquet's address to the Council of the Charity Organisation Society, reprinted in the February number of the *Charity Organisation Society Review*, under the heading "The Ideal of Charity," is a most searching and candid examination of current principles. The paradox which the social worker has to resolve may, in Dr Bosanquet's words, be stated thus: "The ideal must not sustain the evil; but it must not ignore the evil. It must include it, but include it by transmutation. . . . Is it possible to frame a single ideal, say, of charity, which, being one and the same ideal, will serve to handle our present misery and degradation, and will also hold good, and be the same thing, as a principle of healthy living if and in as far as that misery and degradation were removed?" The reply is: "Your ideal, if it is to be a single ideal at all, must represent at once the principle of the healthy body as it adapts itself to the combat with disease, and at the same time the structure and function which is to be right and normal when the disease is vanquished, or in as far as it ever will be."

The first Report of the Committee appointed by the Local Government Board for the purpose of considering what steps might properly be taken to find occupation for Belgian refugees in this country appears in the January number of the *Board of Trade Labour Gazette*. The Committee strongly recommended that as far as possible vacancies should only be filled through the Labour Exchanges, and that no Belgian labour should be employed until every reasonable effort has been made to find British labour through the Exchanges.

With regard to this matter, and the alleged holding up of Government contracts for war material by a policy of slackness or ca' canny, public opinion has come to feel that the seriousness of the European situation is such that the present is no time for disputes between capital and labour. The Report of the Committee appointed by the Prime Minister to advise

on measures for the prevention and relief of distress (Cd. 7763) is encouraging as far as it goes. It is quite true that, so far as unemployment statistics go, unemployment has on the whole been very much less serious than was expected. But it should always be remembered that British official figures only cover those trade unions which send in statistics of their unemployed members to the Board of Trade; that not more than one-fifth of British manual workers are members of trade unions; and that not all trade unions send in reports. The figures are, therefore, very incomplete. It is obvious also that the huge percentage of people who in normal times live just on or under the poverty line must suffer dreadfully by the rise in the cost of living, especially for bread and coal. A valuable agency for assisting distress among a class of the community which has hitherto usually escaped its more acute forms is the Professional Classes War Relief Council (London, 13 and 14 Prince's Gate, S.W.).

Municipal Glasgow: its Evolution and Enterprises, issued by the Corporation of the city, with a preface by the Lord Provost, is an extraordinarily stimulating account of the activities of the most go-ahead of British municipalities. The only limit to municipal effort, says the Lord Provost, "should be the point at which the community ceases to find an adequate supply of disinterested representatives able and willing to carry on public enterprises for the common benefit." Many of these Glasgow activities were made possible by the Common Good fund, a form of financial reserve which is worthy of general imitation.

The 1915 *Annual* of the Co-operative Wholesale Societies Ltd. (1 Balloon Street, Manchester) is as usual a storehouse of information about working-class movements, and probably the best index available to the development of sane working-class opinion. *Co-operation for All*, by Percy Redfern (Co-operative Union Ltd., Hanover Street, Manchester, 3d. net), is an admirably clear and persuasive statement of what co-operation has done and hopes to do. *Town-Planning*, by George Cadbury, Junr. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net), is a compact and well-arranged general treatment of the subject, avoiding technical details and based on practical experience. Mr Cadbury's merit consists in the fact that he perceives that town-planning is one of a network of closely related problems of work, wages, and industrial conditions. *Safeguards for City Youth at Work and at Play*, by Louise de Koven Bowen, with a preface by Jane Addams (Macmillan, 6s. 6d. net), is a most refreshingly stimulating record of seven years' work as head of the Juvenile Protection Association of Chicago. *Education through Play*, by H. S. Curtis (Macmillan Co., 5s. 6d. net), is based on experience gained as former secretary of the Playground Association of America. To the author play is, besides its physical effects, also a training in intellect and character.

R. P. FARLEY.

(British Institute of Social Service.)

REVIEWS

The Philosophy of William James.—By Howard V. Knox.—London : Constable & Co. Ltd., 1914. (*Philosophies Ancient and Modern.*)

THIS book is in every respect worthy of the importance of its subject. It contains, in presentment and in criticism, what no student of William James's philosophy and its influence can afford to neglect.

First, a word about the method which Captain Knox has chosen. "I felt," he writes in his preface, "that James was so supremely excellent a writer that a summary of his philosophy would be best given as far as possible in his own incomparable language. I have accordingly aimed largely at effective selection, and at stringing together his own expositions of his own most important doctrines, with a minimum of explanatory comment." That Captain Knox has chosen the most difficult, but the only right, method of presenting James's philosophy, no student of that philosophy will doubt; and the happy ease with which he carries out this difficult method is one of the most remarkable features of the book, and impresses one with his mastery of his subject. The "explanatory comment" which accompanies the "selection" is, indeed, kept down with severe conciseness to a minimum; but between the lines of it there is an extraordinary amount of suggestive reading for those who have eyes to see.

So much for the method of Captain Knox's book: its object is to show forth William James's work in philosophy as all clustering round, and expressing, his *Principles of Psychology*. "Critics who have complained of the 'merely popular' character of James's philosophy have not troubled to acquaint themselves with the contents of his *magnum opus*." "The revolution that James's philosophy effects consists precisely in breaking down the barrier between philosophy and psychology. Hence his *Principles of Psychology* is by far the most truly philosophical work that he has produced; and, in fact, all his subsequent work consists in popularising and applying his psychological discoveries."

What, then, is the essential character of the teaching of the *Principles of Psychology*? In one word, it is "Darwinian." The thought which dominates it is that consciousness, in all its manifestations, is "purposive"—that "knowing" and all other functions of mind have their *use*, and must

be taken inseparably with the environment in which, as functions, they play their part: James "saw that if we are to embrace consciousness in the evolutionary scheme, we must *give up the idea that knowledge must be useless*. He faced the dilemma—either the Darwinian principle is inapplicable to animal and human consciousness, or that consciousness must be an originitive factor in the world; and he boldly chose the latter alternative. But to adopt this alternative is finally to discard the *pre-Darwinian* implications of the word 'evolution,' as the opposite of 'epigenesis,' *i.e.* as a denial of the possibility of real *novelty*. For James, the introduction of real novelty is the essential function of consciousness, and to get it he shrank as little from recognising the reality of 'chance' as Darwin did from postulating 'accidental variations.'" This is admirably said: the whole compass of James's philosophy, and indeed of the philosophy now chiefly associated with the name of Bergson, is included in these four sentences. "Environment" is not a once-for-all fixed condition of things independent of us. It does not dominate us mechanically from without. In "corresponding" with it we are free, inasmuch as we "correspond" with that which is, after all, largely of our own making. It is herein that James's "empiricism" differs essentially from that of the older empiricists, Locke and Spencer, "who always sought to explain knowledge as the passive 'reproduction' of an 'independent order of nature.' For these older empiricists, 'learning by experience' meant the hoarding of sense-impressions." But for James "'learning by experience' means learning *by experiment*. . . . In the extension of knowledge, thought does not simply lean on experiential data; it leads the way." This means that, for James, and those who, with him, adopt the Darwinian point of view, "knowing" and "willing" are inseparable: "will, as the exercise of choice (*sc.* from among presented alternatives), is just the *functional aspect of human intelligence*." It means also an entire transformation of the conception of Reality; it means that Reality is not an Absolute, a closed system which dominates us, its parts, *ab initio*, but an open system, a system in which we are not mere parts, but parts which are also, each one of them, the whole—that is, *persons*, who, by our free initiative of choice from among presented alternatives, are always bringing forth that which is new, always creating afresh the system of Reality which is the vehicle of our life.

The conception of Reality, then, as an open not a closed system is evidently one which recommends itself strongly to those who, like James, are deeply conscious of the fact of "personality." The only Reality which satisfies these minds is a "Pluralistic Universe," a Universe consisting of "monads," to use the Leibnizian word—individual persons, each having spontaneity or "free-will." "The only free-will," says James, quoted by Captain Knox, "I have ever thought of defending is *the character of novelty in fresh activity situations*. . . . *Novelty is perpetually entering the world*, and what happens there is not pure *repetition*, as the dogma of the literal uniformity of nature requires. Activity situations come, in

short, each with an original touch." On this Captain Knox's comment is: "Such a declaration points forward to Bergson's *Creative Evolution*, but the novelty it demands entered the scientific world (rather unobtrusively) with Darwin's 'spontaneous variation.'"

Reality, then, as open system, system continually created by the free agency of persons, is what James's psychology, true to its "keynote" "Darwinism without Materialism," sets up against the Absolute—Reality conceived as a closed, once for all established, system of self-existent and self-consistent truth. The adherents of such a view of Reality naively commit themselves to scepticism and pessimism. Their view makes knowledge impossible, for it leaves knowledge with nothing to do; and it makes not only knowledge but all other forms of conduct impossible, for it substitutes the mechanical operation of the closed system for the free agency of persons in an open system. The upholders of the Absolute are, in fact, scholastics whose instrument is the formal syllogism. Without a closed system to start from, it is impossible to syllogise. A provisionally closed system, if its compass is not large, is all very well: scientific results of value are obtained by means of the simplification effected by the supposition of such a closed system. But to attempt to simplify the *Universe*—that is an entirely different matter! The Universe, in which we have our being, cannot be simplified, cannot be closed, for the convenience of logic, without being misrepresented as object of philosophy. To attempt to simplify it, is, in a very true sense, to sacrifice man to the syllogism; for in the closed Universe personality has no place—freedom and, with it, knowledge are non-existent in such a Universe: as Captain Knox puts it: "James's philosophy essentially consists in the discovery that, under cover of an assumed distinction between philosophy and psychology, all the most vital questions of philosophy—questions concerning the nature of truth, of freedom, and of the meaning of life—have been either burked or begged—and begged, moreover, in the interests of no one but the sceptic and the pessimist."

Further, if Reality is a closed system, it consists of a finite number of "parts"—so many "laws" or "causes," with their respective "effects," all separate and external to one another. There can be no "continuity within such a system, no "interpenetration"—to use the term which Bergson, influenced, I think, by Plotinus, has brought into vogue. "Continuity" and "interpenetration" elude syllogistic handling, and, naturally, those whose way of thinking is scholastic posit an Absolute which excludes them. Nothing is more characteristic of Darwin's and James's thought than the hold which the conception of "continuity" has upon it—"it is continuity of change, or consciousness *as a moving continuum*, that James is most solicitous about. This feature of consciousness, which James was the first to urge, is sublimated into a metaphysical idea of the first rank in the philosophy of Bergson. James's vindication of conscious continuity rendered obsolete all previous abstract discussion of the relation of thought to time, though professed philosophers are only beginning to perceive this,"

Let me now add to my free rendering of Captain Knox's exposition of his author two remarks suggested by the connection, so well brought out in this book, between the Darwinian conception of "continuity" and the central place which "personality"—the "continuous" *var excellence*—holds in the philosophy of James. My first remark is, that we seem to have another influence, beyond that of the Darwinian conception of "continuity," at work in James's mind compelling him—no weaker word is proper—compelling him to make "personality" the central point of his philosophy: that influence was his mystic New England mood, for which Selthood is apt to be experienced, at times, as a real presence comparable with that of God. James was a mystic *and* a "pragmatist"—not, perhaps, such a disparate union as it might at first sight seem to be. Mysticism and pragmatism have this in common, that both attempt to transcend the conceptual *discretum* of discourse, and to realise the *continuum* by intuition of some sort: pragmatism, indeed, as an open-universe philosophy, necessarily envisages Reality as a moving *continuum*, and this moving *continuum* is experienced most adequately in the consciousness of one's own personality. Here, in the primacy assigned by both to "personality," pragmatism—or let us call it "humanism"—and mysticism meet. May it not be said that it was because "mysticism" was so conspicuously absent from Spencer's genius that "environment" was conceived by him so rigidly as an external system dominating organism by mechanical necessity?

My other remark is, that Art, which "loves chance," consorts well with pragmatism as we find the latter, in James, resulting at once from Darwinian influence and from the bias of his own native New England mysticism. And Art is, in this respect, only true to the greater life in which it inheres. Life, in all its manifestations—in the regions of science and of moral conduct, as well as in the region of art—"loves chance," and is always adventuring out into the new. Pragmatism, as recognising this, is the philosophy to which, in the future, we must look for a theory of art. "Intellectualism" cannot furnish a theory of art, for "intellectualism," the philosophy of the Absolute or closed Universe, cares only for the old repeated. There is all the difference in the world between the two types of mind—that which is not adventurous and cares only for things which can be counted on to turn up again, and the other type, adventurous, which cares only for things which are new and unique. The former type of mind, when it takes to philosophy, posits a monistic, the latter a pluralistic, Universe. As Captain Knox says, "Pluralism and monism are the dilemma of philosophy."

The last chapter (ix.) of Captain Knox's book—"Theory and Practice"—seems to me to be especially worthy of the careful attention of those who watch with interest the trend of present-day philosophical thought. It contains a presentment of the case for Pragmatism, or Humanism, which, I venture to think, puts the bulk of the current criticism directed against this, it must be admitted, badly understood philosophy out of action. I

will not attempt to give any summary of this chapter, but hope that the readers of the *Hibbert Journal* will study it for themselves. If any of them should approach it, and Captain Knox's book as a whole, with a prejudice against Humanism—this is surely the more expressive name, and ought to be generally adopted—they will, I am sure, after reading Captain Knox's lucid pages, perceive that this philosophy—which, of course, is not new, but as old as thinking itself—is not the mischievous paradox which in some quarters it is held to be, but plain common sense; that, in fact, it has always, in some form or other, been at home among English-speaking people, showing itself in our Baconian philosophy, in Butler's "Probability the Guide of Life," in our national Utilitarianism, in our Darwinism, and, perhaps most plainly of all, in the massive resistance which, on the whole, with only slight and local and temporary lapses, we have offered to scholastic systems mostly of foreign origin. Humanism, with the central place which it gives to the initiative of persons in an open world, is, after all, the philosophy of the English-speaking peoples for whom William James wrote. These peoples will not tolerate the Absolute.

Captain Knox's presentment of James's Humanism is the finest, in conception and execution, with which I am acquainted—finer, I think, because inspired by more intimate knowledge and sympathy, than that in M. Boutroux's charming *William James*; and I hope, in the interest of the advance of philosophy, that it will be widely read.

The portrait with which, by the kindness of Mrs Sears, Captain Knox's volume is enriched is far the best I have seen, and will enhance the value of the book, especially for all those in America and France and England who knew William James personally and loved him.

J. A. STEWART.

OXFORD.

The Life of Andrew Martin Fairbairn, D.D., D.Litt., LL.D., first Principal of Mansfield College.—By W. B. Selbie, M.A., D.D.—London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1914.

I HEARD Dr Fairbairn preach in the Bute Hall of the University of Glasgow on 9th January 1887. He took as his text John i. 18 and xiv. 1-9. It was a sermon of wide learning, deep thought, and great eloquence, and made a deep impression; but what touched and moved me (and I found from subsequent conversation many others of my fellow-students) most was the tender and beautiful allusion that the preacher made to the influence of his mother, and, through her teaching and training, of his grandfather, Andrew Martin, whose name he was proud to bear. I have mentioned this incident because it indicates the impression he made on those who were brought into contact with him, that the man in his loving heart was a more precious treasure even than the scholar and thinker in his richly stored and finely tempered mind. It was that sermon, and especially that allusion, which made me decide

to seek admission to Mansfield College, that I might come under the influence and inspiration of such a teacher. As a fellow-countryman, knowing and proud of the religious history of Scotland, and as a devoted disciple of the late Edward Caird, whose Hegelianism then still held me by its spell, I may with all due modesty claim to have had a keener understanding and a closer fellowship with Dr Fairbairn than most of my fellow-students. In the walks, which were a privilege he granted his students, Scottish religion and German philosophy were generally the subjects of his conversation, in which he sometimes laid bare his heart as well as displayed his mind. Although the opportunity for such intercourse ceased with the only too brief student days in Oxford, yet the intimacy thus begun was maintained by letters sufficiently to enable me to offer an estimate of the value of this biography by his successor, which rests on a personal knowledge that I may claim to be adequate for the purpose.

Without reserve and hesitation I can most heartily recommend the volume. Not only has the best use been made of the rather scanty material available, but the judgment is discriminating, erring, if at all, on the side of restraint rather than of excess of the affection and admiration which the writer shares with all the disciples of this great teacher. As I have read the volume I have not found any occasions for dissent and many reasons for cordial agreement. Although the plan has involved here and there the repetition of a fact or date, the author has done well in throwing into due prominence, by devoting special chapters to them, what may be called the dominant interests and the conspicuous services of Dr Fairbairn, as the titles indicate: "Relations with English Congregationalism," "The Founding of Mansfield College," "Theological Work: Constructive and Controversial," "Educational Work." Without in any way depreciating his public and literary work, one may say that, as he himself lived, thought, and toiled for Mansfield College first of all, subordinating all else to its claims, so it remains his most enduring and fame-preserving and diffusing monument. That a Scottish dissenter, sprung from the people, and never ashamed of the people from whom he sprang (quite unintentionally I have slipped into one of his mannerisms), should gain the knowledge and understanding of English Congregationalism which made him one of its most influential leaders, should so identify himself with the educational interests of English Nonconformity as to speak with a voice of quite exceptional authority on its most difficult problems, and should so overcome the prejudices, academic, social, and religious, of Oxford as to secure a position of high honour and great influence in it—this is a threefold achievement which bears convincing testimony to the greatness of his gifts, the width of his sympathy, and the virile vigour of his personality. What he accomplished was not due to any facile adaptation of himself to his changing environment; for all through he remained himself, and what he was he owed to his Scottish home and its training. With all his universality of knowledge and versatility of interest, he remained in the core of him

characteristically Scottish, and sometimes even he offended English prejudices by his praise of the superiority of things Scottish. It will most accord, however, with the purpose of this Journal if in what remains of my review I confine myself to the consideration of Dr Fairbairn as a theologian, as scholar and as thinker.

To me one of the most illuminating sentences in the book is found in the appreciation of his Bathgate ministry by Mr Andrew Law: "To his own people he gave of his best. In later years, when fame had come, and when thousands were crowding to hear him, his sermons were wonderful, but somehow as time went on the weight of learning seemed to smother the fire of those early days" (p. 53). In his own inner life he remained the fervent evangelical believer; in his sermons, when he did not regard the occasion as demanding one of his great oratorical efforts, his learning was kept in due subjection; in his relations with his students and his advice to them regarding their work as ministers, the wisdom and grace of his pastoral experience again and again appeared; but in his lectures, addresses, and sermons on special occasions, I must frankly confess the marvellous intellect with its prodigal resources concealed rather than revealed the generous and passionate Christian personality. One instance may be given, and a reference to the occasion on p. 383 may excuse the use of it as an illustration. He preached at the centenary of the Montrose Congregational Church, of which I was then pastor. In the morning his text was 2 Corinthians v. 14, "The love of Christ constraineth us," and the sermon was an outpouring of his Christian heart, and is remembered to-day with tender gratitude. In the evening he sought to answer the question, "What think ye of Christ?" (Matthew xxii. 42). The congregation was amazed, but also bewildered, by his learning and his power.

This duality is the clue to his work as a theologian. While what he did accomplish places him in the very front rank—he had few if any equals, and no superior, among Christian thinkers in his own time—yet the measure of his greatness is that he did not accomplish for the restatement of the Christian Gospel all that those who knew and loved him best expected from him. Doubtless his manifold service of the churches and the community, as well as his whole-hearted devotion to his college, hindered his carrying out his literary plans, and so realising his constructive purpose, although it seems to me a theologian will do his best work if kept in close touch with the thought and life of the Christian churches in the world. But the explanation seems to lie deeper; and Dr Selbie shows his insight in indicating it: "A more pertinent criticism is that which suggests that he stopped short at the point to which his own early investigations had led him, and never moved much further. As has already been indicated, the religious crisis through which he had himself passed conditioned his thinking ever afterwards. . . . Thus he always seemed to move in the thought-world of Dörner and Hegel, and was never quite at home with Ritschl, Wellhausen, and Harnack" (p. 185). But I should

carry the explanation a step further. The evangelical experience of his early days was never fused with the idealist philosophy to which in this mental crisis he fled as a city of refuge. When my own thinking drove me from Hegelianism towards Ritschlianism—although I may add that I never have been as Ritschlian as for a time I was Hegelian—I did feel that the intellectual sympathy of my loved and honoured teacher was not with me as it had been. Personally interested as he was in my work upon the subject, I never got an expression of his own views on Ritschl and his school. I am not so impertinent as to suggest that it would have been a gain if Dr Fairbairn had passed through the same phases of thought; but I do think, and I may say with all possible gratitude and reverence for all he was to me and did for me, that he would have given a more adequate theological interpretation of his own Christian experience had he been more appreciative of religious psychology as well as philosophy, of the experimental as well as the speculative method in theology. He makes the conception of God regulative of theology, and Christ's idea of God of Christian theology, while it is the Church's conception of Christ which makes the Christian Church; and throughout the standpoint is intellectualist and never quite adequate to the genuine and intense Christian piety which was his own personal possession. If I might so put my impression, the heat of his piety and the light of his philosophy are never quite brought to the same focus. The exposition of the doctrine of God's Fatherhood is his main constructive contribution; on the person of Christ much that he has written has great value; but the doctrine of the atonement, in which he was at home experimentally, he never succeeded in setting forth theologically. His series of articles on Christ's "Attitude to His own Death," in the *Expositor* for 1896 "goes," as Dr Denney writes, "some way to supply the deficiencies of his earlier work" (p. 323). But I must add regretfully, "only some way." His method seems to me too intellectualistic to do justice to the subject. One wishes that he had learned something from a younger theologian, whom personally he very highly esteemed—the Rev. Dr P. T. Forsyth, whose concentrated interest in the Cross one would have been glad to find in the wider context of Dr Fairbairn's idealist philosophy.

As a friend of mine, himself a Hegelian, once put it, we want Ritschl in the bosom of Hegel. We do want the evangelical Christian experience in the framework of an idealist philosophy of history, but a philosophy less dominantly intellectualistic than any current systems of idealism have been, and doing fuller justice to the moral conscience and the religious consciousness, which must be determinative in a Christian theology even more than the speculative intellect. If it should be given to any of Dr Fairbairn's disciples to go beyond the work of their master in this respect, nevertheless they will feel that he, more than any other influence, made them what they are as Christian thinkers, that he "being dead still speaks" through them, and that any work they may accomplish is a tribute to him, and just the kind of tribute that he, in the largeness of his heart,

would have most desired. In continuing his testimony and influence, all his old students will join in warm appreciation of the service rendered to the common task, which he has left them as a sacred trust, by one of their number in this volume.

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

NEW COLLEGE, HAMPSTEAD, N.W.

War and Insurance.—An Address delivered before the Philosophical Union of the University of California at its twenty-fifth anniversary, at Berkeley, California, August 27, 1914.—By Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard.—London: Macmillan, 1914.

THIS is a profoundly interesting little book, being a lecture given at the end of a course on "Communities of Interpretation," and applying the principles therein discussed to the question of the world-wide war which had broken out meanwhile. It is as clear, and yet deeply thought out and felt, as everything Dr Royce writes. Yet, as will appear from our brief account of it, it lacks the actuality, the moral for our present troubles, which the author is most concerned to give us if he can.

The idea which the lecture suggests is derived from two sources. Kant's analysis of love and hate as two inseparable motives in human society which have somehow to be reconciled in a world-community of free and yet co-operating States, and Mr Charles Peirce's logical theory of the nature of interpretation. It works out in this way. The first and most natural tendency of human beings is to associate in pairs. Now, every couple, whether of individuals or of nations, contains in it the seeds both of attachment and of opposition. Even the married couple, apart from their children, maintains but an armed peace. It is the intervention of a third party which creates loyalty and gives stability to the association. This is obviously the case in the simplest instance, the family, where the strongest bond is the child. Out of the loyalties thus created by third party associations we get the international unit, the State. But between States the difficulties are enormously increased by the fact that the separate loyalties created are themselves a noble and valuable thing. To be "all for the State" has often seemed the highest ideal for the individual, as in ancient Rome; in any case, the service of the State is a school of self-denial and sometimes of heroism. Hence, in relations between States we have the conflict, not only, or primarily, of hatred and self-interest, but of pride and enthusiasm for something greater and better than ourselves. How to reconcile, without destroying, such passions as these is one of the greatest problems facing mankind.

At this point we come to Dr Royce's practical suggestion. He shows that there are (at least) three forms of what he calls "Communities of Interpretation": the judicial community, the banker's community, the community of insurance. In each of these cases there is a third party

intervening between two others, and establishing a greater degree of reasonable stability than could have been achieved without it. In international relations some attempt has been made to realise the two former communities, but none to touch the latter. We have the Hague tribunal and various forms of arbitral courts set up for special purposes; and the financial community, increasingly international, was expected by many people to prove the greatest safeguard against such a conflagration as we are now witnessing. But there is as yet no form of international insurance. Dr Royce believes, and we think rightly, that of all the business relations and forms of practical community yet devised the insurance relations are the most fruitful. We see the proof of this in the extension of insurance to more and more sides of human life; national health and naval insurance are two conspicuous recent examples. If this can be done between individuals in one State, why not, asks Dr Royce, between States as units? "Begin to make visible," he says, "the community of mankind, not merely in alliances . . . ambiguous and irritating, and of arbitration treaties likely to be broken . . . but in the form of a sufficiently large board of financially expert trustees, with international membership and guided by the practically unanimous consent of the insuring nations." The funds would be put in the charge of a well-known and "essentially neutral Power, such as Sweden or Switzerland," and invested in various parts of the world in various securities. The insurance body would have no direct political powers or duties whatever, though it would act "in free co-operation with the Hague tribunal."

The following is suggested as a first list of calamities against which insurance might be made: earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, migratory pestilences, destructive storms, recurrent famines and crop failures, marine disasters. Then—to introduce the risks of war—"the destruction in war time of private property belonging to the subjects of unquestionably neutral States." This, it is hoped, would lead to more and more insurance against all losses caused by war. But this brings in one of the gravest practical difficulties connected with working such a scheme in the case of war risks. "*Who committed the first act of war?*" For no nation, committing the first act of war, would receive any compensation. Financiers will make the judicial decision required on the point.

Such is the scheme, and it merits consideration, both for the earnestness and philosophic breadth of its conception and for the urgency of the evils it is intended to meet. We cannot afford to neglect anything which promises to knit mankind more closely together.

But as soon as we test the scheme by any actual crisis of which we have experience, we realise how far it is from reality. It is significant that Dr Royce does not refer to any actual or possible war in illustration of the working of his plan. Think of the present war and the question of who committed the first act. We, on our side, have no doubt; but the Germans have throughout held that the Russian mobilisation was their *casus belli*. Is it to be supposed that in any state of society which we can

imagine, we on our side, and the Germans on theirs, would be content to allow the question of indemnity for the losses of this war to be settled by six eminent bankers sitting in peaceful seclusion in Stockholm or Berne?

Or take another point. If a nation is conquered in war and disappears from the family of nations, provision is to be made that the rights of the dead State lapse, and its insured funds would return to the general fund, to be used by the remaining members of the community of mutual insurance. Poor Poland, and all Polands yet to be! There is actually to be a premium on strong Powers swallowing up their weaker neighbours!

The plan wants actuality, and yet it is an attractive idea. Perhaps it might grow strong on non-war risks, and then proceed in conjunction with the court of international arbitration to deal with more directly political matters. It might provide funds for an international navy and police. International insurance against such calamities as do not arouse national passions would appear feasible enough, though it will be noticed that the various evils mentioned, earthquake, famine, and pestilence, are things that afflict mainly the less civilised countries which have no funds to contribute. The one immediate suggestion which Dr Royce offers is perhaps the least feasible of all, viz. that the victorious Powers in the present war should offer their indemnities as a nest-egg for the fund. It is difficult to imagine anything less likely to happen, after we have spent hundreds, perhaps thousands, of millions in rescuing a devastated Belgium.

But these considerations ought not to prevent everyone who is working for a united humanity from pondering over the thesis, and trying to discover in what ways the true ideas with which it abounds might be put in practice.

F. S. MARVIN.

BERKHAMSTED.

The Immorality of Non-Resistance.—By the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas.—
Birmingham: Cornish Brothers, 1915.—Pp. xviii+108.

MR LLOYD THOMAS, in this short but illuminating collection of sermons, has treated a pressing case of conscience. No thinker can approve of warfare, and all that it involves, without a serious examination of the conditions under which warfare is begun. There is a temptation to adopt the dogma of non-resistance as a short cut to the solution of a problem which is embarrassing and painful, and Mr Lloyd Thomas is susceptible, beyond many others, to the distressing character of the alternative to non-resistance. In these addresses he raises the whole discussion to a clearer light, and vindicates the duty of actively defending certain causes to which we are committed, when argument and persuasion fail.

Can we affirm this duty in face of the fact that non-resistance commends itself to many spiritually minded men? I think the answer to this question may be found if we consider the boundaries of the divine omni-

potence. With Spinoza we may see in the general laws of nature an expression of the divine mind. For those laws operate on the whole in a beneficent way. Yet they often press hardly upon individuals. Here we find the function of the religious community. It is that men should be fellow-workers with God; completing the divine purpose by conscious and energetic co-operation towards what is best; healing the wounds and binding up the sores which are a necessary part of the individual's lot. Such seems to me the function of the Free Catholic Church of which Mr Thomas has been the eloquent prophet. I am indebted to him personally for his reconciliation of religious aspiration with the irresistible impulse towards the active defence of what seems the right.

FRANK GRANGER.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM.

The Christian Life in the Modern World.—By Francis Greenwood Peabody, D.D.—Macmillan Company, New York, 1915.

IN this volume of essays Dr Peabody discourses lucidly and suggestively on applied Christianity. He sets himself the task of replying to the loudly asserted contention that the ideals of Christian life are no longer practicable under the stress and strain of modern exigencies. The book arrives at an opportune moment. All sorts and conditions of men are proclaiming the failure of Christianity in the region of life and conduct. Nearly all the ills of our social world, the poverty of the poor, the foetid slum, the disintegration of the family, the war between Capital and Labour, and finally, the flaming fires of the war in which at the moment nearly all Europe is involved, all testify to the complete breakdown of the Christian ideal of human relations, whether social, industrial, national, or international. If ever the day dawns

When conquered wrong and conquering right
Acclaim a world set free,

it must be by the rise into power of other forces and ideals than those of the Christian gospel. Life to-day is so complex, its problems so undreamt of by ancient prophets, its growth into new power, its command of new forces, its new relations so impossible of escape, that the laws and principles which seemed sufficient for life in the simple and comparatively narrow world of the first century are found to be quite inadequate for the vaster world of the twentieth century. So, with many variations, runs the charge. "None of us are Christians," a distinguished philosopher has lately affirmed, "and we all know, no matter what we say, that we ought not to be. We have lived a long time now the professors of a creed which, if practised, would be as immoral as unreal."

Dr Peabody sets himself the task of showing, in opposition to this contention, that the "Laws of Life after the mind of Christ" are not, when rightly understood, in the least out of date or inadequate to the solution of our difficulties. All turns on "rightly understood." If, indeed, we are face to face with an imperilled or defeated Christianity, it is because we have taken it by the letter rather than the spirit, and have looked to it for rules of conduct rather than principles of life. "The fundamental fallacy with regard to the alleged failure of Christian teaching," writes our author, "is the confusion of the temporary, occasional, and incidental aspects of the Gospel with its universal, spiritual, and permanent message." Taken literally, the Sermon on the Mount leads, as an eloquent Bishop once declared, to social disaster. Literalism applied to the New Testament is essentially misleading and unhistorical. If the precepts of Christ are interpreted by the letter, "Take no thought for the morrow" becomes an impossibility. Let a man interrogate his own heart, and he will have to admit that this is not only a foolish but an immoral position. All we believe, all we hope, all we have become, is the result of doing just the opposite. Precepts only, even the precepts of the Gospel, are often self-contradictory. At one moment Jesus counsels non-resistance, and at another commends soldierliness: "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword"; "In that day, he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." At one time he offers peace, at another he comes not to send peace but a sword. He proclaims the kingdom of God as coming in outward clouds of glory, yet finds that kingdom within the human heart. To one disciple he says, "Come unto me and I will give you rest"; to another, "If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow." In one saying he commends social equality, "I will give unto this last even as unto thee"; in another saying he announces the law of cumulative inequality, "Unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." What do these contradictions indicate except the duty of penetrating through the occasionalism of the teaching to the principles which these incidental utterances disclose; passing from the letter to the spirit, and realising, with Edward Caird, that "true Christianity is not something which was published in Palestine and which has been handed down by a dead tradition ever since; but is a living and growing spirit, and learns the lessons of history, and is ever manifesting new powers and leading on to new truths." Here is the key to Dr Peabody's application of Christianity to our modern world. Christianity is the "power of an endless life." Power and Life are its leading *motifs*. Christianity is neither a code of ethics nor a form of legislation; it is a way of life. Christ is found giving various counsels to various people, and often jealously careful to avoid definite precept. Is he asked to divide a heritage? He refuses, and throws the man back on a principle of life, "Beware of covetousness." How vague! Yes, but then no precept can be more than an illustration, for

the conditions of the same kind of act are never exactly the same. The precept must be applied in the spirit.

It is Christianity understood as a spirit of life and power rather than as a table of commandments that Dr Peabody applies to the solution of the problems of a modern world. When Eucken asks, "Is Christianity equal to the situation in which the modern world finds itself?" our author replies with Eucken himself, "It is, if it be understood as a spirit of life, not dependent either on credal formulations or any occasional precept, but on universal truths and principles which can be as readily applied to the new and unprecedented conditions of to-day as to the conditions of any earlier time." Thus in the business world, with its new problems, experience has brought men round by unexpected roads to new applications of Christian idealism. "I am among you as one that serveth," said Jesus, and it appears that the recognition of service is the only thing that can prevent business from becoming a form of gambling or robbery and civilisation a sordid scene of greed and piracy. The only legitimate business is that which serves the needs and promotes the healthy life of the community. The true test of any form of business is to be found in the degree it advances or opposes the general good. While enriching the individual we do not recognise its legitimacy unless it enriches the community. Every honest business is at the same time a benefaction. The only way of reconciliation between Capital and Labour is the humanising of both as factors in the law of service, and the candid admission that human relations can never be peaceably adjusted except by loyalty to something higher and diviner than profits and wages. The many and varied schemes now so vigorously undertaken by intelligent employers, of arbitration, co-operation, profit-sharing, and industrial partnership, bear witness to the truth that business may be developed into a system of mutual advantage, approximating more and more to the spirit of the golden rule, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

In like manner Dr Peabody treats of the uses of money, of the modern State, of international relations, and of the province and duty of the Church in our new world. For even the Church labours under new conditions and deals with problems unknown to the New Testament. Unless it comprehends within its proper sphere, not worship, clergy, doctrine, and charity alone, but the whole troubled world of modern life, its war of classes, its dissensions of industry, its sins of property, its social questions, it will find itself thrust aside as a played-out institution, no longer effective for the world's betterment. But there are no definite rules by which the Church may fulfil its mission. It is by a spirit of life it acts and moves, even as the Founder of Christianity said of himself that the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, anointing him to heal, to deliver, to give sight, to set at liberty, and so to bring in the Acceptable Year.

JOSEPH WOOD.

CROWBOROUGH.

The Miracles of the New Testament.—By A. C. Headlam, D.D.—
London: Murray, 1914.

IN one of the most imaginative scenes of *Peer Gynt*, Ibsen introduces a "vague, shapeless, ubiquitous, inevitable, invulnerable Thing" called the Great Boyg, to symbolise the dull resistance of traditionalism to the forward movements of thought. Wherever the explorer seeks to advance, this mysterious mass is in the way. There is nothing to strike, and nothing strikes back: "The Great Boyg conquers, but does not fight." It smothers progress by an eternal "easy-goingness."¹

It implies no disrespect towards our contemporary defenders of miracles—least of all towards the learned author of the present volume—if one maintains that the strength of their case does not lie in the arguments which they adduce, but in the appeal which they are still able to make to their readers' vague Boyg-like feeling that miracles are essential to Christianity. That feeling is, however, weakening, and may be trusted in time to disappear; so that the main business of liberal theologians is not to criticise the argument with which these writers seek to prop it up, but to provide something that may take its place when the final collapse comes.

To one who approaches the question from this point of view Dr Headlam's book provides much food for thought. It seeks to cover the whole field of conflict, except that small (but important) corner of it in which a pamphlet-fight between bishops and professors broke out as a result of the Kikuyu incident last year (p. 18). It deals with the history of New Testament criticism, so far as it affects miracles, with the philosophical problems that are involved, with the documentary evidence, and more specifically with the crucial cases of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection. It is not original. Its points have been put, with varying emphasis, many times before, and have as many times been answered. But it is a convenient summary of the ordinary Anglican (we might add Episcopal) apologetic on this question.

There is one characteristic of the book against which we must protest at the outset, and we believe that the protest will be backed by every impartial reader. No controversialist, least of all a scholar of Dr Headlam's eminence, should allow himself to speak of writers with whom he disagrees in the way in which he constantly does in this book. He is not content to patronise other critics, or even to despise them. He suggests that they are dishonest—pretending to argue questions which they have really begged; and disloyal—seeking to disprove and to destroy the Christian faith. He gives his sanction to the misleading phrase and idea of "Negative Criticism"—misleading, because good critics and bad critics are distinguished simply by their use of critical methods, not by the orthodoxy or unorthodoxy, the positiveness or negativeness, of their results. He takes Baur and Schweitzer as typical of liberal theology (pp. 150–153). He speaks as though a whole school of criticism for the last hundred and fifty

¹ *Peer Gynt*, act ii. scene 7: Archer's translation and introduction.

years had aimed at "destroying the authority of the Gospels and the traditional character of Christian teaching" (p. 157). He suggests that all the sound constructive work lies to the credit of the conservative school. This attitude and these accusations are a serious blemish on the book. It is difficult to read with patience and charity what seems to have been written with too little of either. May we express a hope that in future editions pp. 149-157, 166, 179, 211, 235, 260, 275, 310, 334, and some others, will be revised?

Previous writers have taken pains to define the word "miracle." Dr Headlam refuses to define it. "A definition," he says, "should come at the end of a discussion, not at the beginning" (p. 1). This may be true of the final statement in which a writer sums up his investigation into the meaning of his subject. But, unless some preliminary definition is also given, how is the writer to keep his argument clear, or the reader to follow it intelligently? More than once in the course of this book (*e.g.* pp. 5, 7, 71) such a definition is needed. At p. 314, within a few pages of the end, we read: "If this be the case, surely we have here real evidence of a strong spiritual force in the world, abnormal in its character. We are told that this is not miraculous. That depends entirely upon what definition we have given of miracles." Of course it does. But Dr Headlam has given none at all. And the reader finds himself committed to the view that the faith-cures of the Gospels, unlike other instances of such phenomena, were miraculous—"it is only a pedantic and academic use of terms," Dr Headlam assures him, "which would deny that events like these are miraculous" (p. 314). Most readers would prefer even a pedantic and academic use of terms to this *deus ex machina* appearance of Miracle at the end of an argument with which it really has nothing to do.

But what is Dr Headlam's final definition of miracles? He is not prepared to give "a formal and precise definition," but contents himself with a description: "A miracle means really the supremacy of the spiritual forces of the world to an extraordinarily marked degree over the mere material" (p. 335). The reader who reaches this point begins to wonder why there should be any controversy about so evident a proposition. No one who takes a religious view of the world would shrink from accepting such a formula. It then becomes a matter of taste, or of the amount of weight we give to tradition, or of the nature of our personal experiences, whether we find our convictions of the supremacy of the spiritual forces of the world expressed in this or that kind of miracle. Dr Headlam admits this too. "If this or that event," he says, "seems to anyone incredible, there is no reason why a man should feel compelled to say or think that he believes it" (p. 338). The natural result of such a position is the view which liberal theologians have for so long been urging, namely, that the belief in particular miracles should not be made a test of orthodoxy, or of admission to the ministry of the Church. If Dr Headlam does not mean this, we do not understand his position. If he does, we welcome his charity and good sense.

The first part of Dr Headlam's argument, in which he shows that science and philosophy do not exclude the possibility of miracles, may really be "taken as read." No one seriously denies this nowadays. But it is not legitimate to turn this negative argument into a positive one. Though we know too little of the real constitution of nature to say that miracles are impossible—both we and Dr Headlam (in spite of his subsequent view) are here using "miracle" in the popular sense of the word—we know enough about it to create a strong presumption against the likelihood of any particular miracle. The law of gravitation, for instance, works so well in ordinary experience that hardly any amount of evidence would convince us of the truth of a case of levitation nowadays. And if so, it rests with the defenders of miracles to show that certain ancient evidence for such occurrences is stronger than the mass of modern evidence against them. The extreme improbability of miracles makes the plea for their possibility a little pedantic.

Again, no Christian will underrate the world-wide importance of his religion. He may be excused for comparing its introduction into the world with the first appearance of life, or of reason, in the course of evolution (pp. 107 ff.). But the whole trend of such an analogy is to suggest that the new spiritual element came into the world without any break in the orderly sequence of birth and death, cause and effect—in short (still speaking popularly) without a miracle. If we were able to approach the problem afresh, from the modern point of view, instead of trying always to adjust our position towards the science and tradition of another age, we should never dream of positing miracles as a condition of the entrance of Christianity into the world. Why cannot Dr Headlam, and those who think with him, accept the logical result of the position outlined on pp. 142–145, and say that the belief in miracles was once a necessary and salutary mode of Christian revelation, but that from our point of view, to which "God reveals Himself in other ways," it must be replaced by something more rational and more edifying? His reason is one which underlies nearly every form of the defence of miracles. It is, on the last analysis, a distrust of human nature, disguising itself as trust in God. "If we believe," says Dr Headlam, "that Christianity is in any sense true, and accept the fact of God's revelation through Christ, can we really believe that God would allow the belief in Christianity to grow up based on what were illusions?" (p. 145). This begs the question, so far as it forgets that Christianity was based on other things besides miracle-belief, and that the "miracles" were not all of them illusions. But, in any case, why should we not admit an element of illusion in the origins of Christianity? We make similar assumptions every day in the case of other religions, whose influence upon the world has hardly been less than that of Christianity. Our whole philosophy of history, our whole theory of education, our patriotism, our social sanctions, our moral values, our system of credit—they are all permeated with this idea of the value of illusion. There is not space to work out the point here. But it is of vital importance.

Once realised, it undermines the traditional defence of miracles, and provides a new *point d'appui* for Christian apologetics.

In the second part of his book, which we cannot describe at length, Dr Headlam deals with the critical aspect of the question. The critical argument against the trustworthiness of the New Testament evidence for miracles is necessarily detailed and cumulative, and we cannot expect unanimity upon all points. Summarily, Dr Headlam's position is (i.) that the belief that Jesus worked miracles goes back to the first generation of Christians, and was general among them; (ii.) that the stories in the Gospels are only a selection from those which were in circulation; (iii.) that Jesus Himself claimed to work miracles; (iv.) that the Apostolic Church did the same; and (v.) that the so-called critical rejection of this evidence starts by assuming the impossibility of miracles. Of these, (i.), (ii.), and (iv.) prove nothing to one who believes that the New Testament witnesses were predisposed both by their habit of mind and by their Messianic hopes to interpret faith-healing and other unusual phenomena in Jesus' ministry as miracles. Dr Headlam does not meet this objection. As to (iii.), we do not find it difficult nowadays to believe that Jesus shared the popular diagnosis of insanity as "possession" by an evil spirit: why should we shrink from supposing that He also shared the popular predisposition to seek and find miracles in exorcism, faith-healing, and other striking incidents of His ministry? As for the last point, (v.), it is a general charge against critics, with no names given, and no instances to justify it. We have already said what we think of this method of argument.

In dealing with the Resurrection, Dr Headlam will allow no "mediating" theories. Canon Streeter, Professor Lake, and Dr Rashdall are equally condemned (pp. 256 ff.). Yet he is unable—indeed, he hardly attempts—to shake the impression produced by Professor Lake's brilliant analysis of the Resurrection narratives:¹ nor does he seem to feel the difficulties which have driven cautious thinkers like Canon Streeter into an attempt to revise the traditional hypothesis of the manner of the Resurrection, while retaining their belief in its historical truth and spiritual value. As to the Virgin Birth, "we believe it, not for the particular evidence in its favour, but because it comes to us as part of the Christian tradition, and harmonises with that tradition" (p. 270). By this last phrase Dr Headlam means particularly that it "harmonises with the conception of the sinlessness of Jesus" (p. 298). But exactly how it does so, he fails to say. One would think that God could as easily produce a sinless birth from two sinful parents as from one. This attitude towards the Virgin Birth leads inevitably to the Immaculate Conception. Nor can we pass without comment the statement that the belief in the Virgin Birth "has created the whole of the Christian ideal of motherhood" (p. 298). If it has done so, it has certainly not been in virtue of the idea of virginity. That has, on the contrary, favoured the ugly view of marriage underlying monasticism and the celibacy of the clergy. Indeed, the idea of the Virgin

¹ Lake, *The Historical Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ*.

Birth is rejected by not a few Christians nowadays on the very ground that it casts an aspersion upon the divine law of sex.

We have been forced to criticise this book, because we regard it as representative of a widespread but mistaken point of view. But we gladly recognise, and would end by drawing attention to, the presence in it of elements which are not merely controversial, but contain hope of future reconstruction. Of these the greatest is the very moderate formula in which, after a constant threat of more formidable things, Dr Headlam ultimately expresses his own belief in miracles. If he were to write another book, starting from the point at which this one ends, we should probably find little to criticise in it.

J. M. THOMPSON.

OXFORD.

The Schweich Lectures, 1912. The Relations between the Laws of Babylonia and the Laws of the Hebrew Peoples.—By C. H. W. Johns, M.A., Litt.D.—London: Milford (for the British Academy), 1914.

DR JOHNS' lectures centre upon the problem of the influence of the old Babylonian code of laws, associated with the name of Hammurabi (c. 2000 B.C.), upon the Mosaic legislation. The first deals with general features of Babylonian law, special attention being paid to those that are useful for comparison with the Israelite legislation. In the second he discusses at length the resemblances and differences. The third handles the problems of relationship, upon which the Preface is also to be consulted. Finally, a valuable addition is the helpful survey of the bibliography since the discovery of the Code of Hammurabi in 1902. Dr Johns has done a great deal of solid and permanent work in Assyriology, and the subject of these lectures he has made his own. His book is a positive contribution to the problems, and is as thoroughly readable as it is important.

The popular problem is still—Hammurabi and Moses; and Dr Johns argues for a position which is preferable to that formerly adopted by myself, with others. He makes generous reference to my own book, and therefore I may be allowed to mention that it was written a dozen years ago in the midst of the Babel-Bible controversy. The absolute dependence of Palestinian culture upon that of Babylonia was a commonplace. The German school—that of Berlin in particular—found it the most natural thing in the world that Palestine should be swamped by Babylonian might and culture. The discovery of Hammurabi's code seemed to bring convincing proof of this view. But the code showed differences as well as resemblances, and some of us were more concerned to emphasise the former. At the same time, I took the usual critical view of the "development" of Israelite history and thought, and did not recognise the serious difficulties underlying the traditional framework. Dr Johns now comes forward and lays stress upon the existence of ready-made laws, presupposed by the

Mosaic law—laws against which Israelite legal reforming zeal is aimed. In effect, the questions of influence have been too crudely stated, and the tendency has been to argue for extreme positions. It is difficult not to agree in the main with Dr Johns' moderate position. The Elephantine papyri of the fifth century B.C., and the details of Talmudic law, combine to indicate the prevalence of Babylonian usage, and on a *a priori* grounds one is now tempted to ask why the traces of the Babylonian code are not more clearly seen in the Old Testament. The accumulation of external evidence forces one to change the approach and to look at the Old Testament in the background of archæological and other data. It is the absence of influence in certain directions which now gains a new significance.

But Dr Johns, though very suggestive, is perhaps not so helpful as regards the biblical evidence. His attitude to the "critical" position in general has not allowed him to do sufficient justice to the fact that the date or relative order of written sources is not to be confused with the antiquity of the contents. Nor do his references to the evolution or development of law and history adequately recognise the real complexity of a group of problems which are by no means imaginary. The detailed inquiries have become far more intricate, and their nature can be illustrated among ourselves. A man may have a *Weltanschauung*, but it is not therefore a German one; and a "never-to-be-forgotten" style may not be of direct Teutonic influence. Again, the peasant does not necessarily manifest the influence that is seen on a contemporary higher level, *e.g.* in academical circles; and when in any given case we are struck with the absence of an influence which might have been expected, it remains to ask whether the absence is due to date (prior to the influence) or to environment (outside the influence). Questions of this stamp have placed the older problems in a rather different light; and when Dr Johns attempts to co-ordinate the purely legal or sociological data with the traditions of Israelite history I think he overlooks, as I also did, the deeper questions which first demand attention—the questions relating to our entire perspective of the course of events.

STANLEY A. COOK.

CAMBRIDGE.

647

THE HIBBERT JOURNAL

UNITY BENEATH THE PRESENT DISCORD.

PRINCE EUGÈNE TROUBETZKOY,

Formerly Professor of the Philosophy of Law in the University of Moscow.

“All the nations are engaged *together* in the bitter but salutary process of discovering their souls.”—L. P. JACKS, *Hibbert Journal*, April 1915.

I.

AN attempt to penetrate the inner meaning of events which have not yet completed their course may seem premature and audacious. Are we equipped with the force of mind which alone can raise us above the mighty torrent which is sweeping us along? Are we sufficiently calm to be able to interpret its direction and its meaning?

In spite of the seeming justice of these objections, there are reasons which compel us to press the question *now*. The exceptional circumstances of the present crisis have produced throughout the whole world an exaltation of mind which cannot last for long. When we return hereafter to our ordinary life we shall not be what we are at the present moment. Once the war is finished, that elevation of soul, that unusual keenness of perception, that exceptional clearness of insight which belong to the great moments of history, and are now present, will exist no more. As soon as daily life resumes its course, attention becomes absorbed in the passing interests of the moment, in the particulars of time and place

and the minute details of human existence; and the consequence is that great ideas fall back into forgetfulness until in the end we no longer perceive the great historical whole of man's life. Then it is that the unique revelation of life's meaning fades away and finally disappears in the confused chaos of mere events.

One day towards the end of the last century I remember having heard in Italy a conversation typical of the whole of contemporary Europe in times of peace. The talk was of the deep divisions existing in political and social life, of the bitter and endless strife of a number of parties, groups and fractions, which never come into unity as a national whole. And the speakers—Italian politicians—asked each other in tones of distress, "Where then is the guiding motive of the social and political life of the time to be found?" Neither in Italy nor in any other country was an answer at that time forthcoming. And not in politics alone but in all the departments of spiritual life the same chaos, the same divisions, had to be faced; the same absence of any kind of unitary meaning, which could bind men in a common cause, was felt throughout the world. In every country the nation was blotted out of sight by party, and humanity by the nation. The question as to the goal towards which history was moving remained everywhere equally insoluble.

For a long time a superficial observer might have thought that Russia was an exception to the rule. But the deceptive appearance of unity in her political life was due entirely to the lack of all political liberty. From the moment, however, that new representative institutions gave her the means to express her national will and her collective opinion, this unity began to vanish like a dream; the breaking up into parties, and the discord attendant upon this, showed themselves with all the energy and bitterness displayed in Western Europe. We found ourselves in presence of the same insoluble question: Where is the unity of the nation to be found, where is the guiding motive of our national life and of human life in general?

But now we stand at last face to face with one of those rare moments in history when life itself seems to be giving an answer to these questions. It is a time when the ideal meaning of national and human life is being revealed with a splendour and an energy seldom witnessed; while the unity of the central motive of all history is becoming extraordinarily clear and unmistakable. It is only in times of national danger that the feeling of national unity can attain this degree of penetration and vigour. Now, therefore, is the very moment when, in spite of the fury of the strife between the nations, we become aware, with a depth of feeling unknown at other times, of the general meaning of our life. This stands out in clear relief, infinitely raised above the nations and their quarrels, and forms an indefeasible bond of union, which should be capable of reuniting them and triumphing over their discords. Let us make all haste to fix in memory whatever elements of sublimity there may be in our present state of mind. To forget these impressions is to renounce the lofty principle which brings us together in a spiritual community; to let them fade away means that later on we shall again plunge head-first into the troubled torrent of daily life, where everything is discordant and piecemeal, and where we shall lose immediately the points of light we now perceive—which are the inner unity of the individual, of the nation, and of the human race.

Among the characteristic features of our present state of mind there is one especially which admits of no mistake. The great European war has brought a wonderful increase to the intensity of life both in the individual and in humanity at large. The chief result of the war has been to double the energy and active force of the general life.

In times of war the whole world displays extraordinary activity. This holds of individuals, of social groups, and of whole peoples. The question, "To be or not to be," presents itself with the same penetrating force *to all alike*, and life becomes more intense just in proportion as it has to provide

for its own preservation and to meet the challenge of the powers of death.

This general enhancement of life goes on in all directions, and reveals itself in good as in evil. On the one hand war unchains the powers of hell; it breaks the fetters which civilisation has fixed upon evil; but, on the other hand, it is during war that all the forces of the good, hidden in the deeps of the human heart, rise up and gather themselves together to do battle against the Satan who has broken loose. In these supreme moments we see the awakening and uprising of moral forces which till then have slept; new qualities, or, it may be, the long forgotten traits of past ages, make their appearance. Suddenly comes the perception that all our European culture is only a thin covering hiding the ferocious appetites of man's bestial nature. We behold the savage in man, the antediluvian monster, which remains the same in its essential nature, slightly polished and drilled by civilisation, but also armed by civilisation to the teeth. Once more we must listen to the story of the achievements of the brute, of the superhuman cruelty of individuals and of masses—all the horrors of prehistoric chaos making a fresh appearance in the twentieth century. But at the same time we see the revival of beneficent forces which, until that moment, have been dormant, or demoralised by the comfort and well-being of our daily life in the long interval of peace.

This is not the day of bourgeois vices and respectable virtues. It is the day when all the contradictions of human life leap into the light and clash together in their most irreconcilable forms, the day when all oppositions are pushed to the very extreme. There is war to the knife between heaven and hell; war without truce and without rest. The object of the strife is the possession of the human soul; and for that reason the two principles appear in man in all their majesty and power. It seems as though the god and the beast attain these immense proportions in man at one and the same moment: so that we see on one side the appearance of a

monstrous criminality—of men who might be reincarnations of Cæsar Borgia and his contemporaries ; while on the other side we see a train of martyrs and saints who also seem to return to us from another time, remote in the distance of the past.

This abnormal force of hatred, now let loose, provokes and quickens into activity an equally abnormal force of love ; so that, for the time being, the most astonishing heroism is looked upon as an almost everyday occurrence, and the supreme act of self-surrender becomes an ordinary event. Most remarkable of all is the fact that this sublime heroism has ceased to be the exceptional quality of a few individuals—the heroic spirit possesses whole masses of men ; it is shown even in those who, up to the present moment, seemed “ insignificant ”—mere expressionless and negative personalities.

At such a time the human heart expands ; one might say it is transformed by a profound revolution. A new type of humanity comes into being, more powerful and more wonderful to behold. Man augments his stature ; and therewith the feeling of his own value gathers force within him. When the human heart permits a glimpse to be taken of all its inner wealth, which has hitherto been hidden and unguessed, then it is that man begins to inspire his neighbour with a deeper reverence and with feelings which issue in a more vigorous moral activity. Love is reacting against the hatred which is invading the world ; and for that reason it burns in all its forms with a splendour and force such as we see at no other time. This ardent flame of love we may now behold in a vast variety of situations.

In all such scenes the most moving figure is that of the woman, standing beside the husband, son, or brother who is going off to the war. As the train or the steamer moves away, one may hear the soldiers saying to one another, “ Why do the women weep while our eyes are dry ? *Not because our sorrow is less than theirs, but because our hearts are made of sterner stuff.* ”

This exalted passion of love and of pity may sometimes be

seen forcing the heart to rebellion against the pitiless powers which impose the peril of death upon its dearest objects. At the beginning of the war the Russian papers published a letter which had been intercepted by our troops, written by a young German girl to her lover in the Army: "What does this cruel Kaiser want with our poor bit of happiness, which is so dear to us?" Every loving heart, especially if it is a woman's, has the same feeling in similar circumstances. And yet in this woman's love there is an aspiration of a higher order, which imposes silence on the spirit of rebellion. The letter which I have just quoted contains also this phrase: "Return covered with glory; be my victorious Siegfried."

Here we see another feeling familiar to every human being—the anguish of love, well known among men of every race.

In all true and sincere love there is this inevitable conflict of two powerful aspirations: first, the desire for the preservation of the being beloved, the desire to snatch him from death at all costs; and then, along with this, the dream of seeing his brow encircled by a crown which cannot be won save by an act of heroism, often at the cost of his life. My hero—this lover, this husband, this son—as he departs for the war, is for me a unique being in the universe, the one object worthy of all possible sacrifices. What in all the world could ever compensate me for his loss? How impossible then must it ever remain to adjust our minds to the idea that in war tens of thousands of these infinitely precious existences are sacrificed in order to get possession of a single trench!

And yet this same pathos of love bears witness that life has another content beyond its personal interests, a higher meaning which alone has power to give a purpose to human existence, and clothe it with absolute value. Love is not satisfied by merely perceiving the presence of the being beloved: it must also *reverence* him; its object must *justify* its devotion. And love is deeply conscious that the individual human being who inspires it is nothing if abstracted from the great human whole to which he belongs. Individual existence

becomes empty and meaningless just so far as it ceases to serve that larger whole. And that is why love is always ready for the supreme sacrifice. For those who desire before all else to be *proud* of the beings they love, the death of these is always preferable to their dishonour.

Hence arises the living bond which unites these two feelings—the love of the individual and the love of country. And most of all in times of war, when the vital force of the will redoubles its energy, these two feelings nourish and kindle each other by their mutual contact.

The feeling of the individual for his country must be extraordinarily powerful when it leads him to sacrifice not only his “self” but that which is far dearer to him—to wit, *everything that he loves*. And yet, in the historic crisis through which we are now living, this sacrifice becomes habitual; we see it ten thousand times repeated every day. And the greater the sacrifice, the more does this bond with the nation as a whole, for which the sacrifice is made, deepen and assert itself within the human heart.

In these days, when all the world is being swept along by one of the greatest movements of history, the bond between national and individual feeling might be illustrated by a countless number of examples. The war has become the centre upon which the activity of all men is focussed; some fight in the ranks of the army; the rest, who remain at home, do any and every kind of work which has relation to the war. As we attentively watch all this intense life which is stirring around us, we are struck by the immense part which the most intimate feelings play in the activities of the social whole. It is not merely the love of one’s *neighbour* which exalts the heart of the woman and compels her to work for the wounded; very often it is love for somebody much nearer to her than her neighbour—for someone who, perhaps to-morrow, will be in his turn a victim of the war. And when these victims, so precious to the individuals who love them, are sacrificed, there is still some good to be done in the name of

their memory. How often does one see, among the Sisters of Charity, a mother who has lost her sons or a girl whose lover has been killed! All these motives of our most intimate and personal life twine themselves together and form a single whole, dominated by the unique motive of the national life, which is raised far above the disappointments and the satisfactions, the happiness and the suffering, of the individual man or woman.

In war we always witness the growth of the consciousness of national unity. If this exaltation of national sentiment is exceptionally strong at the present moment, it is because the world war is without any parallel in history: men are not fighting for the minor interests of life. For all the combatants engaged it is the very nation that is at stake. For the little States it is the question of their national independence which is being decided; while the great Powers, in the event of defeat, run the risk of becoming Powers of the second rank.

To nations, then, as to individuals, the same question is presented: "To be or not to be." And, when presented, it yields an identical result in both cases: the more precious the value that is threatened, the more lively and passionate are the feelings it inspires.

What we here behold is a manifestation of that vital force which reacts on the instant when the need arises to do battle against the powers of death and destruction. Its action, which always has the same effect—that of affirming or re-affirming the integrity of nations,—reached the height of the miraculous at the beginning of the present war. At that moment a mighty revolution was effected in the minds of men. Suddenly the strife of parties was seen to stop: no more disintegration, no more discord: in every country the union of the nation was re-established and affirmed. These were the typical facts equally conspicuous in each of the opposing camps. Lost in time of peace, the guiding motive of life asserts itself unmistakably in time of war: each nation comes

to itself and gathers its forces to a unity under a single idea and a single act of will.

This phenomenon, as I have said, appeared in all the countries involved ; and if I confine myself here to its Russian aspect, it will be through no partiality for my own country, but merely because I have made no personal observation of other lands. With us it was the first appearance of the wounded which produced the greatest of the miracles of which I am speaking.

Never shall I forget the moving sight of which I was a spectator in our province last August. Kalouga, a town of 60,000 inhabitants, was preparing to receive from 150 to 300 wounded. But the great battles in Austria and Poland having begun much sooner than was expected, these calculations, like so many others, turned out wide of the mark. One day, without any word of warning sent in advance, 2700 wounded reached Kalouga in a single convoy. For some hours the confusion was great. There was neither straw nor linen ; proper food was absolutely wanting ; there were no coverings for the planks on which the wounded men were stretched. But at the end of two days they were all comfortably lodged, well fed, and supplied with the best of medical treatment. Accommodation was freely given ; unknown people supplied the straw ; others, also unknown, brought mattresses, bed linen, and pillows ; unknown peasants from the villages round brought in all kinds of eatables in sufficient quantity. Ladies of position and their daughters became nurses. Everything was done with a spontaneous *elan*, and without any organisation. It was just the instinctive and irresistible movement of a mass of human beings. And throughout the whole of our country the same movement was manifest, taking the same form, producing the same miracle, whenever the need arose. It is only at moments like these that the inner unity of Russia becomes visible and tangible. In Russia, as elsewhere, life has only to resume its daily form and immediately the unity of the national self is

lost and dispersed in a confused chaos of contradictory phenomena.

II.

This renaissance of human solidarity is one of the most paradoxical, and yet typical, features of the war. Nor is it merely among living contemporaries that these bonds of union come into being. In these grand moments of history we see the centuries draw near to one another, the past joins hands with the present. And then it is that this past grows very dear to our hearts; because, when war threatens, the past represents an ancient glory for which we are fighting, a heritage of our fathers of which someone would rob us, the tradition of a culture which we are defending against the enemy. It is precisely by this link with the past that we become a nation. To be conscious of it is to feel that our fathers are with us; for our country is precisely "the land of our fathers."

In this rebirth of nations their historical continuity comes forth into the light; the link between the generations, broken or forgotten in times of peace, reconstitutes itself and rises into consciousness. Through this very exaltation of national sentiment the living generation is conscious of itself as forming one historic whole with the generations which have passed away. Now, more than ever before, the unity of our history comes into view. We are conscious of it even at those very points where until now it seemed most obscure, where the breach between past and present seemed final, when a great gulf divided the fathers from the sons.

This change is seen, for example, in the new feeling evoked in us by the ancient monuments of our national culture. We have always admired them—these beautiful cathedrals—as worthy representatives of our past; but till now our admiration was æsthetic merely, and cold. Despite our appreciation of them the ancient temples of our fathers seemed foreign and not wholly comprehensible; they spoke to us of a culture no longer ours, of thoughts we do not share, of emotions which stir us no more. But now, does it not seem as though the old

walls, dumb so long, were addressing us with their ancient eloquence ; as though that which has been dead for centuries were coming to life again ? How the distance has shrunk which separates contemporary France from the cathedral of Rheims or of Notre Dame ! Is not Westminster Abbey dearer than ever to the hearts of Englishmen ? And that is so not merely because these precious monuments are threatened by great guns and Zeppelins, or shattered by shell-fire. Beyond all this, an inward change has taken place in the relations which connect the living generation with the past embodied in these buildings.

What makes the division so deep between contemporary life and the old religious tradition is our bourgeois spirit, our contempt for the beyond, our exclusive regard for comfort and material well-being ; in a word, our practical materialism with its theoretical accompaniment of a limited and superficial rationalism. That we view these temples, at the moment, with a new emotion is due to the shock administered by the war to obsessions which, till now, have determined the character of our intellectual atmosphere.

I will venture to cite an example, taken from the Russia of to-day which will serve to illustrate my thought.

Recently I visited one of the most beautiful examples of Russian religious architecture in the seventeenth century—the Church of St John the Baptist at Jaroslawle. This was not the first time I had admired it ; I had often seen it twenty-three years earlier ; but at that time something was wanting to the wholeness of my impression ; there was some inward inhibition of my enjoyment. But now the inhibition had vanished. I was overcome by the colours and beautiful lines of the architecture, because, for the first time, I was conscious that the spiritual life which formed these things is not our past alone, but our present as well.

Among the frescoes of this church there is one, of outstanding loveliness, which expresses its whole idea. It is the image of the Baptist—the face noble and severe, the

arms and limbs much emaciated and refined by asceticism. The whole is surmounted with the powerful wings of an angel.

Many centuries of our history have expressed their innermost thought and spirit in the symbolism of this fresco. It speaks to us of the spiritual growth of ancient Russia accomplished in the midst of much bodily weakness. Her physical organs were weak; so much the more did her soul soar up on these splendid wings. As I examined the church with this thought in my mind I saw clearly that the same idea was embodied in the external architecture, which stands out in striking contrast to its surroundings. This temple of costly stone, with its golden pinnacles flashing their light under the blue of heaven, richly decorated with paintings in bright and varied colours, is built in the midst of one of the poorest quarters of a poor country town. The majesty and splendour of its lines inevitably remind the beholder of the powerful wings of the angel: while the surrounding hovels, miserable wooden huts inhabited by the poorest people, are the counterpart to the emaciated limbs of the forerunner of Jesus.

Such was the self-consciousness of ancient Russia, developing her spiritual life in the midst of earthly poverty. Whatever precious things that life produced were used to embellish her shrines; if there was any wealth it was spent on the glory of their painting and their ornaments. Men felt that spiritual reality alone was truly delightful and lovely. Contrasted with these rainbow colours of heaven the gray monotony of their cabins was a fitting symbol of their earthly life. Gray and monotonous indeed was that existence; and this is why it was so rich in the airs of Paradise, which is always open to the poor.

Later on, in the nineteenth century, the angel's wings are to be seen once more in our rich literature, especially in the noble poetry of Pouchkine, soaring above the sadness and misery of a poor country in a state of bondage. And last of all, we find the same contrast in the finest of the creations of

Dostoewsky and Tolstoi. But can we say that this symbolic image, characteristic as it is of long-past centuries, expresses also the spirit of contemporary Russia? When we observe the rapid growth of her wealth, and the immense impetus of her material culture, does it not seem as though the Russian spirit had begun to evolve in the opposite direction? Is it not the arms and the legs which are now becoming mighty, while the wings droop and wither?

When, for instance, we contemplate our noble Kremlin from the further bank of the Moskwa it seems in several places as though the factory chimneys were out-topping the belfries of ancient churches and proudly asserting their claim to the primacy. Our minds are troubled with a question: What is the true goal of our culture, and which of the two opposing tendencies will be victorious at the last? It is not in Russia alone that this question is being asked: it presses on the mind of the whole civilised world. Will humanity come back to its shrines, or will it suffer itself to be finally engulfed by the rising flood of a purely material culture? Will thought resume its flight towards the blue heaven, or will its task be that of transforming the whole world into one enormous factory?

The present war is bringing us at last a decisive answer to this question. What gives a nation its essential characteristic is not its mere possession of riches, but the way it values and employs them. And can we not discern at the present moment a great change in this respect? Do we not perceive that the heart of man is now breaking the chain which binds it to mere comfort and material pleasure? Do we not see from day to day the growth of a superb contempt for mere bodily ease—that contempt without which there would be no more heroes in the world? And this orgy of universal destruction which is setting the world on fire—does it not enable us to rate at their proper value both the wealth which is being burnt up and the material culture which has thus perfected the instrument of its own ruin?

And if this detachment is really taking place in the heart of man, have we not here the beginning of a return to the ancient shrines? Is it not thus that the link between the generations makes itself anew? If we are beginning to understand our ancestors, and especially to feel that they are with us, it can only be because their spirit has come to life again in ourselves. The fire which seemed extinct is rekindled: their sanctuary becomes ours.

Historic days such as these, when all recognised values are undergoing a complete revision, lead with the certainty of fate to a thoroughgoing depreciation of that practical materialism which, as I have said, seemed on the eve of the war to be dominating civilisation. But now, when men, by a voluntary sacrifice, are going forth in masses to die for their country, we are beginning to feel ashamed of our excessive preoccupation with comfort and enjoyment. Hence it is that gifts for the wounded and for the victims of the war pour forth in a flood. Men who renounce everything that they may give their goods to the poor have ceased to be rare exceptions, and among those who have no goods to give away there are multitudes who willingly sacrifice their labour for the common cause.

Confronted with death, which is raking in its victims by tens of thousands, the value we set on wealth is totally changed. To those who risk their lives wealth is worthless, and those who lose their nearest and dearest, or know they may lose them at any moment, ask themselves again and again—To what purpose, and for whom, do we guard our riches and labour to increase them?

When great world-movements impose these thoughts on man, the quest for the *means* of existence ceases to be his sole preoccupation and no longer leads him to forget the *goal*. When once the life of the spirit has begun to stir, wealth returns to its secondary rôle as an instrument destined to serve the high and holy end of our existence. It is little surprising that the modern man begins, under these conditions, to draw near in spirit to the ancient shrines, in which even

luxury ennobled itself by becoming the transparent expression of spiritual experience. Thus approaching one another the generations join hands across the centuries, forming one nation continuous in time. Kindled by that breath of holy love which leads men to sacrifice their worldly goods for the common cause, the nation is born again: now, as in the days of old, we hear above the nation the unceasing beat of the mighty wings. It is so in Russia; it is so in all the nations which share in this great movement. In this sudden uprising of the heroic mind we see old England, old France, and old Russia reborn at one and the same moment.

One instance of this rebirth, which I have been able to observe in my own country, I may be permitted to relate: an instance in which the rebirth has been attested by a genuine miracle. It is well known that before the war the taxes on alcoholic drink gave Russia a revenue of 900,000,000 roubles. We know also with what facility Russia cast this evil away from her. One of the greatest moral and financial reforms of all history was effected by a stroke of the pen. It was rendered possible by the patriotic outburst which swept the nation away at the beginning of the war: without that the decree of the Government would, most assuredly, have failed. And this victory of mind was a new defeat for practical materialism, which, till that moment, was supreme in our social life. In the strength of its mighty awakening the conscience of the people triumphed at one and the same time over the temptations of wealth and over the habits of a vicious mendicity, given up to drunkenness. After nine months of a war which threatened the poor with ruin, those who were previously almost naked may now be seen buying themselves clothes and boots; habitual drunkards have recovered the semblance of human beings, and crime is diminishing with astonishing rapidity. What more eloquent proof can be given of the existence of a moral force which is able to bring nations from death to life?

It is easy to understand how this outburst of national

sentiment leads each nation to take a deepened interest in its own culture. Have we not at this moment an intenser feeling for the scenery of our native land, for our national anthem, for our art and our ancient customs—for everything that bears the print of the nation's *self*? All that becomes dearer to us than it has ever been before: we understand more deeply than ever the infinite value of these individual traits, unique in their revelation of national personality. This is easy to understand: at such a moment the feeling for our fellow-countrymen is precisely similar to that which our dearest friend inspires when he leaves us for the war. Here too we have the strife of opposed aspirations—on the one hand, the desire to preserve the being we love, to see our country safe and sound; and, on the other hand, the desire to see her ennobled by a crown of light, which can only be won by the most perilous achievements.

These two aspirations seem, indeed, incompatible; and yet it is precisely in their harmony that one of the deepest mysteries of humanity is being brought to light at this very moment. Such is the nature of the human soul! The more we are conscious of the incomparable value of the element of individuality, unique in every man and in every nation, the deeper becomes our grasp of the link which connects all individuality with a higher and universal principle, from which it derives its meaning and its value. What would remain to us of the living individuality of a Hercules, of a Siegfried, or a Samson if we took away from them all the traits which give them their universal character as national heroes? Should we not thereby transform them into shadows and into spectres? Surely this is perfectly intelligible: for it is precisely the mighty sap of his nation which nourishes the most pronounced form of individuality in a human being. A man without a country would be a colourless personality.

The same truth holds of the individuality of nations: this, too, derives its content and value from a universal principle which stands above all the nations and unites them in the

whole of humanity. If we eliminate the universal characteristics of a nation which form the link of connection between itself and others, its individuality vanishes. The national heroes whom we have just named are but the individualised variations of one and the same human type. The study of any work of national art will yield the same conclusion. Whether we consider the cathedral of Cologne or a Russian church, Homer's *Iliad* or Goethe's *Faust*, we discover a universal human motive at the fountain-head of all these works; and it is not only the manner in which this motive is treated, but an element of individuality, not easily defined, whose presence in the lines, in the tones and the colours, imparts to the work its national character. The conclusion is that nationalities are but the branches of a single tree. This explains the astonishing fact that the consciousness of nationality, when enlightened and deepened, shows not the slightest inclination towards an exclusive and narrow nationalism; its part, on the contrary, is to stimulate the perception of a universal solidarity. This is the end at which the present exaltation of the human mind, in its highest manifestation, inevitably arrives.

Who will not recall in this connection the touching description of the Christmas festival in the trenches, when the Germans, hearing the English singing their hymns, went out to meet them and heartily shook their enemies by the hand. Similar scenes have occurred more than once between the Russians and the Germans. At the present moment there lies before me the letter of a Russian soldier, which refers to them: "What I am going to tell you," he says, "is a true miracle." The "miracle" which had so appealed to his imagination was that, during an armistice, there were "hand-shakes and hearty acclamations on both sides, to which no description could do justice."

This revelation of unity and of universal solidarity, taking place on the field of battle, which is the proper domain of hatred and discord, seems to pass the bounds of possibility and to be

almost beyond human comprehension. Yet this "miracle" is everywhere repeated again and again; and therein may be seen an instance of the logic of the spiritual life, which is so much deeper than the superficial logic of the human intellect.

This spirit bloweth where it listeth; it knows no limits of geography or race; the impulse which stirs it cannot be arrested by artificial barriers, by fortifications or great guns. From the very heart of war there issues this mighty protest of life against the destructive force of death. But whenever life asserts itself, its object is always to re-establish a living unity. The more violently unity is threatened by war, or by the mutual hate which would tear it asunder, the more powerful becomes the answer of this spiritual force in its effort to re-establish the integrity of mankind. In this we have the explanation of a fact, which at first sight seems incredible, that in time of war the perception of the universal solidarity of mankind reaches a degree of elevation which would hardly be possible in time of peace.

We are here confronted by the most astonishing phenomenon in the life of these times. As everybody knows, the war owes its origin to the fact that on the material plane of their existence the nations are divided from one another by incompatible interests. We may recall how, for certain German publicists, it is "the right of Germany to a better place in the sun" which provides the justification of this war. These claims to exclusive domination render a mutual understanding wholly impossible. And yet it is precisely at the point where this exclusive nationalism and the hatred which follows in its train should reach their climax that men suddenly raise themselves beyond the reach of these blind passions: it is precisely on the field of battle itself that the combatants get a glimpse into a loftier realm of being where enemies are friends. This is a triumph of the spirit, shattering at one blow the limited ideal which has sent the breath of hate among the nations. And just there, on the very spot where Death would set up its kingdom, the two hostile camps

are heard singing their hymns to the one Force which has won the victory over death.

In these new feelings of mankind we have the clearest and, it may be, the deepest revelation of the spiritual meaning of the war. I would not underestimate the importance of the political results which we may expect to follow. But infinitely greater is the inward result—this awakening of the soul, which is coming to pass under our eyes.

The truth is that we are coming into relation with a new world, which has been unknown to us hitherto. Spiritual powers, invisible until now, have appeared in our midst. I say "invisible," only because their action is hidden from man so long as he is immersed in the cares of material well-being. And now at the very moment when the world is deluged with blood, and a hurricane of fire, which destroys everything in its passage, is threatening to turn our well-being into dust and ashes—behold, the blind see and the deaf begin to hear! Dimly we foresee the coming victory of mind over chaos. One might almost say that a flash of lightning, leaping from the universal tempest, has suddenly revealed to us a new aspect of the world. It behoves us to be quick in fixing upon our memory the momentary vision: for soon it will fade and vanish completely in the common light of day. But when it has gone we must cherish the recollection of it, for we shall find it indispensable as a source of encouragement in the tremendous work of organisation and creation which must begin when the war is over.

When, after this time of tempest, we enter once more on the long-drawn-out succession of common and monotonous days, we shall again feel ourselves oppressed by the pettiness of an existence so seemingly flat and meaningless. But let no man fold his arms and abandon himself to despair! Let him rather recall this fair vision of the future humanity, of which he has already had a glimpse; let him reflect on the heroism, hidden deep in man, which, in great moments, triumphs over the seeming insignificance of his nature. To the spectacle of division and discord, as it will then return,

let him oppose this memory of the nation which found its unity in the act of raising itself above the earthly interests of common days. And when the rivalry and jealousy of the nations bring new clouds on the horizon, let him remember how, one day, the rolling thunder of a universal tempest announced to him the unity and solidarity of all mankind.

Beyond the hell which has been let loose on earth we have discerned the presence of a higher Power, over which hell cannot prevail; and it is to that higher Power that the future belongs. Its action is always the same: in the individual, in the nation, and in humanity. It affirms life against death, and the integrity of that which lives against the forces which would tear it asunder. We have seen that Power embodying itself in a long succession of surprising apparitions. It is precisely in this anticipation of its final conquest in the future that we find the unforgettable meaning of the present war.

There is a beautiful poetic image which gives concise expression to these ideas. It is a Russian legend, the story of the fate of the town of Kitèje, miraculously preserved at the time of the Tartar invasion. The defenders perished heroically; but, yielding to the prayers of the saints, God covered the town with his hand. Hidden at the bottom of a lake Kitèje became invisible, and will not be seen again until the Last Judgment. Only by acts of abnegation and by the most difficult enterprises, all inspired by the love of his neighbour, will a man become worthy to see the invisible churches and hear the bells of Kitèje.

Does it not seem as though this legend had now become the record of a fact? Are not the invisible temples disclosing themselves to our vision? Do we not hear the carillon of the bells which summon us to joy? They announce the lofty meaning of the world, towering high above the meaningless things of the moment; they announce the coming of a new life, which shall win the final victory over death.

EUGÈNE TROUBETZKOY.

KALOUGA, RUSSIA.

THE MORAL SANCTION OF FORCE.

PROFESSOR NORMAN K. SMITH,

Princeton University, U.S.A.

WHAT part may legitimately be assigned to brute force in human affairs? Does the State rest upon force or does it rest upon moral sanctions? Or if both are necessary, under what conditions may the State apply force in the furtherance of its ends? This is ultimately the question by which we are faced, when we endeavour to discover what changes the occurrence of the present war is making, or has already made, in our understanding and interpretation of life. I have deliberately chosen the words brute force in preference to a milder term, such as coercion. For though brute force has seldom to be applied in its cruder forms, it would seem that under certain circumstances no other kind of coercion is capable of taking its place. For though the coercive power of public opinion is a valuable restraint upon individual vagaries, it is helpless against a group sufficiently large to set its own standards and to satisfy its own social needs. When such organised rebellion refuses to temporise, challenging the established powers, brute force in all its crudity is frequently the only arbiter. Under what circumstances, and on what grounds, is this appeal to force, whether within the State or between States, morally justifiable?

There is a further question, and I should like to indicate its bearings before I proceed to my main theme. This more fundamental question is the problem of evil in human affairs.

Probably the greatest controversy which history records is that which raged over so many centuries between the Pelagians and the Orthodox party. The Pelagians traced all evil to misuse of the freedom of the will. Each man is the Adam of his own soul. Evil exists because this, that, and the other man have fallen short of their duty. The Orthodox, on the other hand, claimed that the universality of evil, the fact that no one is free from it, points to a common origin for the sinfulness of the whole race. Evil has a deeper source than individual misconduct. That the individual is individually responsible, is the great truth emphasised by the Pelagians. All men, and not merely this or that man, are sinful: that is the hardly less significant fact which the Orthodox endeavoured to reconcile with the existence of individual guilt. The Pelagians were satisfied with one of these two great truths; the Orthodox insisted upon the retention of both.

I should maintain that unless we are willing to adopt the Orthodox position, restating it no doubt in altered terms, we cannot hope to understand the part which brute force plays, and rightly plays, in human affairs. Brute force is indispensable; it has to be employed. It is a name for a weapon by which alone evil in certain forms, under certain conditions, can be withstood and eradicated. These forms and conditions which make brute force indispensable are partially traceable to individual misconduct, but also, and in greater degree, to the circumstances under which human life has to be lived. The Orthodox standpoint is more pessimistic than the Pelagian; but that is not to say that it is therefore more likely to be false. All the great religions have been extremely pessimistic as to man's present life, and not over-sanguine regarding his future destiny on this terrestrial globe.

This old-time controversy has its present-day counterpart. Our Pelagian contemporaries, when a disaster occurs, whether it be a mining disaster or a railway catastrophe or a war, are mainly bent on discovering the individual or individuals who

can be regarded as criminally responsible. Those of us who represent our more Orthodox forefathers, while willing to recognise this factor of individual negligence or guilt, are chiefly concerned about the conditions which make it possible for the individual agent to cause such widespread evil. Again, our Pelagian contemporaries take so optimistic a view of our human powers, that they regard as an insult to human nature any suggestion that men need to be guarded against themselves, that the threats and penalties of the law, the supporting and constraining power of public opinion, or the manifold external influences which society brings to bear upon the individual, are in any degree necessary to the living of the higher life. Laws, on their view, exist only for the criminal; the good citizen would obey them whether they were enforced or not. The truer view, however, seems rather to be that social institutions are created by men to counterbalance their natural weaknesses and fallibility. In creating them the human race creates instruments of coercion in the hope that by their aid it may be raised above itself. Necessity is the mother of all good things; and among the best of its gifts is the freedom that can be acquired only under its stern discipline. As Goethe has said, natural strength and crutches come from the same hand. Man can be all that he ought to be, only when advantage is taken of the artificial aids which society can supply for enabling him to guard against his weaknesses, and to supplement his natural strength. The individual needs the constraints of society, imposed when necessary by main force, in order that he may live up even to the generally recognised standards of virtue and attainment. Should, for instance, the individual find that one of his besetting weaknesses is laziness, he will, if he be wise, place himself in situations, incur obligations, which will constrain and compel him by a given time to perform tasks that would probably lie unfulfilled if he relied only on his native strength of will to push him at them.

What I have sought to suggest—I can do no more than

suggest it—by these preliminary remarks is, that when I make a plea for brute force in political and international affairs, I do not do so in order to prove that might is right, but in the interests of morality itself. The moral sanctions are independent of force, but just for that very reason they can justify us in the employment of it. The chief task of civilisation *on its political side* is so to develop the institutions and instruments through which force is applied, that the higher spiritual interests of mankind may, by their aid, be safeguarded and secured. Beyond the field of brute force lie, of course, the instruments of moral coercion, public or international opinion, religious influences, and the like. These are superior in moral value, and ultimately are creative and regulative even of the instruments of brute force. But, as I should maintain, they require for their development the favouring environment supplied by a political order that, when challenged, is found to be capable of securing itself by the successful employment of armed force.

I may now proceed to my main theme. We would all of us, surely, gladly see the time when war with its attendant horrors would no longer be a possible part of human life—when some other means than brute force would arbitrate between disputing nations. We are therefore sympathetic towards the pacifist ideal, and very willing to have the pacifists make good their indictment of war. But when they claim that war can be eliminated in the near future, and that this is likely to be the last great war, many of us feel extremely doubtful of their analysis of the situation by which we are faced. We feel that the assumptions in terms of which the pacifists proceed may, unless corrected, lead to a tragic misdirection of energy, and to the baulking even of legitimate hopes. That is to say, we may approve the end which the pacifists have in view, and yet be constrained to condemn their methods of approach.

The pacifists would seem to formulate their philosophy of life by reflection solely upon society while in a state of

profound peace, or, as I should prefer to express it, while in a state of *apparently* profound peace. That is to say, they construct a philosophy of life in which war finds no place, and then proceed to apply this philosophy in the interpretation of war, with the inevitable result that war seems to them an irrelevant and barbarous interruption to civilised life, an anachronism, something that need not exist, and ought not to exist. Civilisation, they argue, tends to the elimination of force, and to the substitution of higher sanctions in place of force. The occurrence of such a war as that which is now raging means, they therefore conclude, nothing less than the utter breakdown of European civilisation. Such a point of view seems to me quite perverse and thoroughly mistaken. The general thesis which I wish to maintain is that civilisation tends, not to the elimination of force, but to such modifications in the established organs and institutions through which force is applied that might and right may more and more be made to coincide. Joseph de Maistre has said, in his usual extreme and paradoxical manner, that two things are indispensable to the existence of a State, a priest and an executioner—that is, the statesman and the soldier, a representative of the spiritual interests and a representative to enforce and conserve the executive power. In the absence of the one the State is without guidance; if the other be lacking, it is at the mercy of its least enlightened members and of all external foes. In the perfecting of both, the tribunals of justice and the instruments of coercion, and in the solving of the many problems involved in their harmonious co-operation, lies the chief task of civilisation on its political side.

But these remarks are rather general. Let me state my position in more specific terms. When it is said that this war means the breakdown of our civilisation, the implication is that a state of peace, into which considerations of force do not enter, represents the normal situation, and that when war occurs it breaks in upon a civilisation to which it is wholly alien, with the true spirit of which it conflicts, and the higher

conscience of which it outrages. In opposition to that view I shall maintain that we live in a continuous state of war. Our civilisation cannot be understood save by recognising that the appeal to force is something quite fundamental to it. Is it true that war is something incidental, and that the occasional outbursts of war are of the nature merely of interruptions to a state of peace in which the appeal to force plays no essential part, in which, in fact, it is displaced by appeal to higher and more equitable sanctions? What is the actual situation *in time of peace*, first within the State, and secondly in the relation of States to one another?

Does civilisation tend within each State to the elimination of force, *i.e.* of compulsion? Surely not. On the contrary, it consolidates and extends compulsion, so that it applies over an ever wider field with a constantly increasing effectiveness of control. Civilisation brings it about that compulsion is less often questioned, and that there is less and less temptation to question it, and that it is as a matter of fact less frequently challenged, but not any the less insistently enforced. The State at great expense organises a police force to compel the criminal to cease from his evil ways, and to compel the discontented to obey the laws. The State at great expense organises courts of law to compel citizens to act justly by one another. Each railway and tramway company has at great expense to provide conductors to make sure that their customers do not attempt dishonestly to withhold their fares. Or, to take cases of a different type. Parents are compelled to treat their children with humanity and are compelled to educate them, or at least to allow them to be educated. Employers must compensate their employees in case of injury. The individual must contribute to the cost of the State in proportion to his income, and so forth. The number of things to which the individual is compulsorily constrained has steadily increased as civilisation has advanced. There is an immense amount of human labour which would be saved if the individual could be his own guardian—if, for instance, to choose a minor but obvious

example, a box at the entrance to each tramway car were all that were necessary to secure payment of fares. It is not the criminal, it is the average good citizen, that lays this enormous burden of vigilance and expense upon the shoulders of society. The cost of militarism, the cost of maintaining order in international relations, is by comparison very slight, that is, if we count in all the innumerable ways in which the guarding against fraud, greed, incompetence, and especially laziness, enters into the price of the necessary and ordinary comforts of life. In order that the ten commandments may be obeyed, the State must expend a high percentage of its manhood and its wealth. This expenditure is required in order to secure, by the compelling arm of the law, ultimately either through bodily duress or through the exacting of indemnities, that might and right will coincide. The organisation of social instruments of coercion is no less indispensable in modern society than in the simpler days when the King's highways had to be guarded against the breakers of the law. One effect of the social legislation represented by Factory Acts, or by the recent Insurance Bill, has been to create an army of inspectors with policing functions. Each extension of the activity of the State involves an extension of the field of coercive interference with the life of the individual. The cost of this policing organisation has increased, not diminished, as civilisation has advanced.

Further, were it not for the existence of the army, the police force would have to be immensely larger than it now is. There is no existing country that has not from time to time to employ the military in the defence and maintenance of social order. Thus, in the railway strike in England in the summer of 1911, it was the decision of the Liberal Cabinet that the transport trade of the country must not be even temporarily interrupted, and that if necessary the army would be employed to run the railways, that brought both capitalists and trade unionists to reason, and averted what might well have turned into civil war. Only the English army and navy

can make Home Rule possible for Ireland, should Ulster opposition continue in strength. Within the past year American troops have been employed in the State of Colorado. Democratic government means control by the majority. Minorities must, *if necessary*, be coerced. It will be objected that, since the problem of democracy is to make might and right coincide, the appeal to force is merely incidental to those transition stages in which law is being readjusted in such manner as will remove the grievances that inspire to rebellion. That may at once be granted. The task of the State is so to organise itself that it will never thwart interests spiritually superior to those which it itself protects. For we may observe that, though warfare within the State is a much rarer thing than in more barbarous centuries, though it is more deliberately entered into, and morally, on the average, of a much worthier type, the right to rebellion remains one of the inalienable rights of which a rational agent can never be deprived. What civilisation has done—and it is a very great achievement—is to raise to a higher level the reasons which lead to and precipitate the appeal to arms. Civilisation brings it about that the causes of rebellion cease to be those of mere self-interest, and reduce to the more spiritual conflicts that result from divergence of ideals. He would be a bold man, and would underestimate the part which competing philosophies of life, and the conflicts of imaginative ideals, are likely to play in the coming centuries, who will venture to prophesy that civil war will never again occur in a State governed on genuinely democratic lines. Should the modern State come to be organised upon centralised socialistic lines, we can very well conceive that its tyranny, though enthusiastically supported by a majority within the State, and all the more on that account, should become just as intolerable as that which was exercised by the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages. Meantime, despite the segregation of classes, widespread discontent, and a disheartening lack of clearness and of agreement as to the ends and purposes of life, rebellion

remains so rare an occurrence as it now is, largely because those who would resist the verdict of the law must do so with weapons in their hands.

If that be the condition of affairs within each separate State, what are we to expect in the intercourse of nations with one another? The members of a State live in a common atmosphere; they have common traditions and common ideals, and a multitude of common interests—at least there is much more of this community of interest between the individuals of a nation than there is between nations regarded as units. If, as I have argued, the individuals of a State cannot so trust one another as to dispense with the appeal to force, can we hope to dispense with it in international relations? In view of such argument, the pacifist will probably modify his mode of statement, and will reply that he does not mean to profess that force can be dispensed with, but only that it can be legalised and made to proceed in the prescribed channels which human foresight and human justice are able to provide and ordain. That is to say, the problem of international relations can be tackled and solved in the same fashion in which the problems of personal relations have been approached within each several State. Just as litigants are not left to fight out their personal differences, and are not permitted so to do, so nations must be compelled to submit their differences to an impartial tribunal, and to accept the verdict at which it may arrive. Force may not be employed by an interested party. It can be justly exercised only by a deliberately established court of appeal that will act in conformity with impersonal and non-national standards of right and justice.

Let us bring this proposal to the test of facts. How are international disputes settled *in time of peace*? By diplomacy. How does diplomacy act? By mutual interchange of views to discover and to define the points of difference, by mutual interchange of views to find whether a compromise of the conflicting claims satisfactory to both parties be feasible.

If such be discoverable, well and good ; the threatened conflict has been averted and the dispute settled by mutual consent. But if the differences remain outstanding, if no compromise be possible without some sacrifice to which one or other side is unwilling to consent, what then ? Under present conditions what decides ? In those cases which concern only profit and loss of a measurable amount, as in regard, say, to fishery rights, neither party is likely to desire war, and resort to arbitration is the obvious solution. But in issues which have to do with more vital and far-reaching interests, such as may involve a radical alteration in the mutual relations of the two nations, this solution would seem to be impossible. In such questions, for instance, as whether Japan should or should not be allowed entry into Australia or into Canada or into the United States ; whether Russia may or may not establish a fortified base on the east coast of Asia facing Japan ; whether Germany may or may not extend its Bagdad railway to the Persian Gulf and towards Egypt ; whether the Monroe doctrine is to be maintained, and European Powers forbidden to colonise in South America. These are questions, it will be noted, in regard to which compromise is practically impossible. In the end it is a matter of yea or nay. One or other side must, on the main issue, give way, and give way absolutely.

Secondly, they are questions in regard to which no court of arbitration could decide. For in regard to such issues there are no principles upon which a tribunal could proceed. The question is not as to whether a particular claim is just or unjust. The appeal to justice, though relevant, is entirely inconclusive. For instance, in the question whether or not the Japanese are to be excluded from all parts of the earth in which they are not already settled—and that is ultimately the question as to whether or not intermarriage is to be encouraged between those of the yellow and those of the white race—there is no moral or legal principle which will enable us to decide the one alternative to be just and the other unjust. If we are Orientals we shall probably take the one view ; if we are

Westerners we shall probably take the other. But we can quite well conceive an individual, even though striving to decide in accordance with the golden rule of Christian ethics, taking either view of the case. In law courts, the judges and juries make their decisions in accordance with the established laws of the land. Their task is merely that of interpretation. International tribunals, on the other hand, would be required, in dealing with such vital issues as those above cited, to decide upon their principles as well as upon their application. Each judge, however impartial he might be, however he might rise above the prejudices prevalent in the country which he represents, would merely be expressing his private opinion on a matter too complicated and difficult to permit of scientific or legal demonstration. A majority of such private opinions would thus, under the most ideal conditions, be all that could be hoped for.

Thirdly, we cannot, considering the paucity of nations, obtain a tribunal that on such issues will really be impartial. If it be a question that divides East and West, the composition of the court, according as it has a majority of Orientals or of Westerners, will predetermine its verdict. A tribunal in which the European continental powers had a clear majority would probably decide against the Monroe doctrine; a tribunal in which England had the balancing vote would probably decide for it. Individual differences within the State affect so small a number in comparison with the millions who go to compose the State that an impartial jury can in most issues be easily obtained. There is not a sufficient number of States, and the crucial issues are so ramifying in their influence that this would seem frequently to be impossible in international dealings.

Fourthly, a self-respecting nation cannot, in such questions, any more than in moral matters, relieve itself of the responsibility of judging for itself. It cannot have the broader outlines of its future destiny determined, or even in any essential degree controlled, by the opinion of outside Powers.

Must not the American people, for instance, decide for itself whether the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine is essential to the welfare of the American continents? If it so judges, can it self-respectingly consent to have the issue decided by a majority vote of the European Powers?

I may now return to my main thesis. Upon what basis, *in time of peace*, do international relations rest? The answer, as it seems to me, is as follows. The *status quo* is maintained by force. Many nations feel aggrieved that the *status quo* is what it is. Peace exists only because they do not feel prepared to challenge the forces which those who favour the *status quo* are able to employ in its defence. The diplomatic representatives of different nations, in all really vital issues, do or do not win out in international disputes according as the countries they represent have or have not adequate military forces at their disposal. Many pacifists speak as if armies and navies lie useless when not engaged in war. As a matter of fact they are what alone give weight to the arguments of diplomacy when vital issues are at stake. *It is the armies and navies that decide under what conditions, and in favour of what nations, peace will be maintained.* That is my meaning when I argue that our civilisation rests ultimately upon the appeal to arms. When war occurs it is due, not to a breakdown of that civilisation, but to the fact that some one nation has made up its mind that the forces to which it has hitherto yielded must now be challenged. Throughout the period of peace it has been constrained by the threat of force; war is simply the challenging of the forces that have hitherto held the competing interests in temporary equilibrium.

What, then, are the conclusions at which we would seem to arrive? If it be true that the task of civilisation is so to co-ordinate and direct the tribunals of justice and the instruments of coercion that might and right will coincide, any solution that looks to the elimination of force instead of to the just application of it is unpractical, and involves a false reading both of past history and of present conditions. It is not the

will to abolish war that is most lacking. Even though all statesmen and every voter were sincerely desirous of abolishing war, it would not necessarily for that reason be preventable. So long as men value the spiritual goods of life more highly than life itself, they must still regard even the horrors of war as lesser evils than certain others that might arise if men were unwilling to make the necessary sacrifices. What is most needed, in order to the elimination of war, is knowledge of the ways and means by which a substitute method of employing force may be provided. In other words, the solution must be analogous to that which has been employed in the case of duelling. Duelling, which is merely the last surviving and most refined form of the blood-feud, could not, any more than other forms of individual revenge, be abolished until the State had established tribunals through which the powers withdrawn from the individual could be otherwise exercised. These civil courts have taken over the right and the duty, which they withdraw from the individual, of coercing and punishing those who refuse to respect the rights of others. Now, it is just because the problem of war is only to be solved on lines analogous to those which have afforded a solution of the problem of individual revenge that it proves so baffling and difficult. The abolition of duelling has been rendered possible in and through the creation of the modern State; and that, as we all know, has involved the overcoming of a multitude of difficulties. The obstacles that lie in the way of the creation of a universal or of a European society, which may be entrusted with the right and the duty of applying force, seem even greater. As already argued, there can be no impartial international tribunals, because all judges and juries would, in view of the ramifying character of the questions which they would be called upon to decide, be parties to the issues at stake. Also, there are no guiding principles sufficiently relevant to the matters in dispute and sufficiently definite to dispense with legitimate differences of private opinion. While, therefore, we may strive by pacifist propaganda to strengthen

the will to abolish the evils of war, let us not fall victim to the Pelagian fallacy, blinding ourselves to the complexity of the situation by which we are faced. If we are to be led out of our necessities, we must first recognise them.

I cannot more fitly conclude this paper than by appealing to the authority of a writer whose labours in the field of international law are likely to bear fruit in the near future. "Man is not wholly irrational, or entirely bereft of what reason he possesses as a citizen, when he deals with interests which transcend the limits of State existence; and I consequently see no ground for doubting that what his partial and fitful reason has accomplished in municipal jurisprudence may be gradually accomplished in international jurisprudence. Extravagant hope is as inimical to steady and orderly activity as groundless discouragement, and it is hard to tell which of the two has acted most prejudicially on the progress of international jurisprudence. After ages of honest and on the whole intelligent effort, the freedom of the individual has as yet been only very imperfectly protected from the inroads of despotism on the one hand and anarchy on the other; and it is vain to hope that the freedom of the State can be secured by a single spasmodic throe of international reason. But if it cannot be accomplished by reason at once, it cannot be accomplished without reason at all."¹

NORMAN KEMP SMITH.

PRINCETON, N.J.

¹ James Lorimer, *Studies National and International* (1890).

A SPIRITUAL BALANCE-SHEET OF THE WAR.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

THE first spiritual balance-sheet, as far as one knows, was presented when the Babylonian and the Persian civilisations were put in the scales and the results announced in the laconic formula—"Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

I do not propose on the present occasion to carry out so rigorous an audit. Indeed, it would be quite impossible for me to do so; and yet, as one who firmly believes that the spiritual factors in war are even more important than the material—Napoleon, no mean judge in these matters, assessed them in the ratio of three or four to one,—I cannot help feeling that any attempt, however crude and imperfect, at making a trial balance-sheet of the spiritual factors involved in this war promises certain definite advantages. It may help us to realise the gigantic interests at stake, and thus encourage us in our determination to prosecute the war to a successful issue. And further, when the moment for a general settlement arrives, it may enable us more readily to recall what we have been really fighting for, and thus prevent us in the flush of victory from imposing or conceding conditions that are really contrary to the ideals for which we have striven.

I intend, therefore, to try and indicate what the nations at present engaged severally stand for on the books of the world's civilisation; and, after this attempt at national stocktaking, to

conclude with a list of some of the main ideals that appear to be in conflict at the present time.

I propose to begin with Germany. At first blush the contributions of Germany to the general culture of the world appear extremely substantial. At all events, they stood very high, possibly too high, before the war. Even to-day her bitterest enemies cannot deny her splendid industry, her prodigious thoroughness, her unbounded belief in knowledge, her systematic way of dealing with material problems, whether it be the building up of her merchant marine, or the development of her coal and iron industries, or her experiments in housing and town-planning, like that of Frankfort, or her triumphs in hygiene, like the sanitation of Berlin, or her treatment of the problems of poverty, as instanced by the Elberfeld system and State insurance against sickness and old age. No nation, I think, during the last forty years has contributed so much to the human conquest over things and material problems. When war is over there will no doubt be an undue slump in German prestige, but later on we shall come back to Germany for suggestions and even inspiration in these matters.

In the same way, after the war we shall come back to an admiration of her poetry, her art, and her philosophy: not indeed to the "Hymn of Hate," but to her unparalleled Volkslieder; not to the Court painters of William II., but to the Dürers and the Holbeins; not to the "Wacht am Rhein," but to the music of Beethoven; not to Treitschke, but to Leibnitz.

How is it that Germany, once so high in the world's estimate, has fallen to-day not merely in the opinion of her enemies but also in that of neutral nations?

The answer is, that Germany has become Prussianised. The fen-land civilisation of Prussia has ended by imposing its ideas on the forest civilisation of Germany, who has gone into partnership with her, hypnotised by her material successes. And so her philosophers have abandoned that realm of the air, which Heine (I think it was) once said was their natural heritage, to undertake the glorification of that terrible piece

of remorseless machinery known as the Prussian State ; while her poets have banished from their souls all those true and simple emotions which made the Germany of old a sort of fairyland, to put in their place the fierce and narrow spirit of Prussian greed and materialism, because this seemed to indicate the road to world-power and world-wealth. The Germans have laid their necks under the yoke of a godless feudalism, backed up by modern science, which has produced to-day a sort of beehive civilisation as perfect as it is appalling to anyone possessed of modern ideals. And with this degradation of man into a mere cogwheel in the machine, a mere item in the national balance-sheet, there has come about a lowering of woman and her ideals, reduced to three functions in the public eye, of which the most respectable are maternity and housekeeping. It is true that the woman's movement had reached Germany before the war, and in fact I was told by an observer who has a most intimate knowledge of the country that the last time he was there, a little over a year ago, he felt this very movement was one of the things which was giving serious alarm to the governing classes, and which they intended to check and checkmate at any cost.

But the fact remains that, broadly speaking, Germany to-day is still essentially a man-made State, and if one goes back as far as Tacitus one sees that the German woman to-day has not a tithe of the political force or prestige that she possessed in those ancient times. One little fact out of many may be cited to show how her development is hindered even to-day. Practically all the girls' schools in Prussia, and even in Germany, are in the hands of headmasters and not headmistresses.

One must not forget, either, in considering the backward political development of Germany, that only a little more than a hundred years ago the majority of Prussians were still serfs. This helps to explain the German Government's method, by means of the schools and the press, of consistently inculcating a contempt for other nations. This steady depreciation of

possible enemies is a form of inoculation against fear, which is always the most powerful motive in the servile or but lately emancipated mind. Hence the average German was firmly persuaded before the war that France was degenerate, England decadent, and Russia in a state of barbarism. This again has facilitated a rapid growth of Pan-Germanism and that Jingo spirit which asserts that German culture is the only true brand, and that the German race are the chosen people, with super-ethics which dispense them from any ordinary moral responsibilities towards other nations.

But here we encounter a strange paradox. The element which makes German power such a reality to-day is not an evil but a good thing. For evil by itself, we must always remember, is purely negative and destructive. This particular good is, it is true, in bondage to evil, but it is a good thing none the less. It is that profound sense of duty to the Fatherland which inspires its officers and hurls its soldiers in hecatombs against our trenches. I say hecatombs, because they are, and they know it well enough, destined to almost certain death. This sentiment of duty is a derivative of the sentiment of fidelity on the part of the individual to the group to which he belongs; it is a sort of tribal loyalty, the *Deutsche Treue* which has been for centuries a prominent trait of the German character. This yearning after corporate life, this passion for association, was noticed by Bismarck, who made fun of its excesses. We have had a touch of it in this country during the war, in the shape of the mushroom committees that have sprung up everywhere. But while in England some of these committees have been the result of individual self-seeking, the desire to have one's own side-show, in Germany the spirit is exactly the reverse: it is the sheep seeking a herd to which it may belong, not one to which it may serve as a bell-wether. But this group loyalty seems to me only a part in its turn of that deep religious feeling which I consider to be the most distinctive quality of the race, and which lies to-day crushed under the weight of appalling

materialism. One must not forget that the Reformation first took definite root in Germany and not elsewhere. The misfortune is that to-day in Germany this religious feeling has been made the bondswoman of science, whereas science ought to be the handmaiden of religion.

As regards Austria, I have only time to say here that Austria is intellectually largely a part of Germany, and the Hapsburgs are merely a more genteel and less efficient type of Hohenzollerns. It would be interesting to set out here the balance-sheet of Hungary, but that would involve an inventory of all the different civilisations presented by the Balkan States, which are more or less under liquidation to-day. And the evaluation of that congeries of civilisations would take a whole article to itself.

I pass to France.

Perhaps one of the best ways of indicating what France stands for is to show that in many ways she is the exact contrary of Germany. Let us take one or two examples more or less at hazard.

Germany values quantity, France quality. Thus the German (an important matter in times of possible famine) consumes an inordinate quantity of food ; he is a gourmand. The Frenchman wants it little and good ; he is a gourmet.

Germany, again, pursues knowledge, France culture ; Germany prizes science, France prizes philosophy.

Germany lays stress on the body and bodily things, France on the soul and spiritual things. Compare, for instance, a spick-and-span new German village with an untidy French one. The German in comparison is all swept and garnished. (I will not finish the text.)

For Germany the military phalanx is all-important ; for France the social. The German believes in societies, male societies ; France in Society, for the two sexes. Germany, in fact, professes the cult of the man, France of the woman. Both the German and the Frenchman wish to put themselves in another's place, but the former in order to oust his neighbour,

the latter in order to understand him. Germany relies on force, France on feeling. Hence the supreme argument with the German is fear, with the French sympathy. Germany believes in enlightened self-interest, France in generosity. Germany has always refused to risk the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier in the service of no matter what non-German nation; France has more than once spent her life-blood in the service of humanity.

What then does France stand for? If Germany, modern Germany, is through and through realist and materialist, France is the country of idealism, practical idealism, in which alone, as has been said, men are willing to live and die for an idea. In fact, in its last analysis the history of France often appears to me as the quest of the ideal, or, as a woman friend of mine of great discernment said one day, the quest at no matter what price of *real truth, real beauty, real morality*. I am well aware that this may seem a hard saying to some who think that we English have a monopoly of morality, or who believe that morality begins and ends with the sex question. But morality in France has a far wider meaning than in England. It means the whole conduct of life, and embraces manners as well as morals, for manners in the Frenchman's eyes are but morals in action. But the supreme difference between the English and the French attitude lies in the fact that with our spirit of compromise we are willing to accept the second best if we can't have the best possible. For the French soul it is often the best or nothing at all. Better in its eyes to profess anti-clericalism than a conventional religion, that has lost half its inner meaning. Better an actual parade of vice than a pretence of virtue. That is at least honest, that is at least sincere.

I am not here to defend the French position, but to try to explain it. This particular struggle for all or nothing, this gambler's throw for double or quits, seems to me distinctively a French trait. No wonder, as one of my friends, who knows France, I venture to think, far better than most of his country-

men, said to me one day, the history of France is the history of defeats and resurrections. It is true that certain of those defeats have been among the most crushing in history ; and yet some of them at least have been more glorious than the most glorious of victories, because they have revealed to the country the greatness of its own soul, and prepared thereby for the inevitable resurrection in the Tolstoian sense, and because Humanity at large has felt that these defeats have been in a sense defeats for herself and her own progress, and so has experienced an ever-growing sympathy for France. I can only appeal to Swinburne and Meredith for the sort of feeling I am trying here to express. It would take me more than a whole article to explain them adequately. But only the other day another very talented woman said to me, "I believe the so-called moralists 'sans Dieu' in France are nearer to Christianity than many so-called Christians in England. They may have discarded the symbol, but they retain the real spirit." And in that deep sense, far beyond mere creeds and formulæ, I believe France still, in spite of her apparent atheism, is possibly the most Christian nation, because in certain respects she is the most *human* in the best sense of the word.

And this seems to me to come out in a striking way in her treatment of subject races, at least as far as her intentions and ideals are concerned. While the German method is based on fear, as is seen by her treatment of the inhabitants of Poland, Alsace, and Schleswig-Holstein, while ours again is based on justice and the administration of justice, so the French ideal is based on love and fraternity. As in the old Roman Empire, so in the modern French Empire there are no second-class citizens. Rightly or wrongly, there is no colour line in French citizenship. The inhabitant of Senegal, of Tahiti or Madagascar, is treated, is regarded, just as much a French citizen as the inhabitants of Paris or Marseilles ; and, what is more important, he regards himself as such, and is proud of belonging to a nation which he hears described as the finest in the world. So great is his enthusiasm that he is willing to

learn the history of Philippe Auguste and the names of the twenty-six French departments! This appeal is not first and foremost to his desire for good government, or even to his sense of justice. It is to his sense of dignity as a human creature.

Fear: justice: fraternity. Is not this really the ascending order in empire-building and civilisation alike? One begins by treating the stranger as an enemy; in the next stage one looks on him as a human being; and finally one recognises his universal brotherhood. It takes many hundred years to learn this profound lesson. The Germans, as last comers in the field, are only at the preliminary stage. The English are at the intermediate stage, but I cannot believe that we can stay where we are, or that we have said our last word on the government of India and Egypt.

There is one final point about France, highly important as regards the ultimate settlement. Thanks to the lucidity of her language, France is still the intellectual exchange and mart of Europe. She is not only the clearing-house of ideas; hers is the mint that gives them that particular form and stamp which make them acceptable and intelligible to other nations. Hence one may say that what France thinks to-day Europe may think to-morrow. And one of the most comforting things in regard to the future of civilisation is that the ideas of France on the outcome of the war are absolutely clear. She desires the end of bloated armaments, and of the terrors of armed peace.

I pass to England, in so many respects the reverse of France. French civilisation is predominantly urban, ours rural: our system of government inclines, and will, I think, incline more, to the federal type; hers belongs to the centralising: her art, her literature, are essentially social; ours individualist. France is the land of schools and traditions, except to a certain extent in politics; on the other hand, it is in politics only that tradition is really strong in England—in art and literature there are practically only fashions.

In English education it is character first, intellect a bad second, with æsthetic education beaten off. In French intellect and æsthetics run a dead heat, with character-training, as such, a bad third. While France in many ways is the *opposite* of Germany, it is the *complement* of England. Where they are strong, we are weak, and *vice versa*. Again, we are hard to judge as a class owing to our curious individualism, the result of our rural civilisation, which one hundred years of town life has only slightly modified—our towns too often being overgrown villages or conglomerations of villages in which the growth of civic life has not kept pace with the increase of the population. The Englishman, like his home, is still an impenetrable castle.

Moreover, any analysis of the British soul is complicated by race questions. Perhaps one may say with some rough sense of truth that the English represent the *will-power* in the nation, the Welsh the *heart*, the Scots the *intelligence*, and the Irish the *imagination*.

England, again, is not a single nation: traces of the Heptarchy still remain; even to-day the Norfolk peasant talks about Norfolk and Suffolk and airily dismisses the rest of England as "the shires." But, leaving that aside, there is an England north of the Trent which is roughly speaking democratic, while the England south of it is rather under the régime of aristocratic tradition. Moreover, in no country except the United States are there such numerous religious divisions, each keeping alive some valuable fragment of national thought and life, yet willing at such a crisis as the present to place its forces at the service of the common cause. This strong individualism of ours has made us a little misjudged abroad. People have not always understood that in a free country one must give freemen time to make up their minds on the rights and wrongs of any question, including those of a war. But if we appear slow at the uptake, on the other hand, once embarked in a struggle, we are I think the last nation to give it up. If I understand the English character aright, it is not so

much the desire for victory as the shame of defeat. The will to live proves its force in final analysis by the will to die, and so we may well take for our motto, "Better dead than beaten." It has always seemed to me that Hercules "vexed to be foiled," as Horace says, reveals the last essence of the English character. Certainly Hercules was the least Greek of Greeks, and were I not afraid of being accused of Pan-anglomania I should say he was an Anglo-Saxon.

The same spirit seems to animate our colonies. They realise that individual freedom and all the principles of modern democracy are at stake. Their rally to the Empire is the most magnificent vindication of its spiritual bonds, which the purblind materialists in Germany were totally unable to perceive. Just as the magnificent support from India is a proof that British justice is not an idle word.

A few words on Russia and Belgium. I have neither the space nor the competence to speak exhaustively about Russia, but it is well to remember that most of our views of that country come to us through the *stained-glass window* called Germany, which has had every interest to show us all the colours in the picture except the white light. We must remember again that the worst side of Russian government is largely a Prussian product. Russia until recently was the happy hunting-ground of the cadets of German princelets and nobles. Curious stories about their influence in the higher circles of the State have been recently current. There was a significant hint in an article quoted in the papers from the *Ruski Invalid* of treachery in high places; and again, I learned lately from an unimpeachable source that some of the Court papers are frankly pro-German. The essential Russia, as I understand it, is the Russia of Tolstoi, of Dostoewsky, of Maxim Gorky, of Stephen Graham, in which the grandeur of the Russian soul reveals itself in all its *naïveté* at every moment. To me Russia, in spite of all its defects, appears as a limitless *reservoir of fraternity and pity*. If the fraternisation of peoples is not an idle dream, I cannot help feeling that

in return for our steam engines and sanitation, which appear to be the highest thing we can offer, the fine moral qualities of the Russians cannot fail to have some effect on the more purely commercial and Gradgrind side of our civilisation, and possibly produce a renewal of the heart of the West.

Curiously enough, the fundamental ideals of conduct and character underlying the various civilisations, English, French, German, and Russian, are illustrated to a remarkable extent by the particular language used to correct little children in the different countries. In England the appeal is directly to the will. We say to the child, "Be good!" We appeal to his moral sense, being firmly persuaded, with Kant, that he has only to make the effort in order to succeed. All English morality seems based unconsciously on the categorical imperative. The French appeal is entirely different. The French parent says to its child, "Sois sage [not *bon*], sois raisonnable." Imagine our saying to a mite of two, "Be a sage, be a philosopher"! But the appeal itself is perfectly clear; it is to the reason and to the intelligence, considered as the ruling principle, the cultivation of which is in fact the chief objective in French education. Or the appeal takes another form. Often one hears the saying, "Ce que tu fais-là, n'est pas beau!" (beautiful)—an appeal to the æsthetic principle (the other prominent objective, as I have remarked, in French education). Different again is the German, totally different. The German parent does not say, "Sei gut," but "Sei artig"—be true to type, conform to the group, be a true German; a direct appeal to the corporate spirit indicated above. And lastly, in Russia I understand that the common expression used by the Russian parent to the child means literally "Be loving, be fraternal"—an appeal, in fact, to family affection, for Russia, in certain aspects, is one big family.

One other remark. I asked Stephen Graham the other day, "How shall we deal with the Russians at the end of the war?" He replied, "Treat them generously and they will outdo you in generosity. Try to diddle them and they will

do you to a certainty." And have we not here what should be the new spirit in diplomacy, the spirit on which our best businesses are run to-day, the spirit that says, "Treat a man first as an honest man, even if he has not always been straight in the past, and he will probably respond." It is what we do every day in our schools and in our own families. Whereas to treat a man as a blackguard, to call him a scoundrel, only brings out the worst in him and makes an honest transaction with him difficult, if not impossible.

As for the Belgians, I will only say they have proved for all time the value of small States, of small civilisations. Belgium has proved also the stupidity of the steam-roller idea of one form of civilisation; she has shown that the civilisation of one nation will not necessarily fit the people of another, except possibly as a strait-waistcoat.

I pass to the chief ideals that seem to be at conflict at the present time.

1. It is a struggle between autocracy and democratic institutions. We are fighting for the ideals of liberty, free speech, and free government against a feudalism in which godless science has taken the place of religion. As far as the material world is concerned, we are fighting for the future United States of Europe against German Imperialism.

2. It is a struggle for the principles of internationalism. Not that more vague and indefinite type which should really be called cosmopolitanism, though it is often so wrongly confounded with internationalism. For cosmopolitanism really means the brotherhood of mankind, whereas true internationalism means the brotherhood of nations, recognising the nation as a unit in the larger whole.

Perhaps the best way of distinguishing between them is to state that the ideal of cosmopolitanism is the establishment of the *highest common factor*, that which is common to all civilisations, to the comparative neglect of other factors; while real internationalism will never be content with anything short of getting the *least common denominator* of all,

and therefore represents a far richer and more comprehensive ideal.

We are fighting for international law against national might masquerading as right. We are fighting, in fact, to give a civil and moral personality to that great biological and spiritual entity known as a nation. Hitherto the relations of nations to one another have been those of brute beasts. Here, again, the solution is either a Holy Alliance on democratic lines, or Europe parcelled out into German satrapies or vilayets—*à la Turquie*.

3. It is the struggle between science taken in the narrow sense of the word—that is to say, between science founded on conceptions taken from lifeless matters—and religion understood in a far wider sense than that of any particular creed or creeds, or rather in one which includes them all. It is in fact a struggle between the mechanistic ideas applied to living things, of which Kant was more or less unconsciously the father, and those biological ideals that Bergson and others have once more brought into repute.

Are the science and art of *things* to dominate the science and art of *life*, which in their broadest sense are religion and morality, or to be dominated by them? At bottom it is a struggle between reason and instinct, between the dogma and the myth, between the tree of knowledge and the tree of life, between the temporal and the spiritual powers. Or, in a single word, a life-and-death struggle to know whether religion and the ideals of human life it embodies should be made the slave of science, or whether science should become the handmaiden of religion. Is man once more to become the measure of things, or are things to become the measure of man? Or, in other words, are we to look on man as a human being or a mere item?

4. It is the struggle between the idea of one type of civilisation and the idea of many types. The Germans wish to impose one single type on all the world—their own. We, on the contrary, are fighting for the principle of live and let

live, for the right to existence of other types of civilisation beside our own, such as the Belgian. If ever the brotherhood of men and races is to come, it must come not by ramming and cramming one set of ideals, be they British, German, French, Chinese, or Hottentot, down the throats of the rest of the world, but by the harmonious synthesis and incorporation of all that is best in the various civilisations past and present. That is the new world that the thinkers of to-day, like so many Columbuses, are groping after.

It would seem, in fact, that the next great reunion or world-synthesis of thought will not be one single enormous centralised form of civilisation such as the Pan-Germans dream of, but rather a federation of civilisations, which in their turn may possibly imply a reunion of Eastern with Western thought. In this respect the participation of the Indian troops, and to a lesser degree of the Japanese, is of the highest import. It is a belated recognition by the West of the equality of the East in the material world, and such a recognition cannot fail to have an effect in the world of ideas.

5. It is a struggle between a too exclusively male conception of civilisation and the demand of women to an increasing share in its development. Will a one-sided Patriarchy, such as Germany represents, win the day; or are we proceeding toward a re-establishment of the Matriarchy, or to a general levelling up between male and female ideals? Does not the moral failure of Germany indicate the need of giving more weight to the ideas of women in the organisation of the world?

If the balance-sheet I have attempted to draw up, crude and incomplete as it undoubtedly is, has any value, can we doubt for one instant the final issue of the struggle?—an issue which will indicate more or less the triumph of the principles for which we are fighting: democratic institutions, international law, rehabilitation of the religious spirit, under no matter what label, Protestant, Catholic, or merely ethical,

diversity in civilisations, greater recognition of the rights of women and the services they can render to civilisation in future. And, if I may sum up still more briefly this stupendous conflict, I would say that in its last analysis it seems to me a struggle towards a conception of the spiritual far more rich and wide-embracing than any that has gone before, against the idea of God as a national or even a local divinity, such as that God of the Germans so often invoked by the Kaiser.

When one realises the part played by the Church as the great spiritual agency in the Middle Ages, however striking her defects were or may have been, and the small influence that Churches are wielding to-day in the prevention or condemnation of the violations of international law, and of the atrocities that have happened (I do not blame them at all, I only state undoubted facts), one sees how the temporal power to-day is far more potent than the spiritual.

Personally I cannot believe that this gigantic convulsion on earth can leave our spiritual conceptions unaffected, and, while not contesting the truths that have been revealed to us, I cannot think that such revelations as we have had are absolutely final and complete. Pain and suffering would lose for me all their higher significance if I did not believe them to be the vehicles of revelation in the broadest sense of the word, alike to the individual and to the race.

It is not possible to discuss here whether the religion of the future will be a gospel of humanity, a reunion of Christendom, or an extension of Christendom to the very ends of the earth, or a gradual synthesis of the five or six chief religions of the world, which, while differing among themselves, would yet recognise the universal Godhead. But if the Allies win, I feel confident that the problem of the thinkers of to-morrow will be how to find some common religious basis and form of agreement that shall make the nations more spiritually one than they have been in the past.

Again, if the synthesis of civilisation I have suggested as possible should take shape and form, will it not have some

effect not merely on our existing ideas and ideals but also in the more essentially spiritual sphere of creeds and dogmas? Such an effect will not necessarily take the form of invalidating their tenets, but rather, by giving them a wider setting, infuse into them very possibly a deeper meaning, while at the same time it will establish some sort of intercommunion in the world of spirit, corresponding roughly to the internationalism or brotherhood of nations in the world below.

But this may possibly be dismissed as the idlest of speculations. What is certain and absolutely true is that we are living in the greatest moment of the world's history. Not only are the material forces that are mobilised far and away the greatest the world has ever seen, but never has there been such a *levée en masse* of the spiritual forces, though their very vastness may seem for the moment to mask from some their existence. Those of us who know the Continent know that nothing less than European civilisation is at stake. And this will become plainer every month the war goes on, as death goes on gathering in his harvest remorselessly and we are more and more driven back on ourselves, on our innermost thoughts and beliefs, all the inherited past that lies garnered within us, to help us to sustain and win through in this appalling struggle. The victory of Germany means the temporary downfall of all other types of European culture, though it can only be temporary; for I cannot believe that a State like Germany, founded on force and violence, can long survive. But in the general exhaustion that would follow, who will be left to uphold the flag of European civilisation? Shall we fall a prey to the overflowing populations of Asia? Not that I believe in such a future, provided only we do our best, but it must be our best and nothing short of it. We must realise to the full what the war means, and what is at stake.

CLAUDESLEY BRERETON.

LONDON.

WAR PHILOSOPHY, HINDU AND CHRISTIAN, 1500 B.C. AND 1915 A.D.

S. M. MITRA.

“Even the wicked should be conquered by fair means. It is better to die observing righteousness than to prevail by wrongful methods.”—*Mahabharata*, Santi Parva, xcv. 16.

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in a recently published book,¹ suggests as a means of checking future wars the formation of a great world league for righteous peace, to be enforced by armed power. During century after century some at least of the human race have diligently sought for two things, perpetual peace and the philosopher's stone; but from time immemorial both the ultra-pacifist and the alchemist have pursued their search in vain. I propose to take up here the subject which interests the ex-President of the American Republic, and bring out a few salient points regarding the efforts of my countrymen to make the Law of Nations override the Law of Nature.

The ancient Hindus believed war to be a necessity, though they did not allow overmastering desire for conquest to overrule their love of peace. In contradistinction to Grotius, the founder of Western international law, the Hindu sages held that peace was the normal state of human society, and war its abnormal condition. Their rules for establishing and maintaining peace were as precise as their rules for waging war. Yet Hindu philosophers asked themselves the

¹ *America and the World War*, by Theodore Roosevelt (John Murray, 1915).

same questions as thirty centuries later assailed the Dutch thinker Grotius: Would the Law of Nations ever override the Law of Nature? Would man ever discover a *humane* test of the survival of the fittest, which in Nature is decided through struggle?

The Western conferences which have met from time to time during more than fifty years to discuss the laws of peace and war are the development of the principles enunciated in the seventeenth century of this era by the famous Dutchman Grotius, whose *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* is generally regarded as the foundation of the Western science of international law.¹ But the literature and history of India show that my countrymen anticipated Grotius by about thirty centuries; that they forestalled the Conferences of Geneva (1864, 1868, and 1906), St Petersburg (1868), Brussels (1874), and the Hague (1899 and 1907); that they had rules of warfare laid down about fifteen centuries before the Christian era, and very similar to many important regulations of modern international law; that they had theorists like those who to-day in the West attempt to show the inexpediency and unprofitable results of what they style "the great illusion." Studying these facts of Indian history, one is forced to the conclusion that human nature remains much the same now as it was in the days of the Hindu Emperor Yudhishtira, King George's predecessor on the Delhi throne, in 1500 B.C. It seems also that thought has run on similar lines in different ages and different countries, since Grotius and the promoters of all these modern peace conferences, though apparently receiving none of their inspirations from Hindu sources, yet came to similar conclusions.

The huge epic of the *Mahabharata*, my great authority, composed about 1500 B.C., shows that both the morality and the expediency of war were discussed at length by the ancient Hindus. Sometimes they debated whether war was a profitable investment for a country, as some modern Western

¹ See *Science of International Law*, by Walker.

thinkers have lately been doing. "The king should gain victories without battles. . . .¹ The clash of battle is undesirable as long as one can avoid it,"² said Bhishma, the mighty commander of the Kauravas, and the great philosophic warrior-statesman. "Men have five different kinds of strength," declared Vidura, another Hindu statesman of the *Mahabharata*, "strength of arms, good counsellors, wealth, birth, and strength of intellect. Strength of arms is inferior to all these others."³ "Shun the waging of war for the acquisition of territory. Territory should be gained by conciliation, by gifts, and by exciting disunion among other kingdoms."⁴ This last means of enlarging a nation's boundaries recalls the famous Roman motto of later centuries, *Divide et impera*, which foreign rulers still regard as a highly useful maxim. One of the Hindu arguments against acquisition of territory by force is worth consideration: "The energy necessary for putting down a hostile kingdom would be better expended in care of one's own kingdom."⁵ This has been England's own policy with regard to Afghanistan, a country which, though several times conquered by the British, has never been taken over by them. Whether a good war is preferable to a bad peace, a point which Western nations are even now ardently debating, was also discussed by Vidura. Power to make war does not, in Bhishma's opinion, necessarily render it more expedient than peace. "Even when thou hast gathered together a mighty army, thou shouldst, Yudhishtira, first adopt a peaceful behaviour. If these efforts towards peace are unsuccessful, then thou mayst enter upon battle. The victory, O Bharata, that is gained by battle is far inferior."⁶

Treaties and alliances held prominent place among various methods, resembling those of modern times, which the ancient Hindus adopted for avoiding war and for strengthening

¹ Santi Parva, xciv. 1.

³ Udyoga Parva, xxxvi.

⁵ Udyoga Parva, xxxiii.

² *Ibid.*, cii. 22.

⁴ Santi Parva, lxix. 23.

⁶ Santi Parva, cii. 16, 17.

themselves to resist attack. They distinguished roughly three kinds of treaties:¹—(1) Those made through fear. The volumes of Aitchison's *Treaties and Sanads* supply numerous examples from modern Indian history of agreements which small rajas and petty chiefs have made with the Government of India to ensure themselves against aggression from powerful maharajas. (2) Those made through good offices. The present alliance between the Maharaja of Nepal and the Government of India, largely based upon the good offices rendered by the Nepal State during the Indian Mutiny, affords a modern instance of this kind of treaty. (3) Those made through gifts of wealth, *i.e.* through a subsidy. As representative of this class, the treaty may be instanced by which the Government of India enters into an alliance with the Amir of Afghanistan and gives him annually a large sum of money, in return for which the Amir agrees to form no alliance with any foreign Power without the consent of the British.

In those ancient days alliances were regarded as invaluable aids to peace and supports in war. "There is nothing that cannot be achieved by alliances,"² asserted Vidura. "The tiger outside the forest," said Krishna, "falls an easy prey; the forest wherein no tiger dwells is easily cut down; hence the tiger guards the forest and the forest guards the tiger."³ "A man," said Bhishma, "crosses a deep broad river by a log. The man conveys the log to the other side, and the log also conveys the man."⁴ To these ancient statesmen successful alliances and counter-alliances were as necessary a part of policy as war. "When a common danger threatens, make peace," they advised, "with one who is strong. When the danger is over, consider well the advisability of making a compact with the enemy. Having achieved the object in view, trust not the foe again."⁵

¹ Santi Parva, lix. 37.

² *Ibid.*, xxviii.

³ *Ibid.*, 208.

⁴ Udyoga Parva, xxxvi.

⁵ Santi Parva, cxxxviii. 60.

Bhishma's description of the friends of a monarch aptly summarises the factors that go to make modern international friendships, and his counsel, applied to nations, was evidently taken as a guiding principle by the ancient Hindus in making peace and war. According to him, the different friends of a ruler were: (1) one who pursues the same object; (2) one who is exceedingly attached to him; (3) one who is related to him; (4) one whose good-will has been gained by presents and kindness; and (5) an upright man who will range himself on one side and not on both.¹ "Of these kinds of friendship," said Bhishma, "look with mistrust upon the first and fourth; at the same time do not trust any overmuch. Trust and mistrust all men. Mistrust him as an enemy who would profit by your own destruction, but trust him entirely whose fall would be the consequence of your own fall."² In dealing with the invasion of Alexander the Great in 327 B.C., Hindu kings in the Gangetic valley made good use of Bhishma's wise sayings; and later on, the Greek ambassador Megasthenes at the court of Chandragupta found that there was much of imperial polity to learn from Hindu statesmen. Already in Bhishma's time the intimate connection between war and politics was realised, and Hindu statesmen were divided as to whether war is an outgrowth of politics or politics an outgrowth of war.

Before resorting to force, the peoples of ancient India who were involved in disputes dispatched diplomatic agents or envoys (*duta*) to each other to try what could be effected by peaceful persuasion. The ablest brains of the nation were pressed into this service. "They should," said Bhishma, "possess these great qualities: noble birth, eloquence, ability, pleasant address, reliability in delivering the message entrusted to them, and a good memory."³

Ancient India had a great secret service system with approved rules.⁴ Spies were as eyes to the kings of ancient

¹ Santi Parva, lxxx. 3, 4.

² *Ibid.*, 6-15.

³ *Ibid.*, lxxxv. 28.

⁴ Virata Parva, xxvi.

India, and as roots to their kingdoms.¹ Inattention to spies is mentioned by Vidura as one of the causes of the downfall of a king.²

Several centuries before the birth of Greece and Rome, students of war philosophy in my country had gone deep into the question of neutrals, and had divided them into four main heads:—(1) Neutrals who, whether active or passive, could not but be affected by the progress and result of the war. In the present struggle against Germany every civilised country on this planet may be cited as a case in point. We all know that directly the war broke out the Stock Exchange of neutral New York collapsed almost simultaneously with that of belligerent Berlin. (2) Neutrals who would be practically unaffected by the war, and therefore felt hardly any concern in the progress of the struggle. In the Balkan and other comparatively small wars many countries would come under this head; but, as has been said, in the present world-wide struggle there is practically no country unaffected. Even the mountain stronghold of Afghanistan thrills to the echo of the battles that are raging in Flanders. (3) Neutrals who would be affected by the progress and result of the war, and who could, if they chose, alter the course of the war without becoming belligerents, by manipulating economic forces, etc. Under this head may be classed to-day the United States, Holland, Norway, Sweden, etc. (4) Neutrals who, though affected by the war, had not the power to alter the course of the war, like China in the present instance. Ancient Hindu statesmen vied with each other in dexterously moving these neutrals from one class to another, to suit the purpose of the belligerents or non-belligerents in whom they were interested. In the present war we see attempts made to turn neutrals into belligerents, but the ancient Hindu philosophers of war believed in restricting the number of technical belligerents and confining the major operations of their diplomacy to neutral nations. They

¹ Udyoga Parva, xxxiii., and Santi Parva, lxxxiii. 50.

² Udyoga Parva, xxxviii.

held that there was unselfish and selfish neutrality. Unselfish neutrality was the noble feeling which prevented a nation from taking part in a war lest it might upset otherwise equally balanced armies. Selfish neutrality meant keeping aloof until a nation knew that it was sure to gain by giving up its aloofness. "He who fails to protect morality when morality is being flouted is himself guilty of violating morality,"¹ was the judgment of Hinduism on such an attitude. The Monroe doctrine, regarded by ancient Hindu statesmen as a species of selfish neutrality, occasionally held sway in Hindustan in various forms according to the exigencies of the time, just as the modern Monroe doctrine is scarcely the same as that formulated by the late Mr Monroe. But for the belief in a Monroe doctrine held by certain rajas on the banks of the Indus, Alexander the Great's march into India would have been much more difficult, if not impossible.

Ancient Hindu rules for the righteous conduct of warfare rested upon grounds both of humanity and policy. Any possibility of such extreme horrors as have disgraced the Prussian arms in the present struggle on the Continent was reduced to a minimum by frequent visits of the Rishis (saints) to every part of the battlefield and to the camps of all the belligerents. These visiting Rishis were chosen from among those who commanded great reverence and implicit obedience. They were absolutely neutral. They were not apostles of peaceful progress. They thought that war always killed more unworkable theories than it did good men, and they regarded it as a thunderstorm which clears the air, philosophically referring to it as "Lila," or "transcendentally mysterious manipulation by the Creator." Even to-day, to the orthodox Hindu throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan, everything is the working of the law of Karma.

Indiscriminate slaughter was regarded by Hindu warrior-statesmen as both inhuman and inexpedient. A retreating

¹ Santi Parva, xxxiii. 8.

enemy, they said, was not to be pursued too closely, lest he should suddenly turn and rend his pursuers, and also because brave men do not care to mow down those who flee before them.¹ "A king," quoted Bhishma, "should never slay a large proportion of the forces of the foe, though he should do sufficient to render his victory sure. He should never inflict such injury as would leave a lasting memory of humiliation in the enemy's heart."² The Prussian policy by which, after the war of 1870, Alsace and Lorraine were taken over by Germany is an instance of an action which left a constant sense of pain in the heart of France. In prohibiting the abuse of force and the infliction of unnecessary suffering, these ancient Hindu precepts anticipated by over thirty centuries the spirit of the Declaration of St Petersburg (1868), which set forth that "the only legitimate object which States should endeavour to accomplish during war is to weaken the military forces of the enemy . . . that this object would be exceeded by the employment of arms which uselessly aggravate the sufferings of disabled men, or render their death inevitable."³

The Hindus maintained that it was better to go down before the foe than to conquer by wrongful methods. "A victory sullied by unrighteousness," they said, "is insecure, and never brings one to heaven."⁴ Their explanation of why men stoop to ignoble deeds reminds one of the famous saying of later centuries, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first drive mad." The Hindu version is more elaborate: "He whom the gods have doomed to defeat is deprived of his senses and therefore he stoops to unworthy actions. When intellect grows clouded and disaster approaches, wrong, appearing like right, keeps persistent hold upon his heart."⁵ To be called "Dharma Yuddha" or "righteous war," the

¹ Santi Parva, xcix. 11-13.

² *Ibid.*, ciii. 18, 19.

³ *The Hague Peace Conferences*, by A. Pearce Higgins, LL.D., pp. 5, 6, 1909.

⁴ Santi Parva, xcvi. 2.

⁵ Udyoga Parva, xxxiii.

contest had to be waged on humane lines as well as for a righteous cause.

In certain particulars the Hindu's sense of fair play far exceeded that which now prevails in warfare. How many of the Powers assembled at the Hague Conferences would have agreed that both parties to a struggle must be similarly equipped, otherwise the fight would be judged unfair? Bhishma's rule of battle was, "mailed soldier against mailed soldier, cavalry against cavalry."¹ Manu, the ancient Hindu lawgiver, maintained that battles were to be contested fairly. Other definite rules for the conduct of warfare are clear anticipations of the principles set forth by the Geneva Conventions and the Hague Conferences. "Neither poisoned nor barbed arrows should be used,"² said Bhishma, over thirty centuries before Convention IV., Article 23 (a), of the Hague Conferences forbade belligerents "to employ poison or poisoned arms." "A feeble or wounded opponent should not be slain," said Bhishma, ". . . or he whose weapon has been broken. . . . One should fight one adversary and leave him when he is disabled."³ . . . A warrior whose armour has fallen off, or who begs for quarter, . . . or who has cast aside his weapon, may be taken prisoner, but never slain."⁴ Similarly, Convention IV., Article 23 (c), of the Hague Conferences proclaims it unlawful "to kill or wound an enemy who, having laid down his arms, or having no longer means of defence, has surrendered at discretion," and (d) "to declare that no quarter will be given."

The ancient Hindus guarded against maltreatment of war prisoners by dividing them into two classes: the well-to-do, who were kept as hostages against unfair warfare on the part of their enemies; and the ordinary prisoners, who were placed under the supervision of the authorities in charge of temples and shrines, which were always neutral. According to Bhishma, those prisoners whose wounds permanently disabled

¹ Santi Parva, xcv. 7, 8, 10.

² *Ibid.*, 11.

³ *Ibid.*, 12, 7.

⁴ *Ibid.*, xcvi. 3.

them from military service were to be sent home; others were to be taken to the victor's camp, and their hurts attended to there.¹ These regulations for the humane treatment of prisoners may be compared with Chapter I., Article 1, of the Geneva Convention of 1906: "Soldiers, and other persons officially attached to armies, shall be respected and taken care of when wounded or sick, by the belligerent in whose power they may be . . ."; and part of Article 2, Chapter I., of the same Convention: "Belligerents . . . will be at liberty to agree: To restore to one another the wounded left on the field after a battle; to repatriate any wounded and sick whom they do not wish to retain as prisoners. . . ."

In Convention IV., Article 23 (*g*), the Hague Conferences prohibit the destruction or seizure of the enemy's property, unless imperatively demanded by the necessities of war. The war lords of ancient India advised similar moderation, urging the victor to protect a conquered country from useless plunder.² "Refrain from profitless deeds of hostility, and also from insolent speech,"³ is counsel to which Bhishma gives approval. But when a people offered obstinate and determined resistance to the invader, the attacking Power was advised to adopt sterner tactics, "slaughtering the population, pulling up the roads, setting fire to and knocking down its houses,"⁴—in fact, the Prussian precept, but used by the Hindu with discrimination, in cases where mildness had been found insufficient.

Western international law decrees that the person of an ambassador is inviolable. Similarly, in ancient India, to slay or imprison envoys was a heinous sin.⁵ Many others besides envoys were protected from military violence. It was forbidden to slay one who was asleep, or weary, or whose armour and weapons had fallen off, a fugitive, one who was walking along a road unaware of danger, the insane, the mortally wounded, one who was greatly enfeebled by wounds, one

¹ Santi Parva, xcv. 12.

² *Ibid.*, xcix. 11.

³ *Ibid.*, ciii. 10.

⁴ *Ibid.*, cxl. 61.

⁵ *Ibid.*, lxxxv. 26, 27, and Udyoga Parva, lxxxvii.

who lingered trustfully, one who was absorbed in grief, foraging parties, camp-followers, servants, old men, children, and women.¹

Many of the so-called up-to-date problems of these days of warfare were discussed, and some in a measure solved, by my coreligionists about fifteen centuries before the Christian era. Even the latest difficulty of the "war baby" received the attention of my distinguished countrymen in that dawn of time. To prevent the destruction of infant life and to save the children from being branded as bastards, the alliances that were responsible for "war babies" were raised to the status of marriage, though marriage of a very low order. Three classes of such alliances were recognised: (1) "the reciprocal connection of a youth and a maiden with mutual desire," denominated a Gandharva marriage; (2) "when the lover secretly embraces the maiden, flushed with strong liquor, or disordered in her intellect," called a Pisacha marriage; and (3) "the seizure of a maiden by force from her house, while she weeps and calls for assistance, after her kinsmen and friends have been slain in battle or wounded," styled a Rakshasa marriage.² The expense of the maintenance of the offspring of these alliances was borne by the Church, the army, and the civil ratepayers, the proportion contributed by each of these bodies being fixed according to certain rules.

Conquered kingdoms paid war indemnities. There were rules regulating the confiscation of the property of the vanquished. Scholars and philosophers belonging to the conquering party were given certain prizes taken from the conquered.³ The conqueror's attitude was to be a diplomatic blend of mildness and severity. "Before striking the blow, and while striking, speak gracious words; having struck, show pity towards the conquered."⁴ The people were to be protected from pillage, slaughter, and pain;⁵ but a conquered foe was

¹ Santi Parva, c. 27-29, and xcvi. 47.

² *Hindu Law and Usage*, by John D. Mayne, seventh edition, p. 95.

³ Santi Parva, xcvi. 6.

⁴ *Ibid.*, cii. 33, 34.

⁵ *Ibid.*, xcvi. 8.

to be kept in submission, as a father masters and restrains his son, without anger and without destroying him.¹ "Put no trust in a vanquished foe,"² was another Hindu maxim; and "when one's enemies have been subdued, one should not repose in peace."³ "A king should bring over a hero to his side by showing appreciation of him; a coward, by making him afraid; an avaricious man, by bestowing wealth upon him; and with an equal he should wage war."⁴ The ancient Hindus were evidently convinced that, when two peoples of approximately equal power were contending for the same prize, no peace conferences could decide between them. It was the considered Hindu judgment that the world could not be ruled without force. "I do not perceive any creature in the world," said Arjuna, "which maintains life without inflicting any injury upon others. One creature lives upon another, the stronger upon the more feeble. The mungoose eats the mouse, the cat eats the mungoose, the dog kills the cat, the dog is eaten by the spotted leopard. Lo, all things are swallowed up by the Destroyer at his coming! This mobile and immobile universe is food for all that lives. Such is the decree of the gods."⁵

To the ancient Hindus righteous battle was a virtue, and the high merit, glory, and respect earned by the warrior who met with death in such a combat made him envied by his fellows. "All the Kshatriyas, O King," said Krishna, "who have fallen in this mighty conflict . . . were heroes and ornaments of battle. They were slain while charging with faces towards their foes. None fell wounded in the back or flying from the enemy. All of them . . . have attained to heaven. Thou shouldst not mourn for them."⁶ "Life laid down in battle," it is written, "is for heroes the blessed gate to heaven."⁷ But "the gods themselves with Indra at their

¹ Santi Parva, cii. 32.

² *Ibid.*, 12.

³ *Ibid.*, xv. 20-23.

⁷ *Ibid.*, xcix. 6.

³ *Ibid.*, ciii. 30.

⁴ *Ibid.*, cxl. 63.

⁶ *Ibid.*, xxix. 9, 10, 11.

head send misfortunes upon them who desert their comrades and return with limbs unwounded from the fray.”¹

Convention IV., Article 24, of the Hague Conferences declares that ruses of war are allowable. Similarly, the ancient Hindus admitted that warfare cannot always be waged in a thoroughly straightforward manner. “Both kinds of wisdom, straight and crooked, should be at the king’s command,” declared Bhishma; “yet though he be conversant with it, he should not employ the crooked wisdom as aggressor. He may use it to oppose the dangers that come upon him.”² As illustration the Hindu warrior-statesman gave the case of an enemy trying to produce disaffection among the ministers, army, allies, or people of his rival, and argued that for a king to employ similar ruses in self-defence is lawful and right. According to the Hindu war philosophers, there was fair and unfair fighting. Straightforward means were to be met straightforwardly, but ruses might be met by ruses.³

The ancient Hindu idea of the philosophy and ethics of war is the more striking because their forces were no irregular, plundering, guerilla bands, but were large and disciplined armies, consisting of four main divisions: (1) regulars, (2) allies, (3) mercenaries, and (4) irregulars, each made up of eight parts—cars, elephants, horses, officers, infantry, camp-followers, spies, and ensigns.⁴ There were volunteers among the ancient Hindu armies, and it should be noted that according to the Hindu idea of chivalry a volunteer is a man who refuses all rewards, even decorations, for he is risking his life only for the sake of his country. Subsidies were paid to certain peoples in return for military service, if required. The army had rules for various formations of troops, systems of signalling, armour, weapons, various badges, generous rewards for valour, medical corps with equipment in attendance at the camps, and envoys whose mission it was to treat with the foe. As is clearly recorded in the account of Salwa’s investment of the

¹ Santi Parva, xcvii. 20.

³ *Ibid.*, xcv. 9.

² *Ibid.*, c. 5.

⁴ Sabha Parva, v.

city of Dwarka, total prohibition of drink was rigorously enforced during the siege. To some extent the ancient Hindu military system resembled Western conscription; but whereas in the West a conscript nation means practically a whole nation liable to military service, the ancient Hindus divided the nation into four classes, only one of which, the Kshatriya, was the warrior class, every member of which had to train and be ready to fight for his country. So in his plans for army organisation Bhishma anticipated by over thirty centuries the scheme of Stein and Scharnhorst, and from the class Kshatriya was formed what in Germany is styled the Landwehr and Landsturm.

The honour of the invention of gunpowder is generally ascribed in the West to two European monks, the Englishman, Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century A.D., and Berthold Schwartz, of Freiburg, in the fourteenth century. But guns and gunpowder had been known to the ancient Hindus about thirty centuries before that date. The *Mahabharata* mentions instruments of war which several European critics have no doubt were cannon and guns. “*Tutagudas* equipped with wheels, and worked by means of air expansion, emitting a loud noise like the roar of mighty piled-up clouds”¹ are mentioned, and “engines for hurling balls and bullets”² are described as in use at the siege of Dwarka. At this same siege mines were also employed, for it is recorded that holes and pits were dug for fully two miles around the city, and secretly filled with combustible materials, as a means of defence against the enemy. The famous German scholar Gustav Oppert considers it proved that the oldest documents mentioning and describing gunpowder are found in India and written in Sanskrit. He accepts as genuine ancient Sanskrit compositions the *Sukraniti* and *Nitiprakashika*, two Hindu treatises on warfare which mention guns and gunpowder, and he places these works as contemporary with, if not anterior to, Manu’s

¹ Vana Parva, xlii.

² *Ibid.*, xv.

Dharmasastra. The musket (*nalika*), as described in his translation from the *Sukraniti*, has "a straight body, is thin-limbed, and hollow in the middle. It pierces the vital parts, is dark. . . . When it is to be used, it is taken up, ignited, and pierces the mark."¹ The *Sukraniti* also distinguishes between small and large weapons, those carried by soldiers, and those borne on cars, the latter being evidently cannon.² It gives detailed instructions for cleaning and loading a gun, and for preparing gunpowder (*agnichurna*, literally "fire-powder"), enumerating the ingredients for the latter, "out of which experts make gunpowder in many ways."³

Thus the ancient inhabitants of India had peace precepts, rules of warfare, and armies organised on similar principles to those in vogue to-day; they had men to guide them like Sarpi, Grotius, Thomasius, Turgot, Stein, Cavour, Bismarck, and Balfour. Now, with the *Mahabharata* still as my authority, I propose to point out certain special theories of ancient Hindu strategists in which they anticipated famous Western military authorities like Clausewitz, whose work, *Vom Kriege*, is considered the foundation of the modern strategy of war, theories similar to those which were studied by Bismarck and put into successful practice by Moltke.

Clausewitz maintains that war is a part of policy, a course to be adopted when every possible preparation has been made for it, and when it is considered expedient. Power and expediency were always impressed upon the ancient Hindus as two necessary conditions for action. "Having carefully considered his own ability, the character of the act, and the result of success, the wise man should either act or refrain from acting. . . . What will befall me if I do this, and what if I leave it undone: after due regard to these points, one should decide upon either action or inaction."⁴ Again:

¹ *On the Weapons, Army Organisation, and Political Maxims of the Ancient Hindus*, by Gustav Oppert, p. 14 (Trübner, London, 1880).

² *Ibid.*, pp. 105, 106.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 106, 108.

⁴ *Udyoga Parva*, xxxiii.

VOL. XIII.—No. 4.

"Take not from the enemy," said Bhishma, "that which he will be able to get back again. Dig not unless by digging you can reach the root of that for which you dig."¹ Ancient India, like Clausewitz, insisted on the necessity of thorough military preparation. "When a king has a mighty army," said Bhishma, ". . . when he considers he is on the whole superior in many points to his enemy, then he should openly and unhesitatingly attack the foe."² But Vyasa expressly warns against trusting overmuch to numerical superiority, stating that a few brave men can overthrow many foes, and that victory depends on chance,³ while Bhishma asserts that he has never known a battle in which one of the belligerents could say beforehand that his side was sure to prevail.⁴

All possible preparation having been made, Clausewitz advises a vehement and speedy attack at the decisive point. Unexpected and superior preparation for war, and unexpected attack, are in his opinion highly important principles of strategy. What are these but Bhishma's ideas enunciated over thirty centuries before?—"The gathering together of troops for achieving victory . . . should be concealed."⁵ "He who wishes to destroy an enemy should not put that enemy on his guard."⁶ "A king who is sure of his own strength should, in command of a large force, confidently and bravely give the order to advance, without making known his destination, against one who has no friends or allies, or who is already at war with another, or who is weaker than he."⁷ The law of expediency was the essence of Hindu policy. "When the time comes, make peace with a foe; when the time comes, wage war against a friend."⁸ "By nature no one is the enemy of another," said the Hindu. "He only is one's enemy who covets the same prize."⁹ Hindu strategists believed in decisive action. "A king

¹ Santi Parva, cxl. 69.

³ Bhishma Parva, iii. 83, 85.

⁵ Santi Parva, lviii. 19, 20.

⁷ *Ibid.*, lxix. 19, 20.

⁹ Sabha Parva, lv.

² *Ibid.*, ciii. 37, 38.

⁴ Virata Parva, lii.

⁶ *Ibid.*, ciii. 8.

⁸ *Ibid.*, cxxxviii. 200.

should wait long and then destroy his enemy. . . . When the occasion comes, he should attack him without missing the opportunity.”¹

In theory, therefore, the ancient Hindus disapproved of war on grounds both of humanity and of policy. Yet, as the *Mahabharata* shows, in spite of elaborate arguments in favour of peace, when the time was ripe they chose in preference “the path of the spear.” As the outbreak of the present great struggle against Germany rudely interrupted preparations for fresh Peace Conferences, so the terrible battle of Kurukshetra, one of the bloodiest combats on record, fought about 1500 B.C. on the plains near modern Delhi, was the Hindu’s answer to discussions by Bhishma and other war experts on the blessings and expediency of peace.

Through the ages history repeats itself. The Church in Europe has striven to maintain peace, yet blood has been shed like water in spite of her endeavours. Great pontiffs, like the early Gregories, Leos, and Innocents, have preached the gospel of peace, and played their part as mediators between hostile nations. The Reformation proved ineffective to promote the cause of peace, while with the progress of the Renaissance, with Machiavelli’s *Prince* for text-book, war increased in vileness.² Then in the seventeenth century came Grotius, founder of Western international law. Bynkershoek, inspired by Grotius, Vittoria, Soto, Ayala, Gentilis, Suarez, and others were earnest workers who strove to further the development of humane policy in international law. Various conferences on war, held during the nineteenth century, were followed by the Hague Conferences. And with what result? The nations talked of peace, but they made themselves ready for battle.

After the experience of thirty-five centuries, can we think that, unless man suddenly changes his nature, the idea of a universal league for righteous peace has any prospect of

¹ *Santi Parva*, ciii. 18, 19.

² *Seven Great Statesmen*, by Andrew D. White, p. 86.

success? Have any of the nations shown an inclination to allow an umpire to settle serious international disputes? Take a comparatively recent instance. If ever there was a case for arbitration, surely it was the cause at issue between Turkey and the Balkan States in 1912. It might have been difficult to find an arbitrator of suitable status to prevent the present struggle between the great Powers of Europe, but surely giants like England, Germany, France, and Russia might have been accepted as judges by Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Servia! Perhaps the giants did not wish to arbitrate; perhaps the Balkan peoples wanted war. However that may be, in the mind of the thinking man such results leave the gravest doubt whether peace talk and conferences will ever succeed in ousting brute force from its present position of final arbiter. Human action appears practically in sympathy with Moltke's dictum: "Perpetual peace is a dream, and it is not even a beautiful dream. War is an element in the order of the world ordained by God. . . . Without war the world would stagnate and lose itself in materialism." Force guided by expediency still seems to rule mankind, and when the Law of Nature asserts itself, the Law of Nations becomes a dead letter.

S. M. MITRA.

THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY,
LONDON.

WAR AND HOW TO MEET IT : THE VIEWS OF SOME GREAT BRITISH THINKERS.

COLONEL A. KEENE.

THE world-wide war now raging, which threatens to rend our boasted civilisation in pieces, has compelled attention to the doctrines of Bernhardi. That writer contends that, "wherever we look in Nature, we find that War is a fundamental law of development." In the struggle between State and State, he says, there is no right except might, no justice except the arbitrament of war.

"War," he declares, "gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things."

The truth of these statements has been denied by Professor Chalmers Mitchell, who urges that, "even if the struggle for existence were a scientific law, it does not necessarily apply to human affairs," and "that the struggle for existence as propounded by Charles Darwin, and as it can be followed in Nature, has no resemblance with human warfare."

But whether Bernhardi is right or wrong, no one who has made even a superficial study of history can deny that war is a most persistent phenomenon in human affairs. The earliest historical records we possess depict the battles between the cultivators of the valley of the Nile and the pastoral tribes who strove to drive them from their richly cultivated fields. Five hundred years before the birth of Christ, two famous Chinese generals wrote of war and laid down its principles in a style which proves that abundant materials already existed for the study of the art of fighting.

Just about the time that Generals Sun and Wu were writing, the founder of the Buddhist religion is represented as trying to think out the problem of the workings of Nature. In that beautiful poem, *The Light of Asia*, the young Prince who was to become the great Buddha is taken out by his father to see the fields of Oudh, the garden of India, in the glowing springtime :

"So they rode
 Into a land of wells and gardens :
 Among the palms
 The tinkling of the rippling water rang ;
 In the mango sprays
 The sunbirds flashed ; alone at his green forge
 Toiled the loud copper-smith ; bee-eaters hawked
 Chasing the purple butterflies ; beneath
 The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
 The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
 The kites sailed circles in the golden air ;
 About the painted temple peacocks flew,
 The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
 The village drums beat for some marriage feast ;
 All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince
 Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw
 The thorns which grow upon this rose of life ;
 How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
 Toiling for leave to live ; and how he urged
 The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
 Goaded their velvet flanks ; then marked he, too,
 How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
 And kite on both ; and how the fish-hawk robbed
 The fish-tiger of that which it had seized ;
 The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase
 The jewelled butterflies ; till everywhere
 Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
 Life living upon death. So the fair show
 Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
 Of mutual murder from the worm to man,
 Who himself kills his fellow. . . ."

It was after he had seen and studied these sights that the young Siddhartha

"first began
 To meditate this deep disease of life,
 What its far source, and whence its remedy."

More than two thousand years had passed over the unchanging East when the British troops marched through this "land of wells and gardens," and traversed the fair province of Oudh, in the spring of the year 1858. They came from Cawnpore, where our women and children had been cruelly murdered, and were pressing on towards Lucknow, where a similar fate awaited the garrison and the women and children, unless by sheer hard fighting the soldiers could come to their relief.

Certain phenomena are with us, and, as far as we can ascertain, have been repeated through endless ages; we cannot fathom the mystery of creation, but we can and do see that, for some inscrutable reason, the Creator of the Universe has ordained that life should be a constant struggle, a ceaseless round of competition, that the human race, as well as all living things upon the earth, is doomed to "toil for leave to live."

Then again, how does the Muse of history explain the rise of armaments, the creation of armies and navies, all based on inexorable laws of obligation and self-sacrifice, of personal service on behalf of the State? He who runs may read these lessons. Prussia, struck to the ground at Jena, discarded the system of a limited conscription, under which the task of defending the State was imposed almost exclusively upon those who had nothing to defend, and adopted the system of "universal military training," under which the burden of defence was distributed over the shoulders of all classes in the nation. Strengthened and supported by this great reform, Prussia threw off the French yoke, and, wisely retaining her just and well-tried military system, continued to grow in strength and prosperity, until, by three wars, fought within the space of seven years, she had united all the German States and placed herself at their head.

France and Austria, smarting from their respective defeats, hastened to adopt the universal system of their conqueror. Italy, again, having freed herself from the Austrian yoke and

united all her States into one kingdom, imposed on herself the same system, for by it alone could she hope to retain the national independence which she had won at the point of the sword.

So, if space permitted, could one quote from the history of nearly every country in Europe; but enough has been said to show that "nations in arms" exist for the prime purpose of enabling communities which support them to keep that which they prize above all things—their independence and their nationality; to enable each one of them to develop along its own lines, to preserve its own religion, laws, and methods of life, to keep its territory from invasion by a foe.

And this movement is not confined to Europe. The Latin republics in South America, freeing themselves from the yoke of Spain, and, later on, resolving not to fight among themselves, have yet adopted the principle of universal military service.

In Asia, Japan, finding herself forced to emerge from isolation and take her place in the world, adopts universal naval and military training, fights two great wars, and shows that in the course of one generation she has mastered the art of naval as well as military warfare.

In Australasia, the democratic young British communities of Australia and New Zealand have adopted the same system, prompted thereto by a determination to preserve the institutions which they have built up, the sanctity of the territory which they hold, and the purity of the race to which they are so proud to belong.

If we turn to the moral aspect of the upkeep of armaments, we see that, just as it is incumbent on a community to maintain a police force to keep the peace among its own subjects, so it is part of their duty, as citizens of the world, to keep up armaments which shall deter other communities from disturbing the peace. It is this duty of the citizen which it is desired to emphasise in this article. It is a duty which the British citizen, in many ways a most exemplary citizen,

has seemed for many centuries most anxious to evade. The chief reasons for this evasion appear to be the growth of industry and the love of games. Adam Smith, in his chapter on the "Expenses of Defence," shows how difficult it is for the citizens of an industrial community to spare the time for attending to their martial duties. And when, as is the case in the British Isles, the men of the industrial community seem determined to spend what little leisure they have in playing games, or in looking on at others doing so, then we see how difficult it is to get them to undertake any military training.

But the great leaders of English thought have never failed to impress upon us our duties in this matter. They have never failed to face the fact of war; they have never tried to argue it out of their sight. No, they have always faced the fact that wars may be thrust upon us, and, having once admitted this fact, they have shown clearly that it is the duty of the State to see that all its citizens are so educated that they may be able to take their share in the defence of the common weal.

When Sir Thomas More worked out, in his *Utopia*, his conception of an ideal community, he wrote of the Utopians that "they detest war as a very brutal thing; and which, to the reproach of human nature, is more practised by men than by any sort of beasts. They, in opposition to the sentiment of almost all other nations, think that there is nothing more inglorious than that glory which is gained by war. And therefore, though they accustom themselves daily to military exercises and the discipline of war, in which not only their men but their women likewise are trained up, that in cases of necessity they may not be quite useless; yet they do not rashly engage in war, unless it be either to defend themselves, or their friends, from any unjust aggressors; or out of good nature or in compassion against an oppressed nation in shaking off the yoke of tyranny."

We see this gentle philosopher not afraid to face the stern fact that war may be forced upon a people, however much they may detest fighting. Incidentally, it is, at the present

moment, very pleasing to read this peculiarly "English" view of the reasons which justify war. Had More's advice been followed, had our young men been accustomed "daily to military exercises and the discipline of war," we should have been ready to "defend ourselves and our friends from unjust oppression," and Louvain, the beautiful and ancient home of learning, where More's *Utopia* was printed just four hundred years ago, might still be standing intact.

Although More's satirical attack on the statecraft of his day could not be printed in England, yet it is interesting to note that, not many years after its publication, Henry VIII. restored by stern edicts the ancient laws of England regarding the universal training of its manhood in the use of the bow. This training was put into active operation during the years in which the country was preparing to meet the threatened invasion which was to be convoyed to these shores by the Spanish Armada, but after this danger was removed the training fell into decay. The neglect of training in shooting, due partly to the absence of any threatened danger, was undoubtedly due also to the introduction of firearms about this time. For not only were muskets and bullets much dearer than the old bows and arrows, but there were very few factories for the manufacture of firearms.¹

But whatever the reasons may have been for the neglect of martial training, the fact remains that it was neglected, until the outbreak of the great Civil War compelled a large proportion of our citizens to fight for their liberties.

Parliament did not hesitate to take men by force in order to make up the numbers of Cromwell's "New Model" army; and Milton, when pressed by his friend, Master Samuel Hartlib, to write on the reforming of education, shows himself an ardent supporter of military training as an essential part

¹ The "nut" of Shakespeare's day seized on the introduction of firearms as an excuse for not soldiering:

"And but for those vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier."

of a sound education. "A complete and generous Education" he defines as "that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War." Milton fixes the educational period of life between the ages of twelve and twenty, and recommends that convenient buildings should be selected in every city throughout the land, the buildings to be "big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons. . . . This number, less or more, thus collected, to the convenience of a foot Company, or interchangeably two troops of Cavalry, should divide their daies work into three parts, as it lies orderly. Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet." With the studies, which were indeed to be extensive and peculiar, we are not here concerned, and so will pass on at once to "their Exercise."

Milton remarks that the citizens of Sparta trained up their youth most for war, whereas the other States of Greece, in their academies and Lycæum, devoted nearly all their attention to learning. But his own academy, "this institution of learning," he says, "which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War." He recommends an interval of one and a half to two hours, just before the mid-day meal, for the exercises. "The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with edge, or point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being temper'd with seasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a native and heroick valour, and make them hate the cowardice of doing wrong."

This "sword exercise," followed by practice in wrestling, was considered enough "to prove and heat their single strength," and the "interim of unsweating themselves and convenient rest before meat" was to be filled up with listening to good music.

The sword-play and wrestling were, however, only a preliminary ; they sufficed for individual training, but Milton had seen enough of war to know that more than that was needed. After the mid-day meal, there was to be another short rest before the young men returned to study "in good tune and satisfaction. Where having followed it close under vigilant eyes till about two hours before supper, they are by a sudden alarm or watchword, to be called out to their military motions, under skie or covert, according to the season, as was the Roman wont ; first on foot, then as their age permits, on Horseback, to all the art of Cavalry ; That having in sport, but with much exactness, and daily muster, served out the rudiments of their Soldiership, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Besieging and Battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, Tacticks and warlike maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the service of their Country."

Milton indeed admits that his ideal of education is a high one ; as he puts it : "This is not a Bow for every man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher," but he thinks that "it may prove much more easie in the assay, than it now seems at distance." If his spirit is allowed to revisit his old college at Cambridge, we may be sure that it has watched with intense interest the introduction into that University of the Officers' Training Corps.

Ere Milton died, another great English writer, Jonathan Swift, was born in Dublin. In character and temperament he differed widely from More and Milton ; like More, he set himself to satirise the social and political life of his time, and endeavoured, in his description of Brobdingnag, to hint at better methods. Swift had seen the desperate methods which this country had employed, during the long years of Marlborough's wars, for the purpose of filling the ranks of our regular army. He had seen broken debtors, tramps, vagrants, criminals forced into the ranks, and this, no doubt, led him to refer so contemptuously in *Gulliver's Travels* to a "mercenary

standing army," and to make the King of Brobdingnag ask "whether a private man's house might not be better defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages."

But if the fiery Dean went too far in his tirades against standing armies, he does not hint at the possibility of doing without soldiers. Even in Brobdingnag, "to which there was no access from any other country," the people had been "troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the King for absolute dominion." The State therefore kept up an army—"if that," says Swift, "can be called an army which is made up of tradesmen of the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility or gentry, without pay or reward."

Adam Smith was born just about the time that Swift wrote as above, condemning utterly the system of standing armies, and praising the militia system. The *Wealth of Nations* was published soon after the Seven Years' War had ended, and Adam Smith must have seen much the same methods as Swift had witnessed for keeping full the ranks of our regular army; he had seen also the introduction of the Militia Ballot Act. This keen and anxious inquirer into the best methods of political economy goes carefully into the comparative merits of the two systems; he recognises the military value of the training and discipline which the soldiers of standing armies undergo, and sees clearly how difficult it is for the citizens of an organised commercial community to spare the time for learning the art of war. That art, he tells us, "is certainly the noblest of all the arts," and one which, "in the progress of improvement, necessarily becomes one of the most complicated."

But while Adam Smith does not dogmatise in favour of any particular military system, he has no hesitation, when dealing with education, in commending the development and maintenance of a martial spirit among the people. "The

ancient institutions of Greece and Rome," he says, "seem to have been much more effectual, for maintaining the martial spirit of the great body of people, than the establishment of what are called the militias of modern times. . . . By means of them the whole body of the people was instructed in the use of arms, whereas it is but a very small part of them who can ever be so instructed by the regulations of any modern militia, except, perhaps, that of Switzerland. But a coward, a man incapable of either defending or of revenging himself, evidently wants one of the most essential parts of the character of a man. He is as much mutilated and deformed in his mind as another is in his body who is either deprived of some of its most essential members or has lost the use of them."

Finally, he sums up: "Even though the martial spirit of the people were of no use towards the defence of the society, yet, to prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness, which cowardice necessarily involves in it, from spreading themselves through the great body of the people would still deserve the most serious attention of Government."

Three years after the death of Adam Smith, the great French wars began, which lasted until Wellington, ably seconded by Blucher, overthrew Napoleon in the bloody battles of the Waterloo campaign. During these wars men had to act rather than to write, and in the year 1808 Castle-reagh, by the introduction of the Local Militia Act, made military training for home defence compulsory and universal.

After Waterloo, the British people seem to have determined to forget all about war, and they set to work to destroy the splendid army and navy which had enabled them to quench the mighty conflagration caused by the ambition of Napoleon.¹ Public opinion was, indeed, a little stirred by the shortcomings of our military system as revealed by the wars of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny; but it was not until

¹ "Thus the war terminated, and with it all remembrance of the veterans' services."—Closing sentence of Napier's *Peninsular War*.

Prussia had struck France to the ground in 1870-71 that any effort was made at army reform.

With details of these reforms we are not here concerned, but the events of the Franco-German War set many minds at work, and in January 1871 we find John Stuart Mill writing as follows to a friend: "Our turn must come. Therefore our people ought to arm at once, taking the responsibility off the Government, which is right to be prudent and silent. . . . I do not think it safe to trust entirely to voluntary enlistment for the large defensive force which this and every other country now requires. The perfection of a military system seems to me to be . . . to train the whole of the able-bodied population to military service."

And in the following month he wrote to another friend: "Many thoughtful people are now coming round to the Swiss system . . . but the majority of army reformers are still far behind. They are prejudiced against making military service within the country compulsory on the whole male population, chiefly because, for want of knowledge of facts, they have a most exaggerated idea of the time which would have to be sacrificed from the ordinary pursuits of life."

More, Milton, Swift, Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill—here is a galaxy of great names to quote in support of any thesis! But the list is by no means yet exhausted. In these stirring days, when the royal parks of England are crowded with bright young lads, eager to learn "the noblest of all arts," when the voice of the drill-sergeant is heard throughout the land, it is refreshing to note that Carlyle, that hater of shams and humbug, has laid it down for our guidance that the drill-sergeant is the one man left of our times who is *not* a sham.

Mill, as we have seen, was under the influence of the events of the Franco-German War when he advocated universal military training. But Thomas Carlyle had thought it all out for himself several years earlier, though he, too, may have been, consciously or unconsciously, influenced by the facts of 1864 and 1866. This is what Carlyle wrote in August

1867, in *Shooting Niagara—and After*: “I always fancy that there might much be done in the way of military drill withal. Beyond all other schooling, and as supplement or even as succedaneum for all other, one often wishes the entire population could be thoroughly drilled with co-operative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and all at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points, and ultimately in the point of actual military service, should such be required of it!

“That of commanding and obeying, were there nothing more, is it not the basis of all human culture; ought not all to have it, and how many ever do? I often say, the one official person—royal, sacerdotal, scholastic, governmental—of our times who is still thoroughly a truth and a reality, and *not* in great part a hypothesis and worn-out humbug, proposing and attempting a duty which he fails to do, is the drill-sergeant who is master of his work and who will perform it. By drill-sergeant understand not the man in three stripes alone; understand him as meaning all such men up to the Turenne, to the Frederick of Prussia; *he* does his function, he is genuine, and from the highest to the lowest no one else does. . . .

“What is to hinder the acknowledged King in all corners of his Territory to introduce wisely a universal system of drill, not military only, but human in all kinds, so that no child or man born in his territory might miss the benefit of it, which would be immense to man, woman and child? I would begin with it, in mild, soft forms, so soon almost as my children were able to stand on their legs. . . .

“Assuredly I would not neglect the fighting purpose; no, from sixteen to sixty not a son of mine but should know the soldier’s functions too, and be able to defend his native soil and self, in best perfection when need came. But I should not begin with this; I should carefully end with this, after careful travel in innumerable fruitful fields by the way leading to this.”

The evidence in favour of universal military training for the youth of this country is complete. The greatest writers, the leaders of English thought during the last four centuries, have pronounced energetically and emphatically in its favour. More, gentle, witty, and accomplished; the glorious Milton; the bitter Dean Swift; the sagacious Adam Smith; Gibbon, the critical historian; the philosophic John Stuart Mill; Carlyle, the rugged critic of shams and searcher after realities,—are all agreed upon this one point, namely, that war is an evil that must be faced, that strife is a prominent factor in the life of this imperfect world, and that all the citizens of all countries must be trained to take their share in the defence of the commonwealth. Most of them, indeed, go further, and point out that military training, the preparation which is necessary to enable a nation to face war, far from being an evil, is an essential part of all good education.

But, as we pursue this subject, we discover that it is not only the theorists, the constructors of ideal commonwealths on paper, who accept military training as a necessary part of the education of the citizen. This century is witnessing the growth of several new commonwealths within the British Empire. Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, “heirs of all the ages,” of the struggle for freedom on British lines of thought, are busy at the moment constructing for themselves ideal homes for men and women of British stock.

How do we find them acting? In Australia we find the young citizen subjected, from the age of twelve to that of twenty-six, to various forms of drill and military training. They begin, as Carlyle recommended, in “mild, soft forms.” From twelve to fourteen the body and mind of the Australian boy are developed by physical exercises and by lessons in patriotism, so that as he grows up into a citizen he may be fitted, morally, mentally, and physically, for a course of military training.

From fourteen to eighteen the physical exercises are continued, in combination with marching, discipline, musketry,

and signalling, company training, and elementary battalion drill. At the end of this course the young Australian is ready to enter a unit of some branch—horse, foot, or artillery—of the citizen forces, and in these his training is continued during short periods in each year, until he reaches the age of twenty-five.

New Zealand has a system very closely resembling that of Australia, special attention being paid in both these dominions to the training during the school years between twelve and eighteen.

In South Africa we find cadet training much encouraged, and, though military training is not universal, it is so far compulsory that, if any district fails to furnish its quota of men for soldiering, the Union Government is prepared to compel that district to complete its numbers by a compulsory ballot. It need hardly be said that it has not been necessary to apply such compulsion.

In Canada great encouragement is given by the State towards military training in schools, but such training is not yet universal, nor is there any form of compulsory training for adults; but enough has been said to show that the general trend of thought in the Dominions of Britain overseas is to distribute the burden of defending the State, and to lay it equally on the shoulders of all the citizens. In short, these young communities are not afraid to face the fact of war, and when once that is admitted, the logical consequence, that of preparation against war, is also faced by the sane, just, and equal system of universal liability to military training.

The more closely we examine this problem of strife and the citizen's duty in connection therewith, the more clearly do we see that military preparations for the defence of the State end logically in some form of universal military training which distributes the burden of that defence over the shoulders of all the able-bodied males of the community. Endless are the twists and turnings by which the citizens, especially of rich and prosperous communities, have sought to evade this

duty. The Carthaginians maintained a great and costly navy, and hired mercenaries for their armies, only to go down before the citizen militia of Rome, hardened into veteran soldiers by the fighting of many long years. The Chinese, centuries earlier, had tried to shut out war by the Great Wall, which was to defend their northern borders, while the deserts guarded them on the west, the Himalayas on the south, and the ocean on the east. But enemies crossed the sea,¹ and once again, in the last few weeks, have the Chinese been forced to accept the terms imposed on them by a nation better armed than themselves.

The Romans built a wall across the north of England, but the Picts broke through it when the legions were withdrawn. They placed their legions in fortified camps along the lines of those great rivers, the Danube and the Rhine, but the barbarian hordes, national militias trained by incessant fighting, overwhelmed them in the end.

The Japanese hoped to cut themselves off from the world, and for centuries forbade their citizens from quitting the Japanese islands in boats; but English and American ships of war found them out and bombarded their sea-coast towns. Then, when they saw that they could not hide in seclusion, but must take their share in the strife and struggle of this world, the Japanese faced the fact, and in the lifetime of one short generation trained the manhood of their nation in the art of military and naval war.

The Dutch have relied, to a great extent, upon arrangements for flooding the country, but this drastic and costly expedient is little better than the evil which it is intended to avert. Now, with the fate of Belgium before their eyes, the Dutch are preparing to enforce a compulsory and universal system of military training.

¹ "Nequicquam Deus absceidit

Prudens Oceano dissociabili

Terras, si tamen impiæ

Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada."—Hor., *Odes*, i. 3.

This leads us to the question, "What ought we to do now? Has the time come for the introduction of that 'short, sharp Act for slackers' of which Lord Haldane spoke but a few years ago?"

The decision of this great question rests with the National Government which has just been formed for the sole purpose of the vigorous prosecution of the war. Those who believe in the justice and necessity of universal military training must bide their time, and while they stand fast to their principles and keep their flag unfurled, they must wait in disciplined patience for the orders of their leaders.

But let us all realise that, even when this colossal war is finished, strife will not be banished from the world, nor will it cease to be the first duty of the citizen to be prepared to take his part in the defence of the State. Let us never forget the words of Milton, that "a complete and generous Education is that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices both private and publick of Peace and War."

A. KEENE.

LONDON.

THE WAR AND THE THEORY OF THE STATE.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT,

Fellow, Lecturer, and Tutor in Modern History and Political Science
at Worcester College, Oxford.

THE function of Tragedy has been defined as "the purification of the emotions by compassion and by terror." Recent events have given to a literary canon a deeper meaning and an added emphasis. For the last ten months we have been spectators of the greatest and grimmest tragedy ever enacted upon the stage of human history. We have been in a position to test, on an unprecedented scale, the truth of Aristotle's aphorism.

This war has, by common consent, purged the emotions and clarified the visions of men as no other event in recorded history, and that not in one sphere only, but in all. It has reacted upon politics no less than upon ethics; it has probed the meaning of institutions; it has compelled us to face anew the fundamental problems of government; to analyse, in the light of facts freshly revealed, the ultimate basis of sovereignty; in short, to scrutinise the whole theory of the State.

I.

Of all the problems of political philosophy the most elementary is to determine the true relation between the State and the individual citizen.

For more than two centuries English political philosophy was dominated by the idea of the sanctity and inviolability of

individual liberty. Many reasons contributed to the ascendancy of this principle. The Protestant reformation of the sixteenth century was regarded, and in one aspect rightly regarded, as a charter of emancipation for the individual; between the creature and his Creator there were to be no human barriers, not even any human intermediation. The constitutional contest of the seventeenth century turned largely, though not exclusively, upon the rights of the individual citizen against the Executive, as represented by the Crown. The immunity of private property from "arbitrary" taxation; the rights of the subject against "arbitrary" imprisonment; the sanctity of the home against the enforced intrusion of soldiers and sailors—these are the demands made and conceded in the Petition of Right. Philosophic doctrine reinforced political precept. From the middle of the seventeenth century to the end of the eighteenth the contractualist theory of the State held the field against all comers. The State is an aggregate of individuals. Political society came into being for the express purpose of protecting and preserving the rights of the individual citizen. Milton, Hobbes, and Locke differed widely in their application of the contract theory to practical politics; but all agreed that contract was the basis of political society, and each had regard, primarily, to the sanctity of individual rights.

For a century and a half their authority was virtually unquestioned. And not in England only. That the charter of American independence should have put in the forefront of its claim a declaration of the equality and freedom of the individual is only perhaps in accordance with expectation. That the French Revolutionists should have followed suit is more remarkable. But the first French Revolution may, in truth, be regarded as the climax of individualism. "Liberty consists," so runs the declaration of the Rights of Man, "in the power to do everything that does not injure another." And just as French political philosophy was based upon the teaching of the English contractualists, so the French Revolution

reacted upon English thought. Much of Bentham's most important work was done before its outbreak, but in certain directions the Revolution strongly reinforced his teaching.¹ Democracy was identified, for the first half of the nineteenth century, with individualism. Bentham's ideal of the public good rested upon respect for individual liberty. It was the greatest happiness of the greatest number of *individuals* at which utilitarian philosophy invariably aimed.

The Political Utilitarians were in close alliance with the Economists. The year which witnessed the publication of the *Fragment on Government* is remarkable also for the appearance of *The Wealth of Nations*. The conclusions of the "English" school of political economy—of Adam Smith, Malthus, Ricardo, and the two Mills—coincided with those of Benthamite philosophy. Everything and everybody was to be "free." Government interference was as much resented in commerce as in politics. The individual was the best judge of his own interests, and the happiness of the community would be most effectually promoted by leaving him at liberty to pursue them. The facts seemed for the time to fit in with the theories. The industrial precocity of England enabled Europe to defeat Napoleon. Colonial discontent was assuaged by a dose of *laissez-faire*. The adoption of "Free Trade" was followed by a period of unprecedented commercial prosperity. Consequently the ascendancy of the "Manchester School" was as unquestioned in affairs as that of the Benthamites in thought.

To the Utilitarians there succeeded in popular esteem the Sociologists, championed in the domain of politics by Mr Herbert Spencer. But the change of philosophical fashion did nothing to dislodge the individual. On the contrary, his position was now entrenched behind the ramparts of biology and psychology. The functions of the State were reduced to a minimum. Progress depended upon freedom of

¹ It need hardly be said that with the doctrine of natural rights no man that ever lived had less sympathy than Bentham.

competition; in the struggle the fittest would survive; and if the devil took the hindmost, the community was the better and healthier for the extinction of its weaker members.

The supremacy of the Individualists was not really shaken until the last decades of the nineteenth century. A good many skirmishing attacks, led for the most part by "Tory Socialists" like Lord Shaftesbury and Disraeli, had already been rewarded by conspicuous success. Among these successes not the least notable was the enactment of the Factory Laws, hailed by Mr Dicey as the first great triumph achieved by English Socialism. On many sides, indeed, indications were not wanting that the State was about to claim for itself an authority which had long been denied to it alike by theory and in the field of practical statesmanship.

The Acts of 1867, 1884, 1888, and 1894 enthroned a new political sovereign. The new sovereign sought for a new prophet, and found him in Thomas Hill Green (1836-1882). Green was far too good a Conservative to desire to break with the past; he was much too robust a Radical to be satisfied with the present; but above all he was too consistent an idealist to despair of the future. And the future repaid his confidence. If it was Green who initiated the reaction against the fashionable materialism of Herbert Spencer, it is Green who inspires the most successful teachers and the most influential thinkers of to-day.

No estimate can here be formed of the supereminent service rendered by Green to political philosophy. Briefly, it may be said that Green took politics "back to Aristotle," and thus restored the prestige of the discredited State. Like Aristotle, he was impatient of the false antithesis suggested by the title of Spencer's tractate *Man v. the State*. In the State man fulfils himself, as the Christian fulfils himself in Christ. The true end and purpose of the State is to enable the individual to live a noble life. Only as a member of a political society can that life be lived, for nature has destined

man for citizenship ; the State is philosophically "prior to the individual." But to exalt the State is by no means to depreciate the individual. Quite contrariwise. "The life of the nation," as Green writes, "has no real existence except as the life of the individuals composing the nation." Aristotle would have been in complete accord with him. Nevertheless, true as it is that Aristotle views the State as the appropriate and indeed the indispensable *milieu* for noble living, there is no hint of the sanctity or even of the existence of the *rights* of the individual citizen as against the State.

Upon the theory of the State the present war will unquestionably exercise an exceedingly important influence. Just as the French Revolution marked the zenith of Individualism, so will this war mark the culmination of the philosophy of Collectivism. In this, as in other respects, it is in the true sense critical ; compelling men to discern the issues. For centuries the philosophers had been discussing the rival and apparently antagonistic claims of the community and its citizens. For centuries the legislator had framed his projects in the light now of this doctrine, now of that. Suddenly a great war breaks out. In the twinkling of an eye the philosophical problem is resolved, and no one questions the application of theory to practice. The rights of the individual are non-existent ; the claim of the State is plainly paramount ; the property, even the life, of the citizen is at its disposal ; nay, the life of the individual is inextricably bound up with and dependent upon the life of the State. In Germany the line of philosophical tradition has been unbroken. "The gradual interpenetration of the citizen by the State is," wrote Fichte in 1806, "the political characteristic of our age. . . . We do indeed desire freedom, and we ought to desire it : but true freedom can be obtained only by means of the highest obedience to law."¹ "The deeds of ancient heroes," writes Bluntschli, "would be the folly of idle fanaticism if the State were only a means of serving

¹ Quoted by Dr Sadler, *Germany in the Nineteenth Century*, p. 105.

individual interests, if the collective life of the nation had not a higher value than the life of many individuals. In the great dangers and crises of the national life it becomes clear to men that the State is something better and higher than a mutual assurance society."¹ Similarly a more recent and even better known German philosopher: "Modern wars," writes Treitschke, "are not waged for the sake of goods and chattels. What is at stake is the sublime moral good of national honour, which has something in the nature of unconditional sanctity and compels the individual to sacrifice himself for it. This is good beyond all price."²

The truth thus proclaimed by Fichte, Bluntschli, and Treitschke is of universal validity. But it may be objected that in England, at any rate, the conflict has ceased to be one between the State and the individual; that the real antagonism lies between the State and various subsidiary associations: the organised bodies within the borders of the State, the collective personalities with whom Gierke and Maitland have made us familiar. In short, it is not individualism but syndicalism which is said to threaten the supremacy of the State. That the objection has force will be denied by no one who has attempted to measure the strength of economic currents in England during the last few years. Least of all will it be denied by those who realise the results of syndicalist teaching as revealed in a section, albeit a small section, of the labour-world during these last months. But the existence of competing associations, the conflict of loyalties, does not impair the validity of the conclusions deducible from current events. The war has already and plainly revealed the unquestioned supremacy of the State. Will the acknowledgment of the claim survive the present crisis? Is it well that it should?

Whatever be the answer to these questions, this much is certain: Never since the overthrow of Sparta has the life of

¹ *Lehre von modernen Stat* (Eng. trans.), p. 290.

² *Die Politik*, i. p. 24 (*ap.* Davis, p. 128).

the individual been so completely dominated by the State as it is in modern Germany. Never has the individual acquiesced so completely in his own obliteration. "Since constitutional life was introduced in Germany, it was never," wrote Professor Otto Harnack, "so easy as in recent years to rule from above in spite of the existing constitutional forms. There is in the ascendant a progressive subordination of personal character under the pressure of the political authorities, and individual judgment, self-determination of life, and frank confession of personal views are becoming ever rarer."¹

That the governmental machine has attained in Germany to a marvellous pitch of perfection is undeniable. All that an admirably ordered bureaucracy can do is done. The administration runs with extraordinary smoothness. But has the machine dwarfed the man? The form of the question inevitably recalls a classical passage in Mill's *Essay on Liberty*: "The worth of a State in the long run is the worth of the individuals composing it: and a State which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation to a little more of administrative skill, or of that semblance of it which practice gives in the details of business: a State which dwarfs its men in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands, *even for beneficent purposes*, will find that with *small men* no *great thing* can really be accomplished, and that the *perfection of machinery* to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing for want of the vital power which it has preferred to banish."

This war will go a long way to prove or disprove the accuracy of Mill's prediction. We shall learn whether the Prussian bureaucracy has so far dwarfed the stature of its citizens as to defeat the very objects for which it has been so cunningly devised. But whatever the ultimate verdict on this point may be, it is undeniable that the war has revealed, in its fullness and completeness, the majesty of the omnipotent State.

¹ Quoted by Dawson, *op. cit.*, p. 61.

II.

Not less clearly has it revealed the connection between structure and functions, between the form of the constitution and the direction of policy. Most impartial critics are agreed that the present calamity has been produced primarily by German militarism. Is the spirit of militarism, the policy of aggression, a necessary consequence of the form assumed by the German constitution in 1871? Every polity, so Aristotle argued, has or ought to have its distinctive ethos. Treitschke doubtless meant much the same thing when he declared that "no State is entitled to renounce that egotism which belongs to its sovereignty." The ethos of the Prussian polity, the egotism which belongs to its sovereignty, is war. For this "egotism" there are substantial historical reasons—Nature did little for Prussia, either in respect of frontiers, of situation, or of material resources. Prussia was manufactured by her kings, and the machinery they employed was an army, out of all proportion to the size or the defensive requirements of the State. Little wonder then that the most representative and influential of her recent teachers should affirm that "war must be conceived as an institution ordained by God. . . . War is political science *par excellence*."

But though war is the ethos of Prussia, must it also be the ethos of Germany? Is there any reason in theory or in history why the Prussian ideal should have been imposed upon or adopted by the German Empire? Recent events have made it tragically clear to all men—to some it was apparent long ago—that the critical turning-point in modern German history was the Frankfort Parliament of 1848–49. Elected at a moment of tense political feeling on a thoroughly democratic basis, the Frankfort Parliament hammered out a constitution which, though not devoid of obvious imperfections, would have given unity to a divided Germany under a constitutional monarchy. Whether the Hohenzollern to whom the crown was offered by the Frankfort Convention

could have played the most difficult rôle on the political stage; whether Germany was educated, in 1848, up to the point of "responsible" government; whether the several parts of the Empire could have been welded together under a genuine parliamentary régime, as they have unquestionably been under an Imperial autocracy—these are questions which may be proposed but which can never be answered. Frederick William IV. refused to wear a "democratic" crown; he refused to allow Prussia to be absorbed into Germany, and the task which he declined fell to stronger hands and was accomplished by very different weapons. Not parliamentary resolutions, but "blood and iron," were the instruments preferred by Bismarck, and the constitution of 1871, so far from merging Prussia in Germany, absorbed Germany into Prussia.

The present catastrophe may induce Germany and will compel Europe to face the supremely interesting question as to the connection between structure and functions, between the form of the polity and the character of its external policy. It is a commonplace to affirm that democracies are at certain obvious disadvantages in war. Ten months of warfare have more than sufficed to illustrate anew this truism. It has not yet been proved—and pray God it may not be!—that democracies cannot achieve ultimate victory in spite of initial and admitted disadvantages. The war has, however, demonstrated afresh the immense advantages which belong to an autocracy or an oligarchy. But the point which I desire to raise is a different one, namely, whether an aggressive foreign policy is a separable accident or an inherent condition of the form of government adopted by the German Princes in 1871? Mr W. H. Dawson—and few Englishmen have more intimate knowledge of Germany—has stated his deliberate judgment that "militarism is inseparable from the political conditions now prevailing in Germany, and that until these conditions are changed it will retain its hold and hence its appalling capacity for mischief."¹ If Mr Dawson is right, two inferences—the one

¹ *What is Wrong with Germany?* p. 9.

practical, the other theoretical—are irresistible. The direction of policy is clearly determined by the form of constitution; and it will be the solemn duty of Europe, at the conclusion of the war, so to modify that form as to relieve Europe and the world from a perpetual menace.

This will be no light task, and it is one which is peculiarly repugnant to English instincts and traditions. It is indeed one of the most cherished maxims of English diplomacy that with the internal affairs of sovereign States no outsider should be permitted to meddle. This was the most obstinate cause of difference between Castlereagh and Canning on the one side and the Sovereigns of the Holy Alliance on the other. We stood then, as we have always stood, for the enforcement of international agreements, but we stood no less firmly against intervention in the domestic concerns of our neighbours. It may be objected that in 1814 Great Britain was largely responsible for the expulsion of Napoleon from the French throne and for the restoration of the Bourbons. The fact is indisputable, but it is not really pertinent. We expelled Napoleon not because we wished to force the Bourbon monarchy upon France, but because Napoleon refused to surrender Belgium, a surrender which we deemed indispensable to the re-establishment of the European equilibrium. We might perhaps save the consistency of our diplomacy by the application of similar principles at the next European settlement, and at the same time attain the end desired by Mr Dawson. For the moment, however, I am concerned rather with theory than with "practice." It seems to be established that between the particular form of constitution adopted in Germany—the identification of the Prussian Kingship and the German Empire; the irresponsibility of the Executive to the Legislature; the impotence of the representative chamber; the concentration of power in a Bundesrath nominated by the State Executives; in short, all those features which are peculiarly characteristic of the Imperial constitution—and the aggressive policy pursued by

Germany towards her neighbours there has been a close connection. The inference is that it is not merely close but causal.

III.

There is one feature of the Prussian polity to which so far no reference has been made. But it has been omitted only to emphasise its importance by separate treatment. More frankly than any other modern State has Prussia accepted the Aristotelian maxim that the educational system should be "relative to the polity." "That which most contributes to the permanence of constitutions is the adaptation of education to the form of government. . . . The best laws, though sanctioned by every citizen of the State, will be of no avail unless the young are trained by habit and education in the spirit of the constitution." The "spirit" of the modern German constitution is, as we have seen, war. And of Germany it may truly be said, as was said by Aristotle of Sparta and Crete, "the system of education and the greater part of the laws are framed with a view to war."¹ It is this unity of principle which has given to the fabric of German organisation its remarkable completeness and coherence. The first lesson instilled into the mind of the German boy is that he has come into the world in order to take his part in the defence of the Fatherland. The educational system and the military system are, therefore, parts of one coherent whole. "Side by side," writes Mr M. E. Sadler, "with the influences of German education are to be traced the influences of German military service. The two sets of influence interact on one another and intermingle. German education impregnates the German army with science. The German army predisposes German education to ideas of organisation and discipline. Military and educational discipline go hand in hand."² Com-

¹ *Politics*, v. 9 and vii. 2.

² *Board of Education Special Reports*, ix. p. 43 and *passim*; and cf. Mr Sadler's article on German Education, ap. *Germany in the Nineteenth Century*, Manchester University Publications, No. xiii.

pulsory attendance at elementary schools was prescribed in Weimar as long ago as the first year of the Thirty Years' War (1618-19); the Hohenzollern applied the same principle to Prussia in 1716, and before the close of the eighteenth century the whole educational system had been brought under the control of the State. If education is designed to inculcate a particular ethos, to train citizens in the spirit of a particular polity, it is of course essential, as Aristotle pointed out, that the system should be compulsory, uniform, and State-controlled. Germany has accepted the logical consequences of Aristotelian doctrine and has applied his principles with incomparable thoroughness and zeal.

For many years past it has been the fashion among educationalists in England to hold up the German model as one pre-eminently worthy of admiration and of imitation. That it offers a striking contrast to our own haphazard methods is obvious. That it possesses conspicuous merits of its own no candid critic would even to-day deny. There is, in fact, as much difference between German and English education as between the trim, formal, and precise gardens of the Hague and the wild expanse of the Great Park at Windsor.

Have recent events revealed the weakness as well as the strength of the German theory of education? If war be indeed the highest manifestation of human activity; if, as the late Professor Cramb taught, war is "an attestation of the self-devotion of the State to the supreme end of its being, even of its power of consecration to the Highest Good," then we must perforce acclaim the educational system of Germany as one of the most astoundingly successful products of the organising genius of man. If, on the contrary, the purpose of education be the attainment of truth and the training of individual character rather than national aggrandisement and the perfection of military organisation, then doubts as to the wisdom and sufficiency of the German system are not merely permissible but inevitable. Englishmen at least may be forgiven if they are confirmed in their preference for the

untamed and uncontrolled variety which characterises the higher educational system of their own country. Whatever criticisms may be urged against the English Universities and Public Schools, it can never be alleged that they have failed as schools of patriotism or in the training of character. And further. With the example afforded by Germany of the extent to which science and learning, the study of history and the pursuit of philosophy, can be prostituted to the service of militarism, it may be permitted to hope that we shall never again hear the demand that the English Universities should pass under the control of the State. National institutions they ought to be and are; it is their function to minister to the intellectual needs not of one class only but of all classes; they must therefore open wider their portals and must adopt their curricula to changing conditions; but they must do the work for which they exist, not at the behest of a dominant State, whether autocratic or democratic, but as national trustees for the intellectual future of the whole British race, and under the stimulus and inspiration of *noblesse oblige*. If there is one lesson which recent events should have taught us, it must surely be this: that there can be no greater danger to the *moral* of a nation than to tamper with the wells of scientific truth; that if every other activity be subjected to public control, the exercise of the intellectual faculties should be left absolutely untrammelled. A new *Areopagitica* is called for.

“Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.”

Milton's contemporary, Hobbes, would with complete consistency have given to his Leviathan entire control over higher education, since “it is manifest that the instruction of the people dependeth wholly on the right teaching of youth in the Universities.” But even Treitschke perceived the danger, though he made light of it. “We must,” he wrote, “start again from the ancient conception of the State. In doing this we run no danger of falling into the mistake of the ancients—that of overestimating the importance of political

life. We are secured against that by the changed conditions of our lives; above all, by the recognition (which we owe to Christianity) that a man cannot be a mere member of the State, the recognition of the immortal and individual soul in every man, and of man's right to think freely concerning God and divine things. We need not be afraid, then, that we shall sink back altogether into the ancient mode of thought, and look upon men as only so many citizens."

It is bad enough to look upon men only as so many citizens. It is worse to look upon them, as did the educational system of Sparta, as so many potential soldiers, for "we see very plainly," as Aristotle wrote, "that warlike pursuits, although generally to be deemed honourable, are not the supreme end of all things, but only means." And the end to which war is but a means is peace. "Facts as well as arguments prove that the legislator should direct all his military and other measures to the provision of leisure and the establishment of peace. For most of these military States are safe only while they are at war, but fall when they have acquired their empire; like unused iron they lose their edge in time of peace . . . wherefore we should not practise virtue after the manner of the Lacedæmonians." For the Lacedæmonians, despite their pre-eminent zeal for education, and despite their habits of discipline, made the supreme and fatal mistake of directing education exclusively to a single end. In so doing they defeated their own object. They ignored what a great preacher has described as "the law of indirectness." They lost their soul in attempting to save it, imagining that the Kingdom "cometh by observation." It is notorious, as Aristotle curtly remarks, that "now they are beaten both in war and gymnastic exercises."

The issue of this war will go far to determine the question whether, in the sphere of education, the world is "to practise virtue" after the manner of the Germans. Would even success justify these methods? Aristotle has an unequivocal answer to that question: "He who violates the law can

never recover by any success, however great, what he has already lost in departing from virtue.”¹

If, as has been contended, the German educational system is indeed “in the spirit of the polity,” if the polity is reinforced by educational methods, both constitution and education stand condemned, in the eyes of the civilised world, by the iniquitous fruits they have borne.

IV.

There remain to be considered two other effects of the war upon political theory.

The first is the relation between the idea of the State and that of the Nation.

On few subjects was there more need to clarify the vision of mankind; on few has there been a larger amount of confused thinking and consequently of misleading and mischievous writing. The terms employed are, it must be confessed, largely responsible for these unfortunate results. Both conceptions are elusive, and the use of both terms is frequently ambiguous. But nevertheless the distinction between “Nation” and “State” is in reality one of the most crucial and at the same time one of the most fruitful in the whole range of political science.

Not that the definitions of political philosophers have been particularly helpful in enabling us to grasp the significance of the distinction. Take Bluntschli, for example. The State he defines as “a combination or association of men, in the form of government and governed, on a definite territory, united together into a moral organised masculine personality.” President Woodrow Wilson has at least the merit of brevity: “A State is a people organised for law within a definite territory.” “The State,” says Seeley, “is a political aggregate or society held together by the principle of government.” From these definitions, unsatisfying as they are, some useful distinctions emerge. The State must clearly be distinguished on the one hand from the *Government*, on the other from the *Nation*.

¹ *Politics*, vii. 3, 57.

Between State and Government the distinction is apt, particularly in modern thought and still more in modern phraseology, to be very fine, as for instance when we affirm (or deny) that it is the duty of "the State" to assume this or that function. But our immediate task is to distinguish between the ideas connoted respectively by State and nation.

That the terms have sometimes been regarded as synonymous, and even by writers of repute, cannot be denied, nor where the distinction is actually drawn is it always clear as we could wish. Vico, for example, in a passage which is classical, defined nationality as "a natural society of men who by *unity of territory* (the italics are mine), of origin, of customs, and of language, are drawn into a community of life and of social conscience." Such a definition would clearly exclude from "nationality" the Jews of the Dispersion, and many of the several Balkan "nationals." "The conception of a 'people' (nation) may," writes Bluntschli, "be thus defined. It is a union of masses of men of different occupations and social strata in a hereditary society of common spirit, feeling, and race, bound together especially by language and customs, in a common civilisation which gives them a sense of unity and distinction from all foreigners *quite apart from the bond of the State*" (the italics are mine). Apart from a certain cumbrousness of expression this would seem to be at once a scientific and a convenient use of the term *Nation* as distinguished from *State*. Obvious illustrations will occur to anyone. Thus the Empire of the Habsburgs is indisputably a State, though a composite one; no one would describe it as a nation. The Poles claim to be a "nation" though politically distributed between three "States." And many people would admit the claim. Would anyone affirm that Canada and South Africa form parts of one nation, or deny that they are component parts of one Empire-State? The Greeks of antiquity formed a nation, but many States: the Romans constituted a State of many nations. Idealists have often dreamt of a world-State, never of a world-nation.

Thus the problem, like others in political science, *solvitur ambulando*. And the distinction is gradually gripping popular imagination. But the content of "nationality" is both complex and elusive, and the differentiae are frequently conflicting. How, for example, shall we appraise the relative claims of race, of language, of creed, of local contiguity, of historical tradition? Peoples naturally drawn together by one or more of these elements are divided by the others. Few States are wholly exempt from the nationality problem, though it presses upon them with very varying degrees of insistence. France is as little troubled by it as any State in Europe, partly owing to her history, partly to her pre-eminent assimilative genius; but could her immunity survive the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine? The success of the Italian *risorgimento* is commonly (and in a sense rightly) claimed as a conspicuous triumph for the principle of nationality, yet between Lombard and Neapolitan there is little racial affinity. Great Britain has been, in the main, extraordinarily successful in combining diverse elements, yet, as Defoe reminded us,

"For Englishmen to boast of generation
Cancels their knowledge and lampoons the nation.
A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction.

A metaphor invented to express
A man akin to all the universe."

There are, however, two regions of Europe where the distinction between State and nation is to-day of supreme and immediate significance. The one is the German Empire, and the other the Balkan Peninsula.

It is no part of my immediate task to discuss the many questions raised in either of these regions by the nationality problem. That task has been performed by M. Vimard and his collaborators in an interesting and suggestive volume, *Les aspirations autonomistes en Europe*,¹ and English publications

¹ Paris, Alcan, 1913.

on the subject have recently lacked neither profusion nor quality. My purpose is a more limited one. It is simply to emphasise the effect which the war has already had in compelling us to clear up the ambiguities of political terminology, and to distinguish between concepts which are commonly confounded.

V.

One problem still remains. Aristotle rebuked Plato for the neglect of it. "The legislator [Plato had said] ought to have his eye directed to two points, the people and the country. But neighbouring countries also must not be forgotten by him, if the State for which he legislates is to have a *true political life*." The words which I have italicised contain a warning to those, not the least well-meaning, who advocate a policy of isolation and exclusiveness, who insist somewhat shrilly that a democracy should, at all hazards, avoid "foreign entanglements"—in short, that States should remain, in the language of Hobbes, "in a state of nature." Even for the city-State Aristotle deemed such a policy to be undesirable as tending to stunt the State in the realisation of "true political life." How much more impossible in these latter days when, owing to the development of external trade, owing to the multiplication of means of locomotion and communication, the whole world has become an economic unit!

The war has compelled us to consider *de novo* the whole theory of international, or more strictly inter-State, relations. Among the problems of political science it is relatively of recent origin. So long as Europe was dominated by the conception of a world-Empire, spiritual or political, the problem of inter-State relations could hardly arise. Pope and Emperor were, in theory at any rate, joint occupants of the seat of justice in the supreme court of appeal. But with the break-up of the world-unities, the international problem forced itself upon the attention of the world. The peculiar ferocity which ecclesiastical antagonisms lent to the

wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries led statesmen and thinkers to seek a solution of a problem which was at once perplexing and new. The "Great Design" attributed to Henry IV. of France, the publication of Hugo Grotius's *De Jure Belli ac Pacis* in 1625, of Pufendorf's *De Jure Naturæ et Gentium* in 1672, at least testify to the prevailing anxiety to find a remedy for an admitted evil.

To discuss the precise position of international "law" would not be pertinent to my purpose. It may, however, conduce to lucidity of thought and argument to recall an obvious and elementary truth. One State must stand to another in one of two relations: it must be either independent or dependent; and in the latter case it ceases to be strictly a State. There is, indeed, a *sors tertia* provided by the compromise of "secondary formations." The last range from "personal unions," through "confederations," up to true federal States. Detailed illustration is not called for: but Austria-Hungary may be cited as an example of personal union, though it shades off into something more organic in virtue of the *Ausgleich*; Germany between 1815 and 1867 admirably exemplified the characteristic weaknesses of a confederation; the United States and Switzerland, not to mention others, are true federal States. How shall we designate Canada and Australia? Regarded internally they conform, though in varying degrees, to the true federal type. In relation, however, to foreign States they are not "States" at all, but mere dependencies.

Their position, in this regard, was revealed as by a flash-light, at the outbreak of this war. Words are inadequate to acknowledge the debt which the Mother-country owes to the self-governing Dominions. But gratitude, however intense, must not be permitted to obscure a scientific fact. After midnight on 4th August 1914, every Canadian, every New Zealander, every Australian, every South African became equally with every Englishman an alien enemy in Berlin. The Dominions are applauded, and rightly, for their superb

loyalty to the Empire. But does not the applause imply a covert insult? By the act of the Imperial Government they were at war. From that condition they had no means of escape, save one. Neutral they could not be, and at the same time remain component parts of the British Empire. Unless and until they formally notified to other Powers their independence, and until that independence was formally acknowledged, they must perforce continue to be parts of a belligerent State.

It has taken a great war to obtain general recognition of a fact which ought to have been sufficiently obvious. Are the consequences of this fact even now adequately apprehended? And are we prepared to face them? These questions I have attempted to answer elsewhere. I recur to them here merely to illustrate the effect which the war has had, in the important sphere of external relations, upon the elucidation of political theory.

Never before has Tragedy been played on a stage so colossal; never before has it so obviously purged the emotions and clarified the vision of mankind.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

OXFORD.

AMERICA'S BONDAGE TO THE GERMAN SPIRIT.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER,

Boston, Mass.

MR ROOSEVELT recently startled Americans by declaring that he had seen plans which military men in Germany had carefully worked out for the capture of New York City. But the Germans have already captured America. We have been in bondage for several decades, and our people either ignore the fact, or glory in the subjection. This captivity is, in some ways, more fundamental—reaching down to the roots of life; more pervasive—extending to a wider circumference; and more harmful, being antagonistic to the American spirit,—than any military occupation of our soil could be. When the ideals of a people are radically modified, their destiny will surely be deflected into other channels, and the hopes of the founders will not be fully realised. When the plastic youth of a land have, for a generation or two, been trained by teachers imbued with an alien culture, the country will some day realise that its old authorities have ceased to rule and that the glory of its peculiar institutions has, to some extent at least, faded.

What we have, first of all, to remember is that the Germany of the past thirty years is not the Germany of a century and more ago. It was the spirit of that older Germany, when introduced into the United States from 1825 to 1850, that brought illumination and inspiration. It was the Germany of Lessing, Herder, and Kant; of Schiller, Schleiermacher,

and Goethe (to name only a few of its different representatives). That was a Germany profoundly interested in literature, art, scholarship, and philosophy, as *human* problems on a *world* stage. No narrow provincialism, no dynastic ambition, no racial greed; no merely political aggressiveness among those giants. The outlook was as broad as humanity; the spirit inclusive and cosmopolitan; the sympathies ranging all lands, not in the egotism of superiority or the passion for conquest, but in the appreciation of common excellences.

Here was a culture that boasted no territorial boundaries; that looked with no disdain upon the strivings of other peoples; that took no account of merely commercial values, and sought no conquests by industrial efficiency. It was a true culture that had some of the humility that deserves the language applied by Paul to Charity: "Vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." What so profoundly and nobly stirred Americans seventy and eighty years ago was this German learning and piety which was full of a world-idealism, a philosophic insight into the ways of the spirit, a high appreciation of the things of the soul. The impact of this influence upon our nation in its younger days did not represent a "captivity," but it operated far and wide as a regenerative power.

But after the war with France in 1870, a radical and unfortunate change began in Germany. Some elements in that transformation were good, but the majority have been harmful. The passion of nationality—a united Germany with imperial possibilities—this was at first, in the main, a noble enthusiasm. But later even this became a demoralising passion, working on the lower levels of commercialism and under the direction of militarism. The desire for the subjugation of France stimulated the ambition for military glory and later for world conquest. The millions paid by France into the imperial treasury corrupted and coarsened its life, somewhat as South American gold and silver four

centuries ago injured Spain. It was a vast unearned wealth stimulating extravagance and luxury, and fostering pride and arrogance. At that time, also, expanding science and growing invention joined hands in a great industrial movement. Technical schools, the application of scientific discoveries to industry, the flocking of men from every land to its universities, the multiplication of steamships on every sea, the advance of colonisation, growing commercial activity in all the markets of the world, enforced military service and the mighty power of the Imperial Court intent on war preparation: these and similar influences have made a new Germany, mechanically efficient but politically undemocratic. A nation wonderfully organised, but sadly deficient in liberty and humanity, with no humour to see itself as others see it and with no catholicity of spirit to appreciate other peoples.

In some respects this new Germany is a great Germany: its patient, plodding, thorough scholars have produced marvels of erudition, and its scientists have achieved a mastery of the secrets of nature, which have been successfully turned to practical account in medicine, in sanitation, in economic activities, and in industrial operations. There is no doubt about the superiority of Germans along some of these lines. All this is everywhere admitted. But the question arises: Are these the highest and noblest lines? What is the root idea, the dominating theory, in all this? The answer is not far to seek. The fundamental assumption and ambition have been: Man is a machine and civilisation must be developed in terms of mechanics. Their biologists often say, "There is no soul here, only just these physical reactions." Many of their historians have said, "The destinies of nations are shaped chiefly by soil, rivers, climate, material resources, and more especially by military power." The political economists have taught, "It is all a matter of organic determinism." The philosophers (not all, by any means), who are supposed to assume an immortal soul, resolve human life into a complex of nerve reactions and inherited instincts.

No wonder that materialism and militarism have dominated nearly all the fields of intellectual activity in the Fatherland. In some of these fields wonders have been wrought. Whatever persistence and precision of laboratory research could do; whatever mastery of details and comprehensiveness of organisation could accomplish; whatever boundless energies along lines of mere worldliness could create: all these things have come to pass. The same effectiveness is seen in public hygiene, industrial insurance, and the organisation of charity. But some other things have also come to pass. The over-attention to the material accidents of life, and the under-attention to the spiritual roots of life; the supernormal cultivation of worldly ambitions, and the subnormal cultivation of religious feelings,—the one-sided development of the national life has largely destroyed the old Germany that inspired our fathers, and has given us a new Germany that has brought us into captivity.

What is the most unfortunate characteristic of this new Germany? A national spirit that subjects politics to military domination: the civilian has no rights that a soldier is bound to respect. Every man is compelled to undergo a long military discipline. The supreme aims of government, in education, in industry, in medicine, in philanthropy, centre on the military efficiency of the people. All is done to give the Kaiser the most men and the best men for his armies. The Krupp gun is the sign and symbol of the national spirit. The bigger and deadlier it is, the greater the rejoicing of Imperial Court and common people. The German is not a homocentric civilisation, where the individual is clothed with inviolable sanctities and guaranteed sacred liberties, being allowed permission to follow personal ends and interests. It is a civilisation that makes the good of the State, as a vast military machine, the supreme ambition and the final test.

And other things have followed. The common teaching in school-books and from university professors has been that war is the greatest and noblest occupation of mankind. That the divinest qualities in human life are the products of military

training and activity. That soldiers prepared to kill are a nation's greatest assets. That victories on bloody battlefields represent man's supreme services to God. That the highest uses to be made of scientific discovery and human ingenuity are those that equip an army for the most effective destruction of human life. That military ambition is an adequate form of piety: the religion of valour. That the only text in the Gospels worthy of much attention is the saying of the Master: "I came not to send peace, but a sword." That the chief task of the Church is to foster a sort of "martial spirituality," because the spiritual element is needed to make a soldier a better fighter. That religion accomplishes its chief object when it trains men to die in order to subjugate the enemies of the Fatherland. Do these seem unbelievable propositions? They find ample support in numberless texts in the seven hundred war-books annually issued by German publishers.

All this being true, it is not surprising that it is the common public opinion in Germany that might makes right, that the end justifies the means, that military necessity knows no law; that the ethics of personal conduct do not apply to the actions of nations; that the German Empire can prosper only as it crushes its neighbours; that it is called of God to give "culture" to the world, even at the point of the bayonet; that surrounding nations would be benefited, if conquered by her; and that whatever Imperial Germany may be compelled to do in accomplishing these sublime national ends will be fully justified by the incalculable blessings which she will, in this way, bestow upon the whole world!

But what have the Christian Churches of the Fatherland been doing for the past fifty years to counteract these evil influences and make the Gospel of Jesus a living power in the life of the people? The simple, earnest piety of the older Germany has largely disappeared. The crass, belligerent rationalism of two generations ago, denounced as "German infidelity" by our pulpits, is also a thing of the past. The blight which has fallen upon that land (and not that land

alone) is a profound and widespread religious indifference. The Church is not so much attacked as ignored. In parishes of 20,000 souls or more, the single church, except on special or festival occasions, seldom has a congregation of two hundred people. Church attendance is not taken into account as any part of the Sunday programme of life by the prosperous or educated classes. It is seldom that a university professor is seen at church, except on official occasions. Even many theological and Biblical professors are by no means regular church attendants. Very few pay any attention to what our fathers called "the means of grace." Some eminent professors of religious scholarship even rejoice in this condition of affairs, defending it as an evidence of greater personal piety: the complete flowering of Protestant freedom in religion!

There is still a good deal of *official Christianity* in Germany, but much of it is little more than merely "official": it is Christianity gone to seed in formalism and dogmatism. This is everywhere seen in the religious education of the young. *In theory*, the State thoroughly educates its youth in the principles and practices of piety. But, as a matter of fact, this work is done in such a lifeless, dogmatic, and perfunctory manner that young people, as a rule, grow up without vital interest in religion, and as soon as confirmation is passed they have nothing more to do with the Church. One of the most startling things in that remarkable book, which everybody is now reading, *Germany and the Next War*, by General Bernhardt, is his plea for vital religious instruction that shall give young Germans real spiritual power, for religious conviction, he contends, is needed to make the most efficient soldier! But he forcibly declares that the training in religion that has been given in Germany recently has utterly failed in this respect. His words are: "A real feeling for religion is seldom the fruit of such instruction; the children, as a rule, are glad after their confirmation to have done with the unspiritual teaching, and so they remain, when their schooling is over, permanently strangers to the religious inner life, which

the instruction never awakens in them " (p. 250). Many other witnesses might be called, but this statement is sufficient to establish the fact.

It is lamentable but true that, on the whole, Christianity in Germany has ceased to be a quickening power or controlling rule in the lives of the people in general. Sunday is in no sense a religious day: some forms of labour are stopped; some official recognition of religion is made; but in the main it is a day of pastimes rather than prayer and preaching, in which drinking and music play the chief parts. The churches make little effort (there are notable exceptions) to animate the life of the people with religious nurture or to enrich the masses with spiritual conviction or enthusiasm for social betterment. However learned or eloquent the minister may be, what he says from the pulpit has very little authority in the community: it reaches but few, and it is largely unheeded by them. The two substitutes for spiritual conviction in the Fatherland are these:—(1) Among the socialistic minority an enthusiasm to improve the material conditions of human life (their peace principles, alas! vanished during one August night in 1914). (2) The vigorous religion of valour, whose gospel is: "World power or downfall!"

But it may be asked: What has all this to do with America? Much every way, as will be seen. Nearly a century ago a few such men as George Bancroft and Frederic Henry Hedge went to study in Germany, and they were wonderfully stimulated by the real culture which it then provided. In the last half-century an increasing number of young men (recently a vast throng) have gone from America to German universities to secure their doctorates, an indispensable preparation for a university position in our land. The one thing that makes an impression in our university circles is the scholarship that is marked: *Made in Germany!* And just here lies some of the mischief. . . . "made" in Germany. It has been, too often, a scholarship, not ripened in the warm, brooding atmosphere of a humane and humanising

culture, but a *standardised* erudition, intent on accumulation of mere facts, tested by cubic measure, sought for ends of *efficiency*, fitted to help man as a mechanism, and imbued with a vast conceit of knowledge.

The narrow pedantry destitute of human values, the mere card-cataloguing of facts with little or no recognition of their spiritual import, the accumulating of voluminous masses of knowledge that never ripen into wisdom, which are required in theses for the Ph.D. degree both in Germany and, by imitation, in this country,—all this has set up standards and stimulated ambitions which have at the same time paralysed real culture and produced an amazing arrogance as sterile as it is unlovely.

No one will question the patience of Germans in their scientific and scholastic researches, or their mastery of details and enthusiasm for discovery, or their skill in the application of knowledge to practical problems. German professors have given American students new ideals of study and new methods of laboratory work. Our indebtedness to those great masters, in certain departments and along certain lines, is very great, and it should always be recognised with hearty and abundant praise. Many a young American has come back to his Alma Mater, not only with a vastly increased fund of knowledge, but with a fresh intellectual stimulus and an enlarged academic equipment, which, so far as these things alone are concerned, have made him a more valuable instructor of our youth.

But the fact is that this is only one side of the matter. There have been losses as well as profits; disadvantages as well as advantages. This "captivity to Germany" has not been an unmixed good. It is a misfortune to America that the real character of this warping bondage, in operation for some years, has not been generally seen or understood. Injuries, grave and serious, have come to American life from this excessive and exclusive dominance of the more recent German spirit in our universities—especially the spirit which ignores or despises those "imponderables" of which even

Bismarck had a keen appreciation. The submissiveness of our science and scholarship to these foreign models and standards has led to harmful results. While young men have brought back from that land an enrichment of life in certain respects, many of them have also come home with some precious ideals blurred and some invaluable convictions weakened, while they have returned to us in many cases animated with a spirit quite alien to the best traditions of our country. We are nearing the danger line, and a halt should be called. Loyal Americans must face the serious question: Is it wise and wholesome to have tens of thousands of our susceptible American youths, in our colleges and universities—the intellectual aristocracy of the land, the future leaders of American opinion and action—constantly under the training of men who have been thoroughly Germanised and to a decided degree de-Americanised?

The reasons for serious concern may be briefly grouped under the following heads:—

I. Our academic life has been too exclusively in bondage to one type of narrow specialists. German scientists and scholars are in many respects great, but narrow, specialists. As a rule the German investigator exhausts a narrow field; he digs deep; he studies long and intently; he gathers a vast mass of facts. But too often he does not bring his topic into a world-horizon. He does not see it in its wide human relations. He has little skill in separating essentials from non-essentials. He seldom sees the human and spiritual forces operative in these masses of facts. In other words, the result is not culture, but mere information. We have, therefore, fallen into bondage to a deadening uniformity that generally lacks inspiration. There is laboratory efficiency, but not cultural refinement or human effectiveness on a high spiritual plane. We have been injured in two ways: (1) by the limitations of the narrow specialisation itself, and (2) by the abnormal subjection to one type of intellectual life, which is not itself the highest.

The careful student of college life in America, whose memories run back a half-century or so, must regretfully note two things:—(1) The almost entire absence from our academic circles, at present, of the teacher with the broad human interests, the courtesy that radiates sunshine, the exquisite culture, the gracious personality of the old-time college professor. His successor knows more facts; but counting the leaves on a tree, or the number of times a phrase is used in Homer, is not culture. Much of the work required in these days for a doctorate neither refines nor makes wise. And laboratory work, as such, no more spiritualises the student than sawing wood or making hay. The old-time professor was, in many vital respects, a more valuable instructor of young men and women. He had more to give to young souls that has permanent and superior life-value. (2) The other fact to be noted in this connection, akin to this, is the dearth of spiritual products in our land to-day. When we consider the thousands of young people who have graduated from our colleges during the last twenty years, and compare them with the few graduates in our country during the score of years from 1820 to 1840, we may well be surprised at the different results in literary and scholastic output. The few then filled our libraries and decorated our history with great names. But the multitude now: what great poems or romances are they writing? The literary output of high order is almost a negligible quantity. Where, too, from the swarms of college men, comes a life-teacher who has a prophecy that stirs like Lowell's, or inspires like Emerson's, or ennobles like Channing's? The narrow specialism, "made in Germany," has smothered American genius. There are great economic wonders in abundance, but spiritual triumphs are not so evident.

II. It has been a misfortune that so large a proportion of the teachers of our American youth for so many years have been almost exclusively educated abroad in one country in an alien atmosphere, and have often brought home a spirit and

an ideal unfriendly to our best traditions. Undoubtedly many of these young men have returned to academic positions in our midst quite unconscious of these changes in the quality and ambition of their lives. But to the keen observer, who knew them before they went abroad, and who has studied them after their return, the changes are quickly recognised, and they are seen to be radical, and frequently they are changes in the wrong direction. These unfortunate results group themselves, in the main, under three heads:—

(1) The American ideal of womanhood has often deteriorated among these persons. It is not necessary here to pass judgment upon the German home or to condemn the attitude of German men in general towards women. Much can be said in praise of the Teutonic family life. But who needs to be told that there is a marked difference between the feelings of a young man, reared in the best American home, toward women, and a young German of the same class? No extended description of this difference is needed.

(2) An outstanding characteristic of the educated class in Germany is the aggressive conceit of knowledge. It is not "the conceit of culture," a phrase as contradictory as "a disloyal patriot"! True culture is modest, humble, reticent. The truly great and wise sound no trumpets and assert no claims. A light has been shed upon this matter by the present war, so that extended discussion of it is now unnecessary. When, with one accord, the leading university professors of the Fatherland—divines, historians, scientists—passionately declare that, as the supremely great intellectual leaders of the human race, they have a divine right to conquer other nations and inject their "culture" at the point of the bayonet, all means to this end, however drastic, being justifiable, we hold our breath, rub our eyes, and feel stunned by one of the most repulsive phases of conduct in this most horrible of all wars. Those who have come in contact with the boundless egotism of German university circles did not imagine that it would ever flame out in such exhibitions. And yet these

exhibitions, pitiful as they have been, might have been foreseen, for the moral product of abnormal conceit is inordinate hate—both have a common rootage in base selfishness.

Surely it is needless to argue that for young Americans such an influence is bad. In bringing home to our institutions of learning such a spirit, even in a milder form, they have done harm. Men with fewer facts but with more of the gentle graces of true culture would have been more valuable educators of our young men and women.

(3) For over a generation Germany has been saturated with the ideals of a militant aristocracy diametrically opposed to all the ideals which are most characteristically American. There the war-spirit is dominant; here the peace-spirit is almost supreme. There the soldier is everywhere in evidence, and always at the head; here the soldier is seldom seen, and then given no unusual honours. There fighting is praised as the most glorious occupation; here fighting is held in abhorrence. There the value of human life is measured from the point of view of the State; here the individual is the object of supreme concern. There paternalism abounds and constantly interferes with personal liberty; here each man is expected to work out his destiny in freedom, the government giving little direction but simply safeguarding the free actions of all.

It is surprising that so little political harm has come to us from the fact that nearly all our college professors have been educated in that military and un-American atmosphere. That we have not been more deeply injured is a compliment to the sturdy Americanism of our young men who have sought academic honours in Germany. But that the alien influence has done mischief is most evident to the careful observer of our institutions of learning. The captivity has not been as marked along civic as along scholastic lines, but it has done not a little to weaken faith in democracy and stimulate a war-spirit in our midst. How could it be otherwise? It is impossible for a young man to live a year or two in a country

dominated by the Bismarckian "spirit of blood and iron" without being affected by it. Especially must this be so, in view of the fact that he works in unbounded admiration for his German masters, who seem to him to be perfect embodiments of human greatness, and who let few occasions pass without asserting this claim! He may not come home to America a disloyal citizen, but he has his doubts about republican institutions.

III. One of the most unfortunate results of our captivity to Germany is the contempt of the Church and the indifference to religion which are now so general in the faculties of our colleges and universities. We must not charge all of this to Germany. But in hundreds of cases, when young men, interested in religious matters, have gone there to study, they have turned their back upon the Church as soon as they returned. This result is so common that no proof is needed to make clear the extent or the cause of the change. Scores upon scores have come back every year destitute of the faith with which they left our country, while practically none return with more religious enthusiasm than they had when they went abroad. Probably a considerable percentage of the members of our college faculties have a slight connection with some church, through the wife, the children, or the subscription paper. But regular attendance at any church or vital interest in religious work is rare among our college teachers who have been long educated in Germany. They do not indulge in attacks upon religion, but it is as much apart from their lives as witchcraft or astrology.

It is to be hoped that at the end of this worst and most needless of wars (may it soon end, but in the triumph of a world-justice ensuring lasting peace!) our captivity to Germany will come to an end. We shall not cease to appreciate the Germans, but our future estimate will be more discriminating. We shall be freed from bondage. Some of our young men will still go to the Fatherland for study. But many more will go to other lands. Those who may go

to German universities will keep more of their true Americanism, and when they come back they will be less under the spell of specialism, materialism, and militarism. When that happy day shall arrive there will be a revaluation of the contents of human life, both personal and corporate. The old-time *culture* will come into prominence. Christian faith will be reborn and reasserted. The Church will regain its true leadership. Civilisation will be seen to be something more than a matter of soldiers and markets. And a new world-conscience and a new enthusiasm for humanity will insist that dreams of national glory must respect the rights of all peoples, while the laws of morality must be obeyed by nations as by individuals. America must stand for cosmopolitan culture, gracious in its modesty; for ethical statesmanship with respect for the Golden Rule; and for a civilisation that measures its efficiency by spiritual standards.

J. H. CROOKER.

BOSTON, U.S.A.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

EVA MADDEN.

It was in 1903 that, for purposes of my own, not pertinent to the present subject, I took up my residence in what is known as a "Daughter Pensionat." It was situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Germany, entirely out of the line of the ordinary traveller, and deep in evergreen forests. There I lived, for two years, with the German people only, attending the Lutheran Church, taking part in all the festivals, and leading the pleasant life of the school; going in the winter vacations, when the mountains were white with snow, to Berlin or Leipsic.

I was not a regular teacher, but a boarder, who must talk English with the girls for the privilege of living in the school as such, an arrangement different from the residents *au pair*. I was not, therefore, looked upon as a regular Fräulein teacher by the girls, and was, in consequence, upon terms with them impossible to that august personage.

Because I am a writer, I was endowed with an added interest to the more intellectual among them. My observations now seem interesting, in the light of the war, as showing how ideas, half understood and appealing to the imaginations of young girls or inexperienced women, may bear fruit as fatal as time has proved the ideas then confided to me to have borne.

The pupils of this school came from every part of the German Empire, and, in the main, from the ranks of the

upper middle class, with a fringe on the one end of the daughters of the nobility, on the other of those of the self-made, Kaiser-favoured class of the newly rich. These girls came to master the household arts and to improve their complexions in the mountain air before their introduction to society, having lessons in finishing subjects as well. Some remained for only a few months, others for a year or two.

The girls whom I knew were constantly coming and going, and this afforded me a wide range of observation. Generically, I found German girls quite lacking in self-consciousness, not personally vain, and with an innocence towards life at large, especially the management of men, amazing to an American. Teutonically, however, I found them very vain indeed, and also very jealous of criticism or praise, making everything personal.

There were, in this school, daughters of Lutheran pastors, of professors, as well as of officers and men of property. There was, at one time, a Russian girl, always some French and English, and, during my stay, four Americans of German-American parentage, who spent their time in criticising the land of their forefathers and thanking heaven that their fathers were then Americans. In fact, these girls were almost vindictive against the manners and customs about them, and two amalgamated so badly that they finally persuaded their fathers to admit them to be Americans and let them return to English surroundings.

My room quickly became the resort of a group of the more intellectual of the girls, who secretly called themselves advanced, and there, on those long winter evenings, when lamps were lighted as early as three or four, and the forests lay about us white with snow, and the breath of winter fell upon the red roofs of our little village, swaying the turrets of the old church and sweeping over the valley towards the old castle, we sat around my fire and discussed all the problems their eager minds were wrestling with.

I can see them now, in their dark dresses and little white

kerchiefs, Helga, Herta, Gretchen, Ilse, Anna, and all the rest, apparently gentle and reflective. Yet, at the beginning of the war, I received a book of poems from one so vindictive and pregnant with hatred of a race she had imitated and professed to admire, that it was impossible to realise that her ideas of girlhood had borne such fruit.

In 1903 I was apart from all European jealousies, and so, barring the stones thrown at me by the small boys of the village until the old Herr Pastor assured them that I was not English, I lived in great peace and equal happiness with all. Looking back on my stay there, however, I am inclined to think, in the light of the present conflagration, that some of the favour shown me, which I, with my naïve national vanity, imagined a tribute to the superiority of my race, was a little like that given Jane Eyre by Mr Rochester—counterbalanced by a corresponding harshness to someone else. In my case, that “somebody else” was the personage, varying in name and personality, but always known as the “English Lady.”

Indulgence to me was constant. I was freely given white bread for supper; but let the “English Lady” demand it, and the request was granted only with visible reluctance, and, while she ate the bread, we were regaled with anecdotes of the failings of the late Empress Frederick and told suggestive and pointed anecdotes of English faddism about food. Happy was she did she escape the account of that lady’s attempt to supplant the afternoon coffee of the German with the tea of the English.

In fact, in regard to this question of tea and coffee in relation to afternoon consumption, I lived in much the same state of tension as when a child in a home on the borders of North and South, concerning the hanging of two gentlemen on a sour apple tree. One could be hung if my maternal aunts were in the room, the other if my parents, but the operations must be kept distinctly apart—a difficult feat when I began to develop my own preference.

However, with the wisdom won by this early practice, I

sailed between my Scylla and Charybdis and drank tea with English and coffee with Germans, praising both, on the recommendation of St Paul. I thus became the link of peace between the two races, and, when I asked for a favour, included the "English Lady" in my request.

My first realisation of the strong Teutonic feeling against Albion came one evening when loud voices summoned me to the teachers' sitting-room. There I saw in the centre of the room a Prussian lady of years, birth, religion, and culture, waving on high a London illustrated paper. About her was gathered a group as furious as herself, and all eyes were blazing hatred at the "English Lady," just then an amiable spinster with a German name. "Look! look!" went the screams; 'look what these English have dared to do to our Kaiser!'

And, shaking the paper towards the "English Lady," she appealed to me.

And what was the offence?

As British Field-Marshal the Kaiser was photographed standing on the steps of a building, two steps below his uncle Edward, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

It was only after I laboriously explained that William himself would have regarded it as regular to submit to military etiquette, and that no insult had been planned, that peace followed. I advised the "English Lady," however, to keep her illustrated papers to herself in future, as Germans are easily offended.

Sometimes the talk of the girls was on curiously abstract subjects, and they handled them with a logic that I had never before encountered in young minds. Sometimes the confidences poured into my ears were emotional, and it was then that cheeks were wet with tears of jealousy and wounded affection. I found that jealousy would lead them to any extreme, one young girl striking her guardian in the face because he preferred to talk with a teacher, when he was ostensibly on a visit to her.

I also found very curious theories afloat.

"Do your parents know of these ideas?" I asked, startled by certain confidences.

They shook their heads.

"Your teachers?"

Never!

"Our parents and teachers," said Ingeborg, shrugging her shoulders, "are not *modern*."

And that was my first introduction to a word which, with Kultur, has been the watchword of New Germany.

It was *not modern*, I was told, to look up to Luther. It was *modern* to drop superfluous letters in spelling. It was *modern* to redecorate comfortable old German sitting-rooms. It was *modern* to wear ugly reform dresses and discard the becoming kerchief. It was *modern* to admire wild-looking pictures in hideous colour schemes. It was *modern* to go alone. It was *modern* to avoid all foreign words in conversation.

This was my original understanding of the word, and at first I took it to mean merely "up-to-date."

It was the head of the school, or Pensionat-mother, as she was called, who enlightened me.

"*Modern!*" she exclaimed. "Don't mention that dreadful word in my hearing!"

"What does it mean?"

How her old face darkened, her eagle eyes flashed, as she stood there in her careless garb, in her unmodernised sitting-room, a figure of Old Germany outraged!

"It means, my child," she said, "all that every true German should shrink from. It means the death of all that has made the Fatherland great and beloved. It means death to true patriotism; I hate the very sound of the word."

She told me, too, I remember, that it was Antichrist, but I was too ignorant then of the trend of German free-thought to grasp that her denunciation was something more than the croak of age at progress. But, since it made her perfectly furious to discuss it, and her fury was always something titanic, I kept Modernity in my own room ever after.

She was the cleverest German woman I have met. Twice only I saw her worsted, and each time by the "English Lady." Once the "English Lady" and she had a tilt over money. She lost her temper, the "English Lady" kept hers.

"I will teach for that sum, or you must get someone else," the latter said quietly. "I don't ask you to pay it, if you don't want to; only, it is my price."

And she got it.

It was the "English Lady," in the person of the spinster with the German name, who was arraigned for her untidiness, the perpetual charge against the English. For answer, she only laughed, and retorted: "I know I am, and regret it. Only, Fräulein B., it is a curious thing, isn't it, that my mother, who is all English, is what is called 'nasty neat,' and my father, who was half German, was so untidy that he once went to bed with his boots on?"

The girls, I found, seemed to worship the very sound of "modern," and, listening to their expositions of it, something of its actual deeper meaning began to dawn upon me. It was on the eve of that German religious holiday known as the "Sunday of the Dead," that Ingeborg, a young teacher of twenty, was sent to my room to inquire if I would like some evergreens to wreathe any photographs of those of my family who had passed away; and also if I were going with the school to the old church for the annual partaking of the "Holy Evening Meal," and if so, had I a black dress to go in?

Disposing of two of the questions, I asked Fräulein Ingeborg if she would tell me what were the teachings of the Lutheran Church concerning the Communion, as I must know something about them before I could agree to go.

"I cannot tell you," she said, and shrugged her shoulders as if in derision. "I do not believe in such things," she added, "it is not *modern*."

Then she looked at me with a certain pity.

"Surely," she went on, "you, a writer, cannot believe in such foolish things as that? It suits such ladies as those

downstairs—they are old-fashioned ; but I find it degrading to the intellect. It restricts thought and deadens the brain.”

Yet this same Ingeborg, when commanded by the head of the school to go and act as sponsor to a poor child, went meekly, so much greater power had the habit of obedience and the awe of authority over her than her emancipated brain and individual principles.

On that same Saturday evening, to return to our conversation, she suddenly flung wide her arms.

“ I want to be free,” she cried ; “ I am beautiful ”—she was remarkably so,—“ I do not want to cook. I am *modern*, and I wish to find myself in great emotions.”

“ What kind of emotions, Ingeborg ? ” I asked.

“ Once,” she said, after a moment’s hesitation, “ two fellow-students and I wanted to lose ourselves entirely in a sensation. We sent for champagne and got drunk, not for love of wine, but for the abandonment to an experience.”

I found that this, by the way, was not peculiar to Ingeborg.

For answer, that evening, I asked her to go and find out about the teachings of Luther for me. It proved, in the end, a most laborious task, for, in that school of over thirty confirmed German people, only one, the head of the school, who objected to Modernity, could give information on the subject. They all went to the “ Holy Evening Meal ” apparently because they were told to, or because it was the custom, just as they wore the black dresses and wreathed the pictures.

Ingeborg was capable of indulging in great emotions, but the moment authority of any kind lifted its voice she succumbed, giving up prospects in America because her father informed her that all Americans were cheats and would only get her over there to exploit her talents to their own advantage. She gave up every ambition, under his order, and, marrying, bore children and cooked just as she said she never would. And now, since the war, she has been sending out

literature of hate, though her nature is so gentle that tears come at a word and so peace-loving that she could not remain in a room if words arose.

She was proud when news came of her brother's initial duel, and exulted at the account of the gash in his young and handsome cheek. Yet I never knew anyone who could talk more feelingly of art and beauty.

I heard also of great emotions from Herta, a pupil-teacher.

"Do you think," she asked me one day, "that it is a noble act to give yourself to the needs of a Genius?"

As she pronounced it "genus," I looked at her in wonder.

"I mean," explained this girl of eighteen, "is it a noble act, in your opinion, to throw yourself to the needs of a Genius, I mean a man of talent, if by so doing you can aid his powers to develop to their greatest?"

Becoming definite, she asked me outright if I considered it a noble thing in a woman to live with a "Genius," even though said Genius could not marry her because of already possessing a wife, if her companionship could excite him to greater achievement.

You cannot chaff Germans, so I took her seriously, reminding myself that my ideas perhaps had sounded, at eighteen, just as strange to my elders, even if they were more modest.

"You know," she continued, "that power—*Kraft*, as our splendid German calls it—and achievement are the great things of life. They should not be personal, but combine towards an end. What good could my little *Kraft* do? But if I gave it to the end of Genius, don't you see I am achieving too? What a wonderful thing, then, to give yourself to a Genius, if, by living with him, you can spur him just where his wife, even if he loves her, cannot!"

All these girls, I found, spoke this word "Genius" with a hush in their voices which seemed to make it begin always with a capital letter. The other day it dawned on me that this was their idea of the German Superman.

"If you give yourself to Genius," said Herta, "you will be

part of the achievement of the world and something far better than a cook." And she curled her proud lips, as all these girls did when referring to this hated occupation of the German woman, though it was always their greatest criticism of Englishwomen that they did not cook.

I assured her that I did not believe in such tributes to Genius, and suggested the counter claims of religion.

"Religion," put in Anna, the daughter of an orthodox clergyman, "is, I find, only an artificial prop for the weak. Men can be moral, strong, and good without it; only weak women really need it," ended this young philosopher.

"Have you said that to your father?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"No, he is not *modern*. I cannot think as he does. No! he is of the old; I, of the new. To believe what he would have me believe is impossible."

I heard much more of the joys of sacrificing individuality to an achievement, and one night, after all were supposed to be in bed, there came a knock at my door. When I opened it, there was Herta, who asked me, in hushed tones, if she might come in and talk to me.

She was a girl whose nature suggested slumbering fires of wrath and inevitable tragedy, which, I have since heard, have blazed into reality.

Placed by an unfortunate life in a subordinate position and cursed with a pride fitted to royalty, she suggested to the girls the nickname of "Hamlet"; and indeed she did look like that sombre soul with her tall, thin figure and melancholy face overshadowed by ebony-hued hair and lighted by the fires of eyes always on the alert for indignities.

She was notably haughty and reserved, and I was therefore surprised when, asking my attention and permission, she threw aside this reserve and told me the story of her life. It was a dramatic and painful recital, and, when it was ended, so great had been her agony in living over its scenes that she sat before me white-faced, quivering, and perfectly exhausted.

There she sat, limp and tired, but gazing at me in a triumph of sacrificial exaltation.

"I have done it for you," she announced. "You are a writer. I have made an offering to Genius. I give my consent to your using it for a romance, or, if you like better, for a play."

The unfortunate girl was completely worn out by her effort to picture vividly for me scenes which, were I that genius that she believed me, I could make into a novel which might render me as famous as another story of a school did Currer Bell.

But, alas! who, in my remaining years, will ever want to read a story so inspired!

The next inquiry concerning Genius came from Grete, the picture of maidenhood, in a dainty blue muslin gown, ruffled white kerchief and little apron, her lovely chestnut hair in two long braids.

She wanted to know if I thought it would be wrong for a girl to live with a Genius, if the wife agreed and both women combined to bring about the most noble output of achievement of which the Genius was capable.

By this time I was sure that these girls were getting these ideas from some book, or books, and so inquired of her concerning this possibility.

"It was suggested to me by a Russian novel," was all that I could get out of her.

On my part I suggested the Commandments.

"They are not *modern*," she answered solemnly, and even I could not maintain that they were.

Ingeborg, on another evening, told me how she and her little brother burned to speak, face to face, with a Great Man—her rendering into English of Superman. They selected Tolstoi, and, like little Saint Theresa and her brother of old, set out to walk to him. Ingeborg, however, before she had gone an hour's journey, was overcome by fear of a nearer Superman than Tolstoi, and returned before she was missed.

The little Fritz went on, to be returned to his home by the police, after two days' absence.

Another Superman has sent him on a longer, harder journey now, poor soldier of William!

"I cannot bear the word Hanover on the lips of a Prussian," Ilse told me one day, in a fury; "we hate the Prussians as nothing else."

"You are the only person in this house with a heart," a little Silesian burst out to me; "but German people have no hearts. They are cruel."

"But you are German," I laughed.

"I am not," she screamed; "I am Silesian! But for Frederick the Great you would not dare call me German."

I certainly could not have called her German from her possession of Teutonic neatness, for she was the only untidy girl in the school, a fact for which she suffered, often, I thought, cruelly.

All the other girls were irreproachably tidy, and, when I read of the neat packages of sandwiches that the German women handed the soldiers, I thought involuntarily of those equally neat piles of their garments, in half-dozens or dozens, all tied with coloured ribbon, which were wont to repose in the chests-of-drawers of the Pensionat.

This wonderful orderliness, which seldom, if ever, rises to the daintiness so instinctive with the American woman, governs every act of a German girl, from her garments to her home letters. It makes, also, for great peace among them. During the two years that I taught them I never heard of a quarrel or dispute among room-mates.

It is the absence of this orderliness in the Englishwomen who float about Germany which so especially irritates the true German. Add to this the English amusement at German seriousness over trifles, and you have the present war in its incipency.

The Germans, unfortunately, take the initiative in turning

these uncongenialities into quarrels. One day, to illustrate, came a message from the village Frau Pastor:

"Would the English Miss of the Pensionat please remember that well-behaved German girls do not touch the backs of the pews in church with their backs, but sit quite erect? The English Miss lounged."

At first the "English Miss," who was only twenty, went pink over this message. Then, suddenly, she smiled and told the Pensionat-mother that she would try and remember not to touch the pew-back on the following Sunday.

"Weren't you angry?" I asked, when she told it to me as a joke, somewhat later.

"It was rather impertinent, I admit," she answered in the English offhand way. "But, after all, why quarrel over pew-backs? And father has always told me that I lounge."

A curious thing that I noticed was the effect that the forest had on so many of these girls. I have seen Herta, for instance, standing motionless amid the trees, as if the old worship were claiming her.

These things that I tell seem but trifles; but compare them, for a moment, with passages from the writers said to have caused this war.

Nietzsche, for instance, has taught the German that deference to the will of God is but a cover for pusillanimity. It is he who has taught the theory of the Superman and proclaimed the elevation of achievement and force over old-fashioned goodness.

Herr Pastor Traub, we read, has practically abandoned his belief in a personal God, and Nietzsche tells us that "man shall be trained for war," "woman, for the recreation of the warrior."

The more fully and thoughtfully we live, that same philosopher writes, "the more ready we are to sacrifice life for a single pleasurable emotion."

"Germany," we hear from Professor Cramb, "is preparing to create a world-religion."

And now for a picture or two of another side of that German life that I knew.

One afternoon I went with an Irish girl and her father to have coffee at the home of a certain officer and his wife in the little city near by. It was there that I saw the first evidence of a studied propaganda against England. We were sitting in the garden, when the Herr Lieutenant began upon the wrongs of Ireland, playing up, as he thought, to the nationalism of his male guest. Like the Kaiser, he received a truly Irish surprise, for the old man let him talk on until he made an attack upon Edward VII., then king. It was a covert thing that he said, full of insinuation.

Never shall I forget that old Irishman—I can see him still—as, rising, he removed his hat from his hoary head.

“Herr Lieutenant,” he said, “I would remind you that you speak to a loyal subject of King Edward VII.; and, Herr Lieutenant, remember also that it will be an evil day for Ireland if ever she forgets that she is also.” And then he sat down and changed the subject.

This was in 1904. In 1914 Ireland has acted exactly as did her old son on that afternoon in May.

This Frau Lieutenant borrowed a book of me. It was a book of my own writing, and the last of my publisher's six, and, when I was leaving Germany, I called to say good-bye and asked for it.

“But you cannot have it,” said the officer husband, smiling; “I wish to keep it.”

At first I thought he was joking, but he faced me with a look which makes me shudder for the women of Belgium when I think of it, and repeated: “You cannot have it, I say, gracious Fräulein; I wish to keep your book as a souvenir of you. It is not true that you must buy your own books. Yes, I shall keep it.”

What could I do? When human rights are ignored, there is only force, after politeness fails, to make them good. I could not hit the Herr Lieutenant over the head with

my umbrella, so I lost my book. As I was leaving, he accompanied me to the door, and, pressing an envelope into my hand, said gaily: "A fair exchange! The photograph of our little son for you, your book for me," and then, commanding me to send him a picture postcard from all towns where I might stop, he dismissed me.

On another occasion, when the "English Lady" declined food in his house, I saw again signs of the feeling against England.

We had spent the whole day in the company of him and his wife, as they had invited us for a day's excursion through the forest. We had eaten and drunk to repletion, and were only too glad to feel that we were soon to escape more food by taking our train to the school, as we drove past the station on the way to their home.

But no, the officer objected.

"You cannot take this train," he commanded, and refused to stop his horses.

At his home was another meal, the fifth of that day, weighing down a table.

The "English Lady," tired, half ill, declined.

"I am not hungry," she said; "you must excuse me."

And then burst the storm!

"You have come to our home and insulted German food," said the officer; "with English hypocrisy you would pretend that what you have to eat in England is better than the food we offer you here in Germany."

"My sister was starved in England," screamed the wife. "She went to a school in Liverpool. There was nothing, nothing—no sausages, no good cheese, only dry bread and herrings."

I found all the Germans in the Pensionat, except one, though very well-read women, singularly ignorant of the facts of other countries. They knew nothing of any of them, and sometimes resented such information, when given, as insulting to the German intellect. A teacher in the school, who spoke

several languages, but who refused to learn English because she hated England, declared the account of the great trees of California a fabrication.

When I hear people wonder at the German people believing only what is told them officially about the war, I recall that I was checked when I started to explain the causes of the Russo-Japanese War to my pupils.

"The Russians are Christians, the Japanese are heathen," I was instructed to tell them; "God will see that the Russians win."

With one little picture more I end.

On Sunday evenings the school always enjoyed a dance, as the German Sunday ends at sundown. There was in the school a young English girl of fifteen, gay, full of fun, and a lover of pleasure. I noticed, however, that she never danced, but sat against the wall, watching the merry-makers.

"Don't you like to dance?" I finally asked her, knowing her nature.

"Yes, very much," she answered politely.

"Then why don't you? You see, Sunday here is over."

But she shook her head.

"But not the English Sunday," she said, with a flush.

Then, after a little pressing, I heard how, the past Easter, she had been confirmed. She had not wanted this at first, but had yielded to please her mother.

"When I came here," she said, "I promised mother to remember that the English Church expects certain things of me, now I am a member. Of course, I want to dance," she added ruefully; "*but a promise is a promise, isn't it?*"

That, also, was *not modern*.

EVA MADDEN.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

SOME INSCRIPTIONS.

BERNARD HOLLAND, C.B.

IN Elizabeth's first Parliament certain Royal Commissioners were appointed with no less ambitious a "reference" than that of "establishing religion through the whole realm of England." One result of their proceedings to this end was that all roods and images in churches were burned in public, and in most places the copes, vestments, altar cloths, books, banners, and rood-lofts were added to the bonfire. The Commissioners also took care that the numerous inscriptions which were cut or painted upon the walls and pillars of almost all churches should be erased or whitewashed over. John Weever, a most worthy antiquary who travelled about England epitaph-hunting, has preserved some examples of these in his book of *Funerall Monuments*, published in 1631. Some of these inscriptions might, one would have thought, have escaped the accusation of idolatry, even in the reign of Elizabeth; but perhaps the men who destroyed them could not understand Latin. In these lines, often written below pictures of Christ crucified, there is careful guard against idolatry :—

Nec Deus est nec Homo præsens quem cerno figurâ ;
Et Deus est et Homo quæ signat sacra figura ;
Verus Homo, verusque Deus, tamen unus uterque.
Probra crucis petitur ; mortem subit, et sepelitur ;
Vivit, item crucis hic per signa triumphat ab hoste.
Id notum nobis crucis hujus litera reddit ;
Scilicet ipsius nota sunt crux et crucifixus ;
Hoc et ego veneror Iesum quoque semper adoro.

Not present God nor Man herein I see
 This sacred image signifies God and Man ;
 True Man, true God, both one and separate.
 He suffers shame of the Cross, is dead, and buried ;
 Lives, triumphs o'er the foe in the name of the Cross :
 The letter of this cross tells this to us.
 The cross and crucified are signs of Him,
 Jesus ; I also reverence and adore.

The explanation is still more explicit in the following lines, which, says John Weever, were in most abbey churches, under the picture of Christ :—

*Effigiem Christi, dum transis, semper honora ;
 Non tamen effigiem, sed quem designat, adora ;
 Nam Deus est quod imago docet, sed non Deus ipse ;
 Hanc videas et mente colas quod cernis in illâ.*

Honour Christ's figure whensoe'er you pass ;
 Yet not the sign, but whom it denotes, adore ;
 For the image teaches God, but is not God ;
 See it, and tend in mind what therein you perceive.

It might be said, " If such a warning were necessary, there was evidently danger of idolatry in the minds of the simpler folk, who, moreover, could not read Latin, nor, for that matter, English either." But the intention was to remind the clergy to teach truth to the people ; nor is there much reason to suppose that they failed to do so.

The following inscription was also common under pictures of Christ :—

*Sum Rex cunctorum, caro factus amore reorum,
 Ne desperetis, veniæ dum tempus habetis.*

I am the King of all, made flesh for love of the guilty,
 Do not despair, O men, while yet ye have time to win pardon.

Here, again, are lines under pictures of Christ in His passion recalling the note of the chants of Passion Week in the Roman rite :—

*Aspice, mortales, fuit unquam passio talis ?
 Peccatum sperna, pro quo mea vulnera cernis,
 Aspice qui transis, quia tu mihi causa doloris.*

Mortal, behold ! was ever a passion like to My passion ?
 Spurn from thee thy sin, for which thou see'st Me wounded,
 Thou who passest, behold ! for thou art cause of My sorrow.

In a similar inscription the Crucified exhorts man to mend his life :—

*Aspice, serve Dei, sic me posuere Judæi ;
Aspice devote, quoniam sic pendeo pro te ;
Aspice, mortalis, pro te datur hostia talis.
Introitum vitæ reddo tibi, redde mihi te.
In cruce sum pro te, qui peccas desine pro me
Desine ; do veniam ; dic culpam ; corrige vitam.*

Look, servant of God ! Jews thus have placed Me in torment ;
Look devoutly ! for thus, here am I hanging for thee ;
Look, mortal ! for thee is offered so priceless a victim ;
Entrance I give thee to life ; give thyself therefore to Me.
Crucified am I for thee ; for My sake cease from thy sinning ;
Cease ! I give pardon ; confess guilt, and make better thy life.

The following sweetly-ringing lines were frequent in English churches beneath representations of the Holy Trinity :—

*Ave Pater ! rex creator ; Ave Fili ! lux servator ;
Ave Pax et Caritas !
Ave Simplex ! Ave Trine ! Ave regnans sine fine,
Una summa Trinitas.*

*Ave Father ! King-creator ; Ave Son ! conserving light ;
Ave Peace and Charity !
Ave One-fold ! Ave Three-fold ! Ave reigning endlessly,
One and highest Trinity !*

Under a picture of the Holy Lamb was written :—

*Mortuus et vivus idem sum Pastor et Agnus ;
Hic Agnus mundum instaurat sanguine lapsum.*

Dead and living I am alike the Lamb and the Shepherd ;
This the Lamb restores with blood the world that is fallen.

Such inscriptions were ruthlessly wiped out by Elizabeth's Commissioners and their agents. They had, perhaps, more reason from the point of view of the Virgin Queen to execute her orders against the innumerable altars, images, and inscriptions dedicated by our pious fathers to the Virgin Mary, Star of the Sea and Queen of Heaven. Many of these inscriptions were long, and some were beautiful. Frequent short ones were :—

Hac non vade viâ nisi dicas Ave Maria !
Semper sit sine vae qui mihi dicat Ave !

Do not depart from hence without saying Ave Maria !
Ever be he without woe who to me sayeth Ave !

Or this—

Virginis intactæ cum veneris ante figuram
Prætereundo cave ne sileatur Ave.

When thou comest before the untouched Virgin's presentment,
Take, in passing, heed not to forget an Ave.

The following inscription, or one like it, was often painted
or cut in the bell tower :—

En ego campana nunquam denuncio vana,
Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum ;
Defunctos plango, vivos voco, fulmina frango ;
Vox mea vox vitæ ; voco vos ad sacra, venite !
Sanctos collaudo, tonitrus fugo, funera claudio.

Lo ! I the Bell do never announce to you vain things ;
God, true God, I praise, call the people, assemble the clergy,
Plain the dead and summon the living, and shatter the lightnings.
My voice the voice of life ; I call to you, " Come to things holy !"
With you praise the saints, rout thunder, chant the departed.

And here, carved around the rims of five bells in a Bedfordshire church, were lines ringing in Latin as mysteriously sweet as the bells themselves :—

1st Bell.

Hoc signum Petri pulsatur nomine Christi.
In the name of Christ is smitten this symbol of Peter.

2nd Bell.

Nomen Magdalene campana sonat melodie.
The Bell sounds with melody the name Magdalene.

3rd Bell.

Sit nomen Domini benedictum semper in ævum.
Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever and ever.

4th Bell.

Musa Raphaelis sonat auribus Immanuelis,
Muse of Raphael sounds for Immanuel.

5th Bell.

Sum Rosa pulsata mundi quæ Maria vocata.
Rose of the world am I, smitten, and Mary my name is.

Our ancient bells disappeared at the Reformation, or were melted down or sold to foreigners in the Civil War time. Some of their deep music, it is said, still sounds over Flemish and Italian cities.

What did we gain by erasing and destroying all these pious effigies and tender writings? In their place we became blest with inscriptions and effigies celebrating no longer Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints, but the wealth, lineage, and more or less imaginary virtues of local worthies, intruded not only into naves and aisles but into the very sanctuaries. How well old George Crabbe satirises this taste in his poem called "The Borough"!—

"Read of this Burgess; on the stone appear
How worthy he! how virtuous and how dear!
What wailing was there when his spirit fled,
How mourned his lady for her lord when dead!
See! he was liberal, kind, religious, wise,
And free from all disgrace and all disguise.
His sterling worth which words cannot express,
Lives with his friends, their pride and their distress.
All this of Jacob Holmes? for this his name,
He thus kind, liberal, just, religious! Shame!
What is the truth? Old Jacob married thrice,
He dealt in coals, and avarice was his vice,
He ruled the Borough when his year came on,
And some forget, and some are glad, he's gone."

Every old parish church, on its minor scale, gradually became a local Westminster Abbey. The images of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints, with their inscriptions, were replaced at Westminster by those of soldiers, sailors, statesmen, and men of science, arts, and letters. In one ancient side chapel sits, like a gigantic idol, the man who invented the steam locomotive. Near him is the Early Victorian bust of another with the sublime inscription: "He invented the system of penny postage." In rural and borough churches the place of sacred images was occupied by those of squires and their ladies, mayors and aldermen. These things symbolise a patriotism no longer of the divine, but of a secular, city. It is England honestly revering her own genius and gratefully honouring her

own saints, the men who extended her material and intellectual and industrial empire, who ruled in her parliaments and her parishes. It is a fine, bracing religion in its way, and men will die for it, but it hardly satisfies the thirsting soul of man. Was any man ever consoled in the hour of death, though he may have been elated in the fullness of life, by remembering the magnitude and glory of the British Empire? We can trace the beginnings of this change, from a tone of humility, resignation, and repentance, to one of complacent pride in national and family achievements. The metrical inscription on the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, at Canterbury, is a noble instance of the earlier tone. Some tombs of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Archbishops in York supply remarkably fine examples of the later style. None of these prelates, or at least, none of their executors, would have been content with the inscription which Cardinal Beaufort directed to be placed on his tomb at Winchester: "Tribularer si nescirem misericordias tuas" ("I should be troubled did I not know Thy mercies"). Well might he say this, for he was a haughty and secular prelate of the Richelieu type, and was chiefly responsible for the burning of Joan of Arc, now decreed Beata, and rapidly rising to be the patron saint of France.

Not in England alone did the style of monuments and spirit of inscriptions change in the sixteenth century. It was a European wave, and harmonised with the change in the architecture and ornamentation of churches. Disraeli makes an acute observation in his novel, *Lothair*. He is describing a church in Rome "raised during the latter half of the sixteenth century by Vignola, when, under the influence of the great Pagan revival, the Christian Church began to assume the character of an Olympian temple," and he says:—

"A central painted cupola of large but exquisite proportions, supported by pilasters with gilded capitals, and angels of white marble springing from golden brackets; walls encrusted

with rare materials of every tint, and altars supported by serpentine columns of agate and alabaster; a blaze of pictures and statues and precious stones and precious metals; denoted one of the chief temples of the sacred brotherhood of Jesus, raised when the great Order had recognised that the views of primitive and mediæval Christianity, founded on the humility of man, were not in accordance with the age of confidence in human energy, in which they were destined to rise, and which they were determined to direct."

Was the "great Order" right or wrong in using the vigorous adolescent spirit of that age, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*? This question touches some central issues. Should the Church be, like St Paul the Apostle, "all things to all men," all things to all ages? If while simple souls can be won to the religion by simple images and simple ceremonies, the rich and artistic can be won by more glorious and magniloquent symbols, is it wrong to use them? The worst of abounding too much in the spirit of any particular age is, no doubt, that the age passes, and leaves behind it buildings and adornments and effigies which may appear to its successors to be extravagant or tasteless. Then they may excite repulsion, and, like dead things, do more harm than good; and yet, because they are there, and are costly and solid, they may be difficult to remove. Simplicity, on the contrary, may sometimes be too little, but can never be too much, or repulsive.

Ruskin admirably showed in the *Stones of Venice* how the change of feeling symbolised itself in the sepulchral monuments of that former Queen of the Sea, who became paganised by too great riches. On the tomb of one of her senators is written in elegant Latin: "He conquered the Turks in war, himself in peace, and ascended from a noble family among the Venetians to one even more noble among the Angels." How unlike to this complacent and confident eulogy is such an inscription as that in Roman catacombs commemorating a young Christian officer in Hadrian's army!—

Tempore Adriani Imperatoris
Marius adolescens dux militum, qui
Satis vixit, dum vitam pro Christo
Cum sanguine consumsit, in pace tandem
Quievit. Bene morentes cum lacrymis
Et metu posuerunt.

“Cum lacrymis et metu.” With tears and in fear they laid their martyred boy to rest.

Even in our own days, in the less corrupted parts of Catholic countries, there are beautiful sepulchral inscriptions rising out of the heart of the people. In the Bologna cemetery there is, or was, an inscription :

Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna pace.

Not a word more. And what beautiful inscriptions are there not to be seen in the cemetery at Sorrento ! They usually take the form of words from the departed to the living, or from the living to the departed. In sublime simplicity and tender feeling, they often recall the famous line of Dante : “I was Pia. Sienna gave me life ; Maremma took it from me.”

The long epoch of complacent intellectual paganism lasted for almost three centuries unbroken, with, of course, many individual exceptions, even in inscriptions, from about 1550 to 1850, and has, since then, been waning. There has been a steady return since then to the earlier feeling, or at least to the earlier tone and style. Who now would dare, except here and there an eccentric, to inscribe on funeral monuments eulogies which seemed right and admirable a hundred years ago, if only for fear of the ridicule which slays ? Pride must now in memorials, as in dress, find more subtle and less conspicuous satisfactions if it is to escape the animadversions of jealous democracy.

And, after all, perhaps there is a real re-birth of the earlier Christian spirit. By the sad teaching of experience, weariness, satiety, disillusion, disappointment, the Europeans begin to discover the essential vanity of imagined social or intellectual

greatness and to learn of how small account is man apart from his touch with the life divine. To what have the nations been led by the centuries of "progress"? To the most colossal and terrible war in all history. Surely they have imagined a vain thing. Now that secular ambitions and ideals, and perhaps, one may even say, too unlimited and excessive patriotisms, have brought the nations to this bourne, something else may come by its own. There may be true prophecy in the words of the Catholic poet, Francis Thompson:—

"When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood,
Look up! O most sorrowful of daughters!
Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark,
For His feet are coming to thee on the waters."

The revelations of science have done much to make the mind of man descend from the height of self-exaltation. If mere philanthropy, liberalism, socialism, also prove incapable of securing peace and happiness to the race of man, there should be a great return to the individual and collective practice of the religion of Christ, and to that real and visible unity which is, as St Augustine says, the external form, or sacrament, of the highest of all virtues, charity.

BERNARD HOLLAND.

LONDON.

CHRIST'S SANCTION AS WELL AS CONDEMNATION OF WAR.

THE REV. J. M. WILSON, D.D.,

Canon of Worcester.

I.

WHAT was Christ's antithesis to war?

The answer at first seems obvious—it must have been *peace*. But it is worth considering whether this is so. For peace, by itself, is rather the negation, the absence of war, than its antithesis. War is, at any rate, a great action, and has a great aim; it commands consummate ability, devotion, preparation, self-sacrifice, co-operation. It can stir the heart of a nation, its heroes, artists, poets, and also its common people, to thoughts and deeds far above their ordinary selves. Peace, the mere negation, the absence, of war, offers by itself no such action and no such aim, or exalted inspiration. Peace ought to be regarded as a means, a condition for some higher end.

Or shall we say that Christ's antithesis to war is good-will to men?

That is nearer the truth: but good-will is too vague, too uninspiring. It rallies men to no standard; summons them to no action; furnishes them with no cry.

Nearer still is Christ's answer to James and John, contrasting the demand of the kings of the Gentiles for "lordship" with His own rule, for His followers, of mutual service. But

even that, far-reaching as it is, as governing personal principles, scarcely so covers the ground of national, and still less of international, relations as to furnish a clear antithesis, a rival Christian ideal, for war. Moreover, it does not fire the imagination. It scarcely suggests a policy.

But there is a further question, which always has troubled many minds. Does Christ sanction war? Did he, however remotely, contemplate it? "Can participation in war ever be justifiable to those who sincerely hold the Christian faith?" (*Labour Leader*, 11th March 1915) is a typical question. And it wants a plain answer.

For brevity, I quote here none of the familiar texts referring to war.

I believe that the fullest expression of our Lord's thoughts on human relations, actual and ideal, and in particular on those of war, and on both its antithesis and its sanction, is to be found in one of His parables, preserved in the Gospel of St John: a parable not understood, as we are expressly told, at the time, and generally misinterpreted since. We ought to know it as the *parable of the Wolf and the Shepherd*. Aggressive war is one of the expressions of the wolf-spirit, at present dominant in man. The antithesis of the wolf-spirit is the shepherd-spirit, at present nascent, weak, but growing, in man. Its ideal is freedom; freedom for all, freedom for life and spirit; freedom from the wolf; and it does not bar violence in combating the wolf. It furnishes, therefore, at once an antithesis to war and a sanction for war, and at last a cure for war. It furnishes also a cry: "Down with the Wolf!"

Let us devote a paragraph or two to the occasion and exegesis of this little-studied parable. All our Lord's parables were, of course, spoken with reference to the people He was addressing, and to the lessons He was endeavouring to teach them. We must look back, therefore, at the chapters in St John's Gospel preceding the tenth, the opening verses of which contain this parable, if we would apprehend its meaning.

The seventh and eighth chapters relate controversies between

Jesus and the Jews, and the utter inability of the Jews to understand Him. His views seemed to them so monstrous that their only desire is to stone Him. Then, in the ninth chapter, comes the healing of the blind man, his profession of belief in Christ, and his consequent expulsion from the synagogue by the Pharisees. Finally, comes our Lord's paradox that He had come "that they which see not might see, and that they which see might be made blind"; and the Pharisees' sarcastic question, "Are we blind also?" Our Lord replied to that question in this parable. Here it is.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the fold of the sheep, but climbeth up some other way,"—and the passage that follows shows that it is a wolf, not a man—"the same is a thief and a robber." The parable is too familiar, however, to be quoted entire. "But they understood not what things they were which He spake unto them." Yet it is a reply to their question. This point is clearly brought out in the Revised Lectionary.

Then follows, not indeed an explanation of the parable, but an extension of it. It is full of allusions to Ezek. xxxiv. Jesus tells them that He is "the door of the sheep." "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers." "The thief"—that is the wolf—"cometh not but that he may steal and kill and destroy." "I am come that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep: the hireling beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep and fleeth. . . . Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and they shall become one flock, one shepherd."

The Jews listen, and are still utterly mystified. What has all this to do with what has been said before?

It is plain that our Lord's later words do not closely follow the parable, or point its application. He tells them that He is the door; but He also tells them that He is the shepherd. No explanation is given of who is the wolf, or of what is the

fold; no explanation is given of the main contrast in the parable, between the wolf who climbs the wall and the shepherd who risks his life in fighting him. We are not told who were the thieves and robbers that came before Christ; nor who are the sheep not of this fold; nor is a hint given how the parable suggests an answer to the question of the Pharisees, *Are we blind also?*

Every interpretation of the parable must, therefore, be conjectural, and it has usually had spiritual significations attached to its various parts, disconnected from its circumstances. But, if I read it rightly, this parable explains why they did not understand Him. It is the key to the way in which Christ regarded the world of struggle in which He found Himself, and His own mission to it; and the study of this parable may help us therefore to see the great world through the eyes of Christ, and to see the cure of its evils as He alone saw it. It gives us an ideal, worthy to be an anti-thesis to war: and it implies the sad necessity, at present, and therefore gives the reluctant sanction, for war and struggle. Moreover, by giving us that ideal it gives us a Christian aim to keep before us as the end of every struggle, and compels us to think at every stage what spirit we are of.

II.

The parable fits the occasion: "You ask me," said our Lord, 'Are we blind also?' I must answer, Yes: you do not see what is before your eyes. There are two opposed principles in human nature governing men's conduct—one strong, universal, obvious to all; the other, which you fail to see, weak and partial. One is that might is right: that each is by nature the guardian of his own interests alone. This leads to wars, oppression, one-sided legislation, misery of the weak, an impoverished and distorted development of all. The other is that the best in human life is only brought out by mutual service in a common freedom; that the strong must assist the weak, if either strong or weak is to attain a full and

abundant life. Full and free and abundant life for all is the goal. In the parable," He seems to go on to say, "each principle is shown in naked contrast : the wolf-spirit, to steal, and kill, and destroy ; and the shepherd-spirit, that both ennobles him that protects, and ensures to all men free and abundant life. That is to be the ideal of the future. The shepherd-spirit is nascent already in man ; I," Christ tells them, "represent it ; and there are those even now who 'hear My voice' ; but the wolf-spirit is as yet dominant, and has always been so : all that came before Me are thieves and robbers. Our whole national history from Joshua downwards to the present day is the history of the wolf-spirit, in us or in our enemies. Assyrian and Babylonian, Persian, Greek, and Roman have successively played the wolf with us, as we did with the Canaanites. Ezekiel rebuked that spirit in our secular rulers. The same spirit has affected our religion. It has made the dominant sect intolerant. It was wolfish of you to put that blind man out of the synagogue. It makes you hate the Samaritans. It makes you heap burdens on others, which you do not touch with one of your fingers. The rich oppress the poor, and drag them before the judgment-seats : it makes the poor what they are ; and, still worse, it makes the rich what they are. It has utterly obscured and distorted your conception of God.

"That is plainly not the final ideal of life : it fails to bring welfare or happiness to mankind. Ye kill, and covet, and cannot obtain. Now the shepherd-spirit aims at securing full life and activity and freedom and safety for all : and the good shepherd, with his stout staff, will face the wolf as long as wolves exist, and defend the sheep, even at the risk of his life.

"It is this new spirit, the shepherd-spirit, that I am, at peril of my life, showing to this nation, and through them to the world ; for this shall be at last the ideal in all nations, however barbarous now. Other sheep I have which are not of this fold : them also I must bring. I am not a man of

peace only: the shepherd is at present also a man of war. I bring a sword upon earth, for the wolf has to be exterminated. It is a sword, but it is used only to ensure peace. It is when so wielded the cure of war."

Such, I imagine, were our Lord's thoughts, which gave unity and force and appropriateness to this parable. I take it to mean that the wolf-spirit, which grasps power and dominance for itself, which runs through all history, tribal and national, which has been inherited by us from countless generations of prehistoric ancestors, shall gradually give way in human nature, as the shepherd-spirit — which desires abundant life for all, and will fight, if need be, for freedom, if freedom cannot be secured otherwise—grows in strength.

It is an age-long struggle, and a highly dangerous one. For the wolf-spirit is sanctioned by precedent, by legislation, by convention, and by strong self-interest. Wolves hunt in packs; and wolves are pitiless. The wolf-spirit is the cause of the watchful and predatory relations between armed nations, between mutually suspicious classes, between competing individuals. We are naturally wolves to one another. *Homo homini ignoto lupus*, as Plautus says.

But our Lord showed, in all its completeness and power, another and an opposing principle in human nature—the shepherd-instinct, the desire to care for others, to protect. Women and men are found who will lay down their lives for others. That is the instinct, widespread, universal even, if weak, the divine instinct of the shepherd. Christ, in His own Person, embodied the principle in its purest form—manifested it in its extremest results; and the world, therefore, hails the Cross, though it scarcely fully knows why, as the symbol of salvation—not from sin only, but from all the turmoil and misery of the life of man. The Good Shepherd gives His life for the sheep; and at last, through His sacrifice and through that of His followers, the sheep shall have freedom, the full and free and abundant life.

In this far glance into the future development of man,

Christ was unintelligible to His contemporaries. But can we not, assisted by the light which nineteen centuries have thrown on that development, more consciously and purposefully make His ideal and His methods our own? Man has already risen, the evolutionists tell us, above other base and anti-social animal instincts; now we have to repudiate the wolf in us: now we have to identify our feeble instincts of brotherhood and love with the essential divine in us, and follow on the line that Christ has anticipated towards union with God.

Naturally, the only reply that the Jews could make to the parable was the obvious and simple one that men still make when such ideals are declared: "He hath a devil and is mad." All are counted mad, as Plato says, who have been divinely released from the common ways of men, and have looked on the eternal goal. To proclaim such a paradox as that men should cease to be wolves to one another, is clear evidence to the mass of men of madness, if not of devilish anarchy.

Yet, to this paradox the world is tending. The wolf is to die out.

The more I reflect on this contrast which our Lord draws between His aim—that all shall have the abundant life—and the then dominant axiom of practice—that all have a right, if they have the power, to exact from others all the service they can extort—the more does it seem to me to demonstrate the actual, achieved results on society due to Christianity in the world; and the more it illuminates the path of right and of hopeful progress in the future. It is not merely *one* of the lessons of Christianity, it is *the* lesson. He came "to preach good tidings to the poor, to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." And this, assuredly, had then, and it has now, not only a spiritual, but a temporal meaning. This is of the essence; it is more; it is *the* essence of Christianity—the sacredness of human nature: its capacity for manifesting the divine: its right to do so. This is the one ideal, supreme over all else.

III.

Now there is one consideration which markedly differentiates this war from all others. It is the decisive struggle, at any rate for centuries to come, whether wolf-morality is to be the only morality recognised between nations. It is this consideration, that the whole higher and Christian ideal of international relations is involved in this war, that made neutrality impossible for us, and that makes compromise or cessation through weariness impossible. If the stake at issue were only the possession of India, or the payment of a huge indemnity, peace might be made acknowledging defeat, without loss of the national ideal; but to have refused to declare war last August, or to make a premature peace now while this issue of the supremacy of the wolf-spirit is at stake, would be to abandon what the British race and British Empire stand for: to abandon what we may humbly and reverently believe to be the mission of the race: to abandon all hope of the ultimate dominance of the spiritual over the animal, all hope of the Kingdom of God on earth. It would be to abandon all belief in the divine destiny of the human race. All the progress hitherto made towards securing the free and safe and full and abundant life for all would be sacrificed; and Europe, at least, would suffer a reversion to ideals which only differ from those of heathen barbarism by being now defended by philosophers and theologians, and carried out in action with every aid that science and consummate organisation can bring to their methods, to increase their diabolical efficiency.

The German Emperor is reported (*Times*, 5th March 1915) to have said:—

“One advantage we have over our enemies is that they have no watchword. They know not for what they fight, nor for what they get killed. They carry the heavy knapsack of an evil conscience, having fallen upon a peace-loving people.”

Self-deception, if it is self-deception, can go no further. We fight the wolves of Prussia. They shall not overrun

Europe and Asia and the world. Our watchword is, "Down with the wolves!" We know for what we fight, and we know that we fight as much in their real interests as in our own.

IV.

It is perhaps worth while to look for a moment at past history, as illustrating the influence in international relations of what I have called the shepherd-spirit, evoked, strengthened, hallowed in man by the faith of Christ, upon the natural wolf-spirit of our race. History, national experience, is the method by which God teaches nations, as personal experience is that by which He teaches individuals. And its study makes despair and pessimism impossible.

The inherited belief as to war and force, of the generation to whom our Lord spoke, was that the cruel wars of extermination they had waged in the early history of the nation, were "wars of the Lord," waged against the real, but inferior, deities of other nations; and that it would not be until the national Jehovah was recognised as the sole God of all the world that the "nations would flow unto the mountain of the Lord's house, and shall not learn war any more." But the hope had long been relegated to a distant age, and only dreamed of in apocalypses. Force was the only title in that age. The Roman Empire was so strong that the early Church could not have conceived the possibility of escaping from it. The Pax Romana was a prohibition of war; but it was not peace. The morality of the empire was simply that of the wolf. Cæsar tells us, for example, if I recollect right, that the Senate of the Veneti, yielded to his mercy. He put them all to death. He makes no comment. He tried to kill, he tells us, the whole tribe of the Eburones; and mentions, without disapprobation, that at some place in France his soldiers killed 40,000 men, women, and children. Think of the early emperors—whom Gibbon enumerates as "the dark, unrelenting Tiberius, the furious Caligula, the feeble Claudius,

the cruel and profligate Nero, the beastly Vitellius, and the timid, inhuman Domitian." The age of the shepherd had not then dawned.

The laws of war were summed up in *Vae victis!*

And when in successive centuries Goths and Scythians, and Huns, and Vandals, and Lombards, and others, poured, wave after wave, westward and southward on the crumbling empire, the wolf-spirit was supreme on all sides. Blood was poured out like water. Of Attila it was said that where his horse planted his foot, grass would never grow.

Yet some influence did at length pervade and change these savage tribes. Between the ninth and eleventh centuries, or thereabouts, other countries, as Bulgaria, Hungary, Bohemia, Saxony, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Russia, were leavened by Christianity. Gibbon makes, of course, his usual sarcastic remarks. But his final words in Ch. 55 are worth quoting: "The admission of the Barbarians into the pale of civil and ecclesiastical society relieved Europe from the depredations by sea and land of the Norman, the Hungarian, and the Russian, who learned to spare their brethren, and cultivate their possessions. The establishment of law and order was promoted by the influence of the clergy, and the rudiments of art and science were introduced into the savage countries of the globe. . . . They imbibed the free and generous spirit of the European republic, and gradually showed the lights of knowledge which arose on the Western world." Christianity did introduce a new spirit.

The wolf, however, is hard to expel, whether from pagan, Christian, or Mahommedan. During the Crusades no savagery between Mahommedan and Christian exceeded that between the Greek and Latin Churches. Each side massacred the other and sold them into slavery.

The Empire of Spain, the Conquest of Mexico and Peru, Alva's treatment of the Netherlands, were the work of the wolf, and much of our own Empire has been built up in the same way. I am far from saying that Germany now, and

always, represents the wolf, and that Great Britain now, and always, represents the shepherd, the disinterested and self-sacrificing guardian of the interests of the weak. World-history since the peace of Westphalia will not justify any such claim. But that England has learnt much in the last hundred years, can give freedom to its colonies, and rules its dependencies and protectorates not in the wolf-spirit, is shown by the instant and spontaneous rally of the Empire at the call of danger; and not less by the universal desire to atone for past wolfishness, if atonement be possible, in its own dealings with Ireland. Europe has also learnt much. And everyone knows that since the sixteenth century, and especially of late years, laws or conventions of war, limiting, as far as may be, the savagery and cruelty that had accompanied war, have grown up, and have been assented to by all civilised nations. A very great advance has been made towards the establishment of a court of international authority, which may in its time develop into a court of international power. Ideas are in the air, and taking form, which may soon result in the formation of universal international Courts of Inquiry, before war is declared; of an international Judiciary; and, finally, of an international Executive to enforce its decisions.

In fact a new conscience has sprung up, through Christian feeling, not limited entirely to Christian countries, which insists that wars of aggression and conquest are detestable, and insists that there shall be all mitigations in war possible. That conscience was shocked by the order of the German Emperor to his troops in China to resemble the Huns, to take no prisoners. And it is shocked by the whole attitude of the German military class since 1870, its ceaseless rattling of the sabre, its immense preparations for aggressive war, its unscrupulousness in diplomacy, and now its appalling savagery and ruthlessness in war. Germans stand revealed as wolves who now imperil the freedom of Europe, as others have done before. It is that which unites us all, not against "a peace-loving nation," but against a nation whose masters have

drugged and deceived it till they believe that it is their divine mission to "Germanise" and rule the world by force.

This conscience has till now found gradually increasing expression in the conduct of wars, and in all international relations. We have seen some approach to what in 1870 Mr Gladstone hoped would be "the greatest triumph of our time—the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." And Mr Asquith has explained this to mean:—

1. The repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of states ;
2. The free development of smaller states ; and
3. A European partnership for the recognition of equal right, established and *enforced* by a common will.

In other words, great nations are learning to play the part of the shepherd in their duty to disallow and resist the part of the wolf, even at the risk of life, as Belgium did.

It is the conviction that Prussianism—like Ottomanism,—in this aspect of it, is a monstrous anachronism in Christendom, a menace to the development of the whole race of man, that justifies the awful price we are paying for entering on this war and carrying it through at whatever cost.

We do find, then, in Christ's teaching both an antithesis to war—viz. freedom for nations to develop on their own lines and live their own life ; and a sanction for war in the duty to demand for ourselves and all other nations that freedom ; and, at least under some circumstances, to use force in repelling the wolf who would rob us of it. And we find in history a general and progressive advance towards the acceptance of these principles—an advance abruptly stopped and reversed by the deliberate policy and action of Germany.

V.

It is obvious that the wolf-spirit which Christ condemned is identical with the "will to power" which Nietzsche has extolled. Hence this parable brings out into the clearest

light the fundamental antagonism between the world-philosophy, the conception of the goal of human development (if I may venture to use such phrases), of Christ, with those of Nietzsche.

Nietzsche openly avowed this complete antagonism. "Christianity," he said, "was the vampire of the *Imperium Romanum*; it destroyed the grandest form of organisation that has yet been realised. . . . With that I conclude and pronounce my sentence. I condemn Christianity. To me it is the greatest of all imaginable corruptions. The Church is the great parasite; with its anæmic ideas of holiness it drains life of all its strength and its love and its hope; I have no words to express my sentiments of a thing so abominable."

Moreover, the parable not only brings out the antagonism, but it also supplies Christ's answer by anticipation to Nietzsche's teaching as to the goal of human development, and his resultant ethics.

Nietzsche taught that to gratify the "will to power" was the supreme law of right action; and therefore the duty of every man, because it was the only way by which man could consciously promote the advance of mankind to something higher or greater than the present race of men. The progress of life in the past had been effected by struggle, life ever tending to surpass itself. It was man's duty, he taught, to co-operate with this age-long striving through ruthless struggle towards perfection. It was this that had developed man out of far inferior creations; struggle was the divine eternal method of winning a way to something higher. He taught, as a direct consequence of this conception of the goal of human progress and of the pathway to it, that what we regard as virtues, self-restraint, humility, pity, gentleness, are sins. It was on this ground he condemned Christianity as subversive of true morality, by its honouring as virtues the faults or defects of the weak, and thus producing a decadent race.

Now what is Christ's reply? It is what he gave to the

Pharisees. It is that besides this "will to power," which has served its purpose in all living creatures, there is in man, often buried deep in his sub-conscious nature, but destined to rise into full consciousness, a far higher, nobler, greater power, the "will to love," the shepherd-spirit. A far higher power, because, while the supremacy of the "will to power" can confessedly result only in ceaseless struggle, in the crushing and dwarfing the lives of myriads to create a few immoral, tyrannical, and unhappy "superanimals," the supremacy of the will to love, aiming at a universal freedom of all to have the full and abundant life, cannot but issue in a race of "supermen" of a very different kind, with the joys that come from brotherhood and mutual service, and a life of growing union with God. This is a very different conception of the goal of truly human development, and the pathway to it is lit by the spirit of the Good Shepherd, and not by that of the wolf.

These are the two forces which are contending in the world-struggle of to-day. The will to power is, with the leaders of the German nation, regarded as the supreme law of right. The German Emperor constantly appeals to his God: never to Christ. He claims the support of his God, a God as truly made in man's image as any idol of wood or stone; not a heavenly Father, a God of love, of whom Christ could say, "I and my Father are One." The will to power, formulated by Nietzsche, is the practical religion of the leaders of Germany to-day.

How profoundly it has altered the soul of the nation! I was reading the other day an article in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* for January 1915 on the Friends' Mission to France in 1870, to relieve—as they are doing to-day—the sufferings of non-combatants. Here is what one of them, Henry J. Allen, wrote from Nancy on October 31st, 1870: "The two things which have struck us increasingly from day to day are the power, organisation, the culture and the mildness of the Prussians. No conquerors could, so far as I have seen, deport themselves with more forbearance than the

Germans. . . . The Prussians shared their rations generously in almost all cases with the people in the villages they occupied." That was before Nietzsche had turned his mind from Classical Philology to Ethics. What a contrast between 1870 and 1914! even though we admit that Mr Allen's experience was limited.

Nietzsche's hatred and contempt were not for Christ, but for Christianity as he saw it. He saw it as a religion retaining little but the name of its Founder; with little of His virility and passion and devotion to nobler aims; honey-combed by unbelief, by its divisions and jealousies; individualistic, unworthy, ready to perish. In contrast with this, Nietzsche's own ideal inspired him, and it has inspired the German dominant caste and leaders of thought.

The only effective reply is a far more inspiring ideal of Christianity. We need the clear discernment of that goal which Christ put before Him, and the steady, united, organised pressing forward to it. We have forgotten the goal, the free and full and abundant life for all, a life in which the Spirit of God may dwell. That is the birthright of all; and it can only be won by struggle and sacrifice. We have forgotten that we are a Church militant.

But to follow this thought would lead us too far.

VI.

But there are, as hinted above, other manifestations in man of the wolf-spirit. It is the cause, as I said, not only of the watchful and predatory relations between armed nations, but between mutually suspicious classes and between competing individuals. We are naturally wolves to one another.

If, then, our hope is that this great world-war will introduce a new era in Christendom of international peace, by the curbing of the wolf-spirit between nations and the strengthening of international good-will, that hope can only be finally realised by the simultaneous weakening or curbing

of the wolf-spirit within each nation, and in our individual selves. Some progress towards that goal has been going on for centuries past, under the influence of Christian feeling, as the briefest retrospect will show.

The wolf-spirit in the old world found its natural social and industrial expression in slavery, and then in serfdom. It regarded men as the means for gratifying the desire for power and wealth—for "lordship," as Christ said—and not as an end in themselves. The wolf-spirit in our society still claims the right to get all the service that it can get, legally and without scandal, from others, and the right to disregard the nature of the life which those who serve us lead, however stunted—to treat that as their business, not ours. That spirit, which in pre-Christian and mediæval times justified slavery, justifies to-day the present social and industrial system, with its huge inequalities of wealth and position, and its hideous morass of suffering and shame at the bottom. Most of us take all this as a matter of course, as inevitable, unalterable, and avert our eyes from it, and may even persuade ourselves that it is God's will. There it lives and festers.

But we cannot imagine that Christ, when on earth, averted His eyes from it. He saw that the wolf-spirit in national life was not God's ultimate will for men. He came to redeem the world from it, that everyone might have life, and have it abundantly. Such a life implies freedom and therefore protection and opportunity for each to be his best and truest self. Inspired by Christian feeling, the Christian world came to see that the life of a slave is not a truly human life, because it is denied such opportunity. Under the same inspiration it has done much towards making equal laws for all, rich and poor, men and women; but it has yet to learn to see, as through the eyes of Christ, the life into which at least the lowest tenth of our fellow English men and women are born: as little a worthy life as slavery, and for the same reason.

We have not, in fact, as a nation, rejected the horrible underlying principle that gave sanction, as well as motive, to the industrial revolution; that childhood, womanhood, manhood were, in the interests of the nation, subordinate in importance to production. The wolf-spirit found in capitalism a new sphere of action; the weak, nay the weakest, were exploited, even to death, in the interests, as alleged, of production: good men defended it—there is the tragedy. The Churches did not duly champion the rights of the weak. They have, indeed, leavened the whole nation with a uniform and universal ideal of character—that of Christ. Everyone means the same thing, and everyone means it as the highest praise, to say that something was a Christian act. That is their work; the foundation of much that will be built on it. Rarely, however, has the Church, as a body, resisted the wolf.

Still in Great Britain there has been real progress, if one reckons it by centuries. A hundred years ago the political powerlessness and the economic servitude of the masses were far greater than they are now: there was less skilled, well-paid labour; a larger fraction of wage-earners was in the depths of poverty: the position of women and children was defenceless, and therefore far worse; the education, and with it the manners and morals, of the wage-earning class have advanced beyond recognition of the Englishman of a hundred years ago. Social distinctions are less pronounced. Life has been lengthened by better sanitation, infant life less inhumanly disregarded, toil diminished and recreation increased, old-age pensions introduced, domestic comforts and diffused wealth increased. It has been estimated that the wealth "in paraphernalia and hoard" of the working class in 1813 could scarcely be estimated at £6 a head, and now could not be put at less than £25 a head (Mr and Mrs Sidney Webb, *Statesman*, 2nd February 1914). And these writers go on to point out that in all classes there is a manifestly growing desire for such progress, and increasing fitness and capacity for it, and there is "the silent persistent pressure of a people traditionally free."

Yes, there is undoubted and hopeful progress. But who has not continually met the feeling among the income-tax-paying class that the demand of the proletariat for a fuller life, for better housing, higher wages, more education, leisure and recreation, is not reasonable, nay is selfish, even wicked, because the result would be to lessen their efficiency in production, and strike at profits? Men are still regarded as means, not ends.

Quite as marked is the attitude of the ordinary citizen to what is called the Women's Movement. It is usually assumed that, in asking for the same freedom as men to develop their own powers in order to serve the community, women are ignoring the rights of what is called "the stronger sex." There is no sphere of life in which the shepherd-spirit is so little displayed as in the relations of men to women, taken as a whole.

I bring no charge against capitalism or the employers of labour of to-day. No one can by himself leap out of his age; we are all bound by a thousand ties and fetters. We cannot move faster than the morality and character and Christianity of the whole nation enable us to move. But we are moving, thanks to the faithful, immeasurable, unrecognised work of myriads, nay of millions, of men, women, and children, in whose hearts have been planted the ideal and the love of Christ.

It is by the gradual growth of this Christian ideal that progress during the last hundred years has been made; and in that progress, and in the ideal that caused it, is our greatest hope for the future. But when this war is over, it must be seen more clearly and generally, and pursued more rapidly, or revolution will come to throw progress back.

Pari passu, then, with the desire for the banishment or curbing of the wolf-spirit between nations is growing the desire for curbing it between classes; and in both cases it is the spirit of Christ that is moving the world.

I know well that many excellent men and women will passionately deny that there is anything Christian in the Labour movements of our time. But I think that George

Haw is right when he says (HIBBERT JOURNAL, January 1915, p. 386): "The greatest religious movement of to-day is the awakening of spiritual life among the working classes." One after another of the leaders of Labour say in varied words that the force and spring of social and economic progress is to be found in the teaching of Christ—in carrying into practice the rule to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to play the part of the shepherd towards the weak, and not that of the wolf. That whole article should be read by anyone who doubts, or denies, the truth of what I say. Space only forbids my quoting from it.

There is one more brief word that must be spoken on a great cognate subject. It is essentially the same wolf-spirit that has produced the deplorable relations that have long existed between the branches of the Church of Christ—relations which appear to be at present entirely unmitigated by the spectacle of the ruin which that spirit has wrought among the nations of Christendom. It is this spirit, and its results, which render the Church of Christ powerless, collectively or sectionally, to influence international estrangements and wars. The retort made to any such attempt would be too crushing—"Physician, heal thyself."

Never was it more urgent that all the sections of the Christian Church should each draw a line between what they hold as primary and essential in their faith as Christians, and what they are willing to regard as secondary, variable, local, temporary; and with earnest prayer for unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, so to draw that line, that no body of men which strives to live in and manifest the spirit of Christ, shall be deemed unworthy to be regarded as members of the one Catholic Church, or be deprived of the goodwill, the prayers, and the brotherhood of all, and as much intercommunion as they desire.

And never could it be more manifest that the leadership in this endeavour to realise in religion Christ's desire for freedom and life for mankind devolves at this moment on that

great Anglo-Saxon race, which is sacrificing so much of blood and treasure and tears to do the same service for the nations of Christendom, to save them from moral downfall. If this war does not unite the Churches, it will proclaim their doom as withered branches, no longer fed by the life of Christ.

Finally, let us try to realise that we are called on to live and play our part in the greatest age which England, or the world, has ever passed through. When, at the end of the war, the great international questions are to be settled, the British Empire and its Allies, with some at least of its present enemies, and the United States of America, may combine to play a part that shall usher in a new age of the world, and make this the greatest epoch of history. May the British people and British statesmen and British churchmen rise to the high demand; and may generous and trustful, but wise and strong, heads and hearts simultaneously guide our own nation through its industrial transformation!

J. M. WILSON.

WORCESTER.

THE GOLDEN RULE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PRESENT CONDITIONS.

PROFESSOR E. A. SONNENSCHN.

AT a time like the present, when the teachings of Christ on the subject of war are being canvassed by all who profess and call themselves Christians, and many earnest men are driven to say that we can no longer lay claim to that title, it is well to make sure, if we can, what is the actual meaning of the precepts of Christ. It is, indeed, strange that after nearly two thousand years' preoccupation with the subject the world should still be in any doubt about the matter. Yet recent enquiries have driven me to the conclusion that one of the cardinal texts of Christianity—the "Golden Rule" itself—is generally, nay almost universally, misunderstood in this country; and I shall try to explain how this has come about.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets" (St Matthew vii. 12); "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise" (St Luke vi. 31). In what sense are these words generally understood? I have consulted several clergymen and laymen; and I have always got the same answer—an answer which agrees with the impression which I myself have had as to the meaning of the text for over half a century. It is that we are bidden to do to others what we should wish them to do to us, if our positions were reversed—if we were in their place, and they in ours. "Put yourself in

his place " is a homely form of the principle which it is supposed that Christ embodied in the Golden Rule.

That this is the current interpretation seems to be shown by the attempts which have been made by philosophers to go beyond it. Strauss tells us that Kant's rule of right conduct was based on dissatisfaction with the Golden Rule as appealing to *inclination*. Kant wanted to base his rule on reason, and therefore said: "So act that the dictate of thy will may always pass at the same time for the principle of a general legislation" (Strauss, *The Old Faith and the New*, Engl. transl., p. 272). Whether this was the actual genesis of the Kantian rule I do not know. The maxim is given in a slightly different form in Professor Watson's *Selections from Kant* (p. 242, in the edition of 1901): "So act as if the maxim from which you act were to become through your will a universal law of nature."

I do not wonder that philosophers have felt the Golden Rule, as understood by them and others, to be defective. For it leads directly to such *ἀπορία* as the following. A beggar in the street asks me for money: I ought to give it, because I, if I were in the same situation, should wish another person so to behave towards me, and my hypothetical wish is an index of the wishes of the beggar. An *employé* asks for a rise in his wages: I ought to grant it, because his wish is only what I myself should wish in the same circumstances. An enemy country wishes that we should not make energetic efforts to repel its attacks: we ought to abstain, because if our positions were reversed there is nothing that we should desire more than inactivity on the part of *our* enemies.

Is this what Christ taught? I answer unhesitatingly, No. We have been the victims of a misleading translation—a translation which possibly was less misleading in the seventeenth century than it is now, though I doubt this, but one which to the plain man of the present day at any rate suggests a false meaning. The words of the original Greek are, literally translated, "Whatsoever you *will* (or *wish*) that men should do to you" (Matthew); "As you *will* (or *wish*) that men should

do to you" (Luke). The word *would* was perhaps intended by the translators of the Authorised Version to bear this meaning; but it was, at least, unfortunate. Ὅσα ἂν (or ἐὰν) θέλητε cannot denote "whatsoever you *would wish*"; still less, if possible, can καθὼς θέλετε (Luke) bear this meaning. But the reader naturally interprets *would* in the sense of *would wish* (or *would will*), and supplies as the understood clause of condition "if you were in the position of the other party." It is true that the *would* might be otherwise interpreted, as meaning "*would if you had the chance*" (or something of that kind). But this interpretation does not so naturally suggest itself to the reader.

It is probably due to a misunderstanding of the original that recent translators have acquiesced in the "would." The Revised Version retains it in both passages; so does Dr Weymouth (1903). The Twentieth Century New Testament (1904) goes one worse in the first of the two passages: "Do to others whatever you *would wish* them to do to you" (the italics are mine). In the second passage it translates correctly: "Do to others as you *wish* them to do to you." It would seem that where these recent translators retained the conditional form, they did so because they thought that it expressed the meaning better than a plain indicative. The error has not, however, been shared by the translators of French and German versions: there I read, "Tout ce que vous *voulez* que les hommes vous fassent"; "Alles was ihr *wünscht* (or *wollet*) dass euch die Leute thun sollen," etc. Nor does the Vulgate differ: "quæcumque vultis," "prout vultis."

If we turn to the parallel forms in which the Golden Rule appears in other writings, we find for the most part a plain indicative or its equivalent in the subordinate clause. This is true both of the positive and of the negative forms of the rule. The negative form appears in the dictum of Hillel in the Talmud: "What thou hatest thyself, that do not thou to another. This is the whole law; all the rest is commentary";

in the *Διδαχή* i. 2, πάντα δὲ ὅσα ἐὰν (= ἂν) θελήσῃς μὴ γενέσθαι σοι, καὶ σὺ ἄλλῳ μὴ ποίει, "All things, whatsoever you will (or wish) not to happen to yourself, do not you to another"; in the Book of Tobit iv. 15, "What thou thyself hatest, do to no man"; in Philo ii. 629, ἂ τις παθεῖν ἐχθαίρει, μὴ ποιεῖν αὐτόν, "A man should not do what he hates to suffer"; in Isocrates (*Nikokles*, p. 39c), ἂ πάσχοντες ὑφ' ἐτέρων ὀργίζεσθε, ταῦτα τοὺς ἄλλους μὴ ποιεῖτε, "What angers you to suffer at the hands of others, that do not to others"; and in the Stoic maxim, *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris*, "Do not do to another what you do not wish to be done to yourself." The positive form is found in the saying attributed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius (v. i. 21): ἐρωτηθεὶς πῶς ἂν τοῖς φίλοις προσφεροίμεθα ἔφη "Ὡς ἂν εὐξαίμεθα αὐτοὺς ἡμῖν προσφέρεσθαι, "Being asked how we should behave towards our friends, he replied, *As we should pray for them to behave towards us.*" Here, and in a few passages of Seneca which are similar to the Golden Rule in its positive form, the conditional form of expression is used.

What, then, is the meaning of the correct translation of the Gospel passages? What is it that I wish (or will) that men should do to me? The answer must necessarily be quite general: I desire that they should do me *good*, that they should treat me with justice and consideration. What I *should desire* if our positions were reversed is an altogether different matter; I might very easily desire something other than my good. To shift the question from my general desire for good to my particular desires in a hypothetical case is precisely to raise the wrong question. The Golden Rule is simply an injunction to render to others what one desires to receive from them—good.

But what is good? That is a question to which no general formula will supply an answer. Nor does the Golden Rule profess, so far as I see, to provide an infallible guide to right action in all circumstances. It contents itself with laying down a general principle, to be interpreted by each man in accordance with the best light that he has. One thing, how-

ever, is clear. We do the precept wrong if we identify it with an exhortation to make our action depend upon what may be supposed to be the wishes of other people. The idea of the good includes far more than the idea of the pleasant. Suffering for sins committed is part of the good, as Plato declares in several weighty passages of the *Gorgias*. Injustice is a greater evil to him who commits it than to him who suffers it; yet there is a still greater evil than to commit injustice—namely, having committed it, not to suffer retribution for it. For one of the offices of punishment is to act as a healing medicine to the soul (*Gorgias*, 472 E, 509 A, 525). The same doctrine is at least implicitly (perhaps explicitly) enunciated in Hebrews xii. 4-11: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," "for our profit," "the fruits of righteousness."¹ In a sense this doctrine is, indeed, contained in the Golden Rule, if interpreted as I interpret it. For an enlightened man may, if he has done wrong, desire to be punished, as part of the good to be rendered to him by others; and he may on the same principle feel bound to mete out punishment to others. Nay, we may go further. Any theory of right conduct which excludes this principle is directly opposed to the Golden Rule and to other texts which enjoin the doing of good to our fellow-men, whether friends or enemies.

The precept "Put yourself in his place" also requires to be carefully guarded if it is to be a guide to the right understanding of the motives and actions of others. Rightly interpreted, it leads to our putting our better selves in the place of others. But what if we put in the others' place simply *ourselves*, with all our imperfections on our heads? The fatal results have been illustrated in recent literature and history. Bernhardt argues several times that England *must* have done certain more or less shady things, because it was obviously her interest to do them—in other words, he interprets English

¹ It is found also in the Old Testament: Isaiah xix. 22, "smiting and healing"; Proverbs xx. 30, "stripes that wound cleanse away evil."

action in the light of German *Realpolitik*. For example, England *must* have been desirous of destroying Germany as a commercial competitor;¹ England *must* have wished to stir up a war between Austria and Russia, in the hope that such a war might lead to a general European war.² And German methods of conducting the present war have provided us with a key to the charge which they brought against us during the Boer War—the charge that our soldiers had screened themselves behind Boer women from the bullets of Boer husbands and fathers.

The question how far Christianity is opposed to all war—even war in a righteous cause—is too large a problem to be dealt with here. But the Golden Rule obviously has a bearing upon it. I venture to think that my interpretation of that rule removes one stumbling-block from the path of those who maintain that a just war is not unchristian. And it seems to me that my interpretation really strengthens the claim of the Golden Rule to our whole-hearted allegiance by exempting it from a criticism to which it has been thought to be exposed.

One word about the attitude of the early Christian Church. When Tertullian and other fathers have to answer the question whether Christians might lawfully become Roman soldiers, they argue the question upon the ground that to be a soldier involves acquiescence in certain pagan ceremonies. It seems to be a legitimate inference (i.) that they knew of no precept of Christ's forbidding war, (ii.) that they did not consider war to be in itself contrary to the spirit of Christ, (iii.) that they took for granted the right of a citizen to bear arms in defence of his country. As a matter of fact, large numbers of early Christians served in the Roman armies.

Personally, I do not believe that what we know in our hearts to be right can ever be proved to be wrong by an appeal to texts, however august. And it seems to me a

¹ See *Our Future* (Engl. transl. by Ellis Barker, p. 144).

² *Ibid.*, p. 160.

strange thing that the Society of Friends, which has always made the doctrine of the Inner Light a prominent feature of its system of ethics, should fall back upon texts of scripture as a bulwark for the defence of the doctrine of non-resistance. For the conscience of mankind, including that of many members of the Society of Friends, pronounces the resistance of Belgium to have been a noble thing, and an example for all time. But if some Friends insist on pinning their faith to the text "Resist not evil," let them at least be consistent and take account of *all* texts, and be sure that they interpret them rightly. One text, bearing directly on the question of resistance, is strangely ignored.¹ I refer to the passage in St Luke xxii. 36-38, "When I sent you forth without purse and wallet and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing. And he said unto them, But now he that hath a purse let him take it, and likewise a wallet: and he that hath none let him sell his cloke and buy a sword. . . . And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, It is enough." In this passage I see a plain approval of the principle of armed defence in the circumstances which the apostles would have to face in the future, as distinct from the circumstances of an earlier time. "Some little time ago," says the Master, "I told you to go as sheep into the midst of wolves, without purse, or wallet, or shoes. But circumstances are now changed; buy swords and prepare to defend yourselves against violence." A few verses lower down we read of St Peter being actually armed with a sword and using it against the High Priest's servant. It was, then, in obedience to his Master's bidding that he carried a sword.² The words of Jesus in verse 51, *ἐὰντε ἕως τούτου*, admit of various

¹ For example, by Mr W. Blair Neatby in *The Christian and War* (1915): "It is a very remarkable thing that, in a world where violence held unchallenged sway, Christ taught the duty of going unarmed." In *The Friend* (4th Dec. 1914) he attempted, unsuccessfully in my opinion, to dispose of Luke xxii. 36-38.

² See *The Immorality of Non-resistance*, by the Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, p. ix: "How came they to be carrying swords at all, if Jesus had taught them unconditional non-resistance?"

interpretations; but they certainly do not amount to a condemnation of the action which He had enjoined in verses 36-38. To me they seem merely a recognition that the sword was for the moment impotent. Herein I find myself in general agreement with Pfeiderer, as quoted in Montefiore's commentary; and I am glad to see that J. Weiss rejects the suggestion that the whole passage is not genuine. Fortunately, St Luke's general accuracy as an historian stands very high—fortunately, I say, because this passage seems important as correcting a one-sided interpretation of the teaching and personality of Christ. I fully recognise that here, as in many other passages of the New Testament, our record is too fragmentary to enable us to build confident conclusions upon it. Still we must be guided by such evidence as we have.

Self-defence is the purpose for which Christ bade his disciples carry swords, so far as we can gather from this passage. But it is also possible to carry them in order to defend the rights of others. To a nation waging such a war it is possible to believe that

“The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.”

(SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, ii. 1, 35 f.)

E. A. SONNENSCHN. E.

THE UNIVERSITY, BIRMINGHAM.

RACE SEGREGATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE, LL.D.

HALF a century has now passed since the negroes were set free in the United States, and, at one stroke as it were, granted all the various rights and privileges of citizenship. The interval has been long enough to reveal, with a fair degree of clearness, what are to be the permanent relations of the two races which still make up the population of the former slave communities.

During two hundred and fifty years the negro was looked upon in the Southern States as only a chattel, protected by the ægis of the general law of the country in life and limb, but subject to the exclusive oversight and control of his master. His position was one of the most complete subordination and debasement, however indulgently treated: he could not go beyond the border of his owner's plantation without that owner's permission; he could not be civilly married; he could not possess property; he could not testify in court; and he had no voice whatever in the administration of the affairs of his own contracted neighbourhood. In short, he was a slave, with no tradition of freedom behind him and with no hope of liberty ahead of him. Suddenly, as the final upshot of a great civil war, he was emancipated, without any preparation whatever for the new state in which he found himself, except in those habits of industry which he had acquired in the rice, tobacco, and cotton fields. It would have been difficult for the two

racess to readjust their changed relations to a smooth and easy-working footing even if the North had withdrawn at once from the scene and relied upon time to remove the antagonisms which the destruction of slavery had created. But this the North declined to do. During the course of the Reconstruction period, the natural adjustment of the relations of the freedmen and their former masters was rudely halted by the intervention of the strong arm of the Federal Government in the political affairs of the Southern States, and by the indiscriminating zeal of Northern religious and educational organisations in striving to mould negro society in harmony with their own alien ideals. It was not until the last Federal soldier had gone that the relations of the two races began to evolve in full accord with the real character of each race and in complete response to the influences of their common environment. The whites and blacks were now left to themselves: the one, relieved of all apprehension of further thwarting and confusing interference from the outside; the other, hopeless of adventitious support. From that hour the interest of the Northern people as a whole in the settlement of the Southern race problem began to decline; and while the Northern religious and philanthropic associations have continued to assist the Southern negro population, especially in the province of education, yet their zeal is less emphatic, although more intelligent, than it was during the first decade that followed emancipation.

It is now generally acknowledged by Northern citizens that, had the policy of Stevens and Sumner, which was social as well as political, been carried into permanent effect, the Southern States to-day would be simply a group of mongrel communities, their social character debased by universal miscegenation, and their political discredited by chronic tumult. Every germ of prosperity, in its larger aspects, would have been destroyed; and this too for an indefinite period. Reconstruction statesmanship failed in its most radical purposes; and the benign consequences of its dis-

comfiture are stamped to-day upon the smiling face of the South, and can be read in the material wealth of both races. Indeed, there is no division of the Union which, in proportion to its population, has, in the course of the last thirty years, shown a higher degree of progress than the Southern States have done. The old towns and cities have greatly expanded in size; and there has been an extraordinary increase in the number of the new. Manufactures have sprung up everywhere, until now, in some varieties—particularly in cotton cloth and iron,—several of the Southern States, notably Alabama and the Carolinas, are second in production to Massachusetts and Pennsylvania alone. The vast deposits of coal there are now mined to an extent that exceeds the output of any other part of the country. Railways have been constructed into the remotest regions; and among the greatest railroad systems in operation in the United States, at least three have their lines entirely in the South, and ramify thousands of miles in every direction. The growth of agriculture has kept step with the expansion of railways and manufactures. Not only has the volume of the staple crops of the South, tobacco, corn, rice, and cotton, been enormously increased, but new products have been introduced, and are now cultivated on a scale unequalled elsewhere. Especially is this true of fruits and vegetables, to which small attention was given, except for domestic consumption, in the era of slavery. Nor, in the midst of this varied industrial activity, has the purely intellectual welfare of the people been neglected. The number of the higher institutions of learning has steadily grown and their standards advanced, while the common school system, which is supported by public taxation for the benefit of the children of both races, has reached a remarkable degree of efficiency and usefulness.

It is in such highly prosperous and such rapidly progressive communities that the white and black populations of the South have arrived at their present relations. To say that these relations differ radically from those that existed between

them in the topsy-turvy period of Reconstruction is merely to say that they are the outgrowth of the real instincts of the two peoples and of their common surroundings—an outgrowth, in short, free from the pressure of all influences except such as have arisen naturally and harmoniously. Before any important change can take place, the character of the negro and white man respectively must undergo a serious alteration; and the purely material conditions environing them must pass through many stages of modification.

What are the relations of the two races at the present time? The most conspicuous feature of these relations—the one upon which all the rest may be said to turn—is the complete segregation of the two peoples in every department of life except the industrial; and even in that department, as we shall see, the gap between them seems to be widening. So long as there survived many negroes who had been slaves—in which character they had been brought into close and sympathetic association with white people—a considerable degree of intimacy continued; but with the gradual substitution of a new generation, born free men, for these older individuals, this intimacy steadily declined, until now barely a trace of it exists. The entire body of negroes under middle age have not even a tradition among them of that kindly intercourse between the master and his bondsmen which did so much to smooth away the harsher features of slavery in its practical working. They cannot understand the feeling of loyalty which made their fathers the faithful protectors of the Southern white women and children when all the white men had been enrolled in the armies of the Confederacy. Few of them know who were the owners of their parents. This ignorance is to be attributed partly to a characteristic racial indifference to the past, and partly to the complete dispersion of the black families since the termination of the old system of plantations. The descendants of the slaves have drifted far from the ancestral scene, and now possess no tie with it strong enough to draw them back.

It would be natural to presume that a common religion would form the footing for a close and constant personal intercourse between the two races. It is in this very particular that their separation has turned out to be most complete. The present writer, who is a native, citizen, and resident of Virginia, the earliest seat of African slavery in the United States, can remember the time—it was towards the close of the great Civil War—when all the churches of the white people in the plantation communities possessed galleries which were reserved for negro worshippers, and on Sunday the seats in these galleries were filled with an attentive black audience, who with moving fervour joined in the devotional singing, and with every evidence of pious feeling partook of the Communion. One may now travel many hundred miles through the urban and rural districts of the Southern States without observing a single black face in the churches of the white people, or a single white face in the churches of the black people. Of all the white denominations, the Protestant Episcopal alone has a negro annex—a body of small numerical importance, whose few churches are periodically visited by the white bishops for purposes of Confirmation and general inspection; but it is indicative of the present trend of racial relations in the Southern States that it is now proposed to appoint black bishops to overlook and minister to these co-ordinate congregations.

During the first years following emancipation, the disposition of the blacks to withdraw from the churches of the whites was in no small measure due to their desire to throw off all restraint in the expression of their religious emotions. They were fully aware that the white people did not sympathise with the extraordinary scenes of excitement which accompanied the religious worship of the slaves in their own churches; or approve of the involuntary demonstrations of mournful piety in which they indulged even in the churches of their then masters. It was only natural that they, now that they were free, should shrink from exposing themselves to criticism or

ridicule. But as the services in all the important negro churches, especially in those situated in the cities, are now conducted with orderliness and sobriety—one of the most impressive results of education,—the continued preference to worship alone has no longer its reason in the old apprehension of disapproval, but rather in that profound instinct which is segregating the race in all the departments of life. In short, it is but a single phase of that divergent and exclusive spirit which is now shaping the whole contemporary history of the Southern blacks in their relations with the Southern whites.

This religious isolation is not without its practical advantages for the negroes as a community. The religious organisations which they have established have demonstrated their capacity to build up influential institutions of their own upon a firm and independent foundation. While the white people have contributed toward the erection of many of the churches belonging to the blacks, not one of these edifices would have arisen but for the patient sacrifices which the blacks themselves have been willing to make in laying aside, week after week, a portion of their meagre wages as a fund with which to defray the cost. Around these churches the general social life of the race, both in town and country, revolves; and from them, as a rule, go out the best moral influences that reach the black population as a whole. The religious services are not confined to Sunday, but occur in one form or another many times during the week. All the larger congregations have thoroughly organised Sunday schools; possess small libraries for the free circulation of books among their members; extend charitable aid through their own committees or associations; and seek to promote, by their active sympathy, whatever may be considered to be for the benefit of the entire black community. So perfect is the organisation of all the negro churches that there is no real need of any oversight by the whites, even if it were solicited. Indeed, during recent years the black clergymen, in the cities at least, have steadily improved in practical as well as in

spiritual usefulness as leaders of their people. Most of them are men who have enjoyed the advantages of both a general and a theological education; some are not only in possession of a very respectable degree of culture, but are also gifted with genuine native eloquence.

The separation of the two races in their religious organisations is entirely voluntary on the negroes' part. There is no formal law to compel it. On the other hand, the separation of the two races in the schools supported by public taxation is required by the statutes of all the Southern States. To each people are assigned school buildings of their own. No black pupils are admitted to the school-houses of the white; and the reverse is enforced with equal strictness. But even were there no ordinances prescribing this rigid separation in the common schools, there is no ground for thinking that the negroes desire the co-education of the two races; or that they resent, in the slightest degree, its legal prohibition. The fact alone that all the teachers in the black schools are black would be sufficient to make the present system of division acceptable to persons of that colour. These teachers are obtained from the most influential section of their people; they are men and women who have enjoyed the best education now in the reach of their race; and who, if deprived of the opportunity for a livelihood afforded by the common schools, would find themselves compelled to turn to purely manual labour. They are fully aware that, if white and black pupils were permitted to be instructed in the same school-houses, the only teachers who would be appointed would be white. Every practical instinct, therefore, causes them to sustain the policy of separation as most suitable for children of their colour; and as most advantageous to those among the adults who are prepared and eager to follow some higher calling.

In every Southern city, and in most of the rural districts, a short walk will take the visitor from a school-house full of black pupils to one full of white; and while he stands under either roof and looks around upon the crowded forms, he can

easily deceive himself into the belief that the whole of the surrounding community, from which both sets of children are drawn, is made up exclusively of white or of black persons, according to which set of pupils he may at the moment be regarding. And this illusion is further increased by the fact that all the immediate officers of the schools for the blacks are black, with the exception of the general superintendent, and all those of the schools for the whites are white, with the exception of the janitors.

This is not precisely true of the higher seats of learning for the negroes, which have steadily increased in number during recent years. Some of the instructors in these advanced institutions are white, but it is significant that they have invariably been appointed to their positions from the Northern States. The students, omitting from view a few Indians, are all black. No white students are to be found among them. On the other hand, no negro students—above all, no negro professors—are admitted to any of the academies, colleges, and universities belonging to the white people. In their practical working the advanced seats of learning for the two races respectively are as completely disconnected as their religious organisations. Unlike their common schools, the higher institutions for the negroes are not even subject to the particular supervision of a white city or county superintendent, or to the general oversight of boards composed exclusively of white persons. In short, they are, from both an academic and a political point of view, entirely independent.

It was many years after the close of the Civil War before ordinances were passed requiring the separation of the races on all lines of public conveyance. The advantages of such a policy were as clearly perceived just after emancipation as they are to-day; but, during the first decades succeeding that event, the impoverishment of the Southern States, resulting from the great conflict of arms, was so general that their railway and tramcar companies were unable to bear the additional expense that would have been entailed had they

been compelled to provide separate accommodations. This fact, during those years, discouraged any formal legislation on the subject. Moreover, there was good reason to anticipate that the Federal Courts, being still under the influence of the strong feeling aroused by the Civil War, would declare such legislation to be unconstitutional, should it be enacted.

The indiscriminate commingling of white and black persons in the same public conveyances, was, as long as it was suffered, a serious drawback to the use of those conveyances by the white people. Not only were the negroes, during those years, inclined to be actively disagreeable, owing to their passions having been inflamed against their former masters by their white leaders from the North; not only were they too often physically offensive, even when correct in their bearing; but all were prone to indulge in liquor to excess, which frequently led them, without provocation, to create scenes of violent disorder. These several weaknesses, whether displayed separately or in combination, were objectionable enough on any occasion or anywhere when only white men were present; but in public conveyances they were doubly so, for there white women became the principal victims.

With the appearance of the first generation of negroes born free, that feeling of toleration among the whites for the infirmities of the race which had survived the Civil War, sensibly diminished; and this fact strengthened their desire to remove the evils that sprang from the personal contact of whites and blacks while travelling. As soon as the South had become once more prosperous, the conviction arose that it would no longer be a hardship to require the transportation companies to provide separate accommodations for the two races. On all the steam railways there are now different coaches for white and black passengers. No white person is permitted to occupy a seat in a coach assigned to negroes; no negro is permitted to occupy a seat in a coach assigned to white persons. It is required by law that there shall be no difference whatever in the comfort and safety of the cars

reserved for each race. On more than one occasion this provision for separate accommodation has been enforced by the Federal Courts, who under the influence of the change in the national temper, now decide in favour of the validity of such a law, instead of deciding the reverse, as they would have done twenty-five years ago.

On the urban tramways, where the traffic is not yet sufficiently great to justify the use of separate cars, the objections to indiscriminate commingling are met in part by reserving one portion of each car for black persons and one for white; and neither are permitted to take possession of seats assigned to the other. Some of the evils of the old system, however, survive, for the tramcars not infrequently become, in the late night hours, scenes of violence, owing to the aggressiveness of drunken negroes returning to their homes. In time, the law which requires separate coaches on the steam railways will also be made to apply to all the tramways.

With equal strictness the separation of the races is enforced in all places of public amusement. In some of the theatres, and in most of the numerous halls for picture shows operated for the diversion of the whites, no provision whatever is made for a black audience; or such provision as is made is so poor in character that the most respectable class of negroes feel small temptation to attend the performances there. The only seats in the theatres open to black persons are situated in the highest gallery, the furthest removed from the stage; while if any at all are reserved in the halls set apart for the largest picture shows, they are found at a point nearest to the entrance doors.

In a measure these inferior accommodations are justified by the general indisposition of the negroes of all ranks to appear under the same roof with any considerable body of white people. This feeling, so far as places of public diversion are concerned, is encouraged by the fact that in all the towns they now possess theatres of their own, and also halls for

picture shows and assembly-rooms for dancing. These places of amusement are frequently of a low character, owing to the mixed company patronising them. But there are now more than one negro theatre where neither dissipation nor disorder is tolerated, and where the performances compare very favourably in their setting at least with those to be observed in theatres of equal size managed and patronised by white people. Ample provision is made for comfort and safety in the construction of the buildings; and quite frequently too the decorations are both ornate and artistic. The actors and actresses are always black. While the race has shown very decided vocal and instrumental talent, it has not yet demonstrated its possession of any histrionic ability of a high order. The picture shows being wholly mechanical, and the films used by the white managers being also purchasable by the black, this form of entertainment is quite as successful in the halls patronised by negroes as in those patronised by white people. In all the places of amusement belonging to the former there is no accommodation whatever for the white auditor or spectator. So far as white persons are considered in the performances, it is as if they did not exist at all. No white face is seen there, unless it is that of the policeman assigned nightly to the spot to preserve the peace.

But undoubtedly the most significant aspect of race segregation in the Southern States to-day is the rigid line of division which has been drawn in all the important cities between the residential areas occupied by the white and black populations respectively. Down to a recent date, no measure, whether of State or municipal origin, had been adopted to raise an insurmountable barrier between these two areas. The natural disposition of the two races was to establish their homes apart. The negro quarter in every town has always been a distinct community in itself, without even a white sprinkling among its inhabitants, beyond the few grocers and mechanics who occupied small stores and shops here and there within its boundaries. The growth of the black popula-

tion in numbers gradually compelled it, in all the cities, to spread out; and this, during many years, was chiefly accomplished by breaking into the contiguous white areas. The movement usually began by a single black family purchasing a house in the first adjacent white block. Its presence at once created a desire among most of the white occupants of that block to leave their homes, particularly if these homes were held under lease. The vacancies were soon filled by negro families, until, in a short time, a block that had been inhabited by white persons only was taken possession of perhaps entirely by black. So seriously was the value of such property depreciated by invasions of this kind that an ordinance has now been adopted by all the large Southern cities to the effect that hereafter no additional negro householder is to be permitted to take up his residence in any block of which at least two-thirds of the inhabitants are white; and the converse is also enforced—no new white householder is to be permitted to occupy a home in a block of which at least two-thirds of the inhabitants are black. By this regulation the present status of every residential block in each city has become permanently fixed; the white people are prevented from encroaching on the black areas; the negroes from encroaching on the white.

The practical working of this ordinance would not only be a menace to public health, but also impose a serious hardship on the black population, but for the fact that the quarter which that population occupies in every town lies near or on its outskirts; for this, by permitting of an indefinite expansion in the adjacent country districts, prevents an unsanitary overcrowding, and it also holds down the values of real estate in the older areas belonging to the race by constantly bringing new areas into competition with them. The primary effect of the law in the city is to concentrate the entire negro population by permanently confining it to a definite locality of its own. A secondary effect is that, by further diminishing the number of irritating points of contact between the two peoples,

it, to that extent, distinctly promotes peace in their relations. Since the provision is as strictly enforced against the whites as against the blacks, no objection on the score of discrimination can be raised against it; so far, indeed, the blacks have acquiesced in it as quietly as the whites.

The ordinances requiring the confinement of each race to its own residential area have so far been of municipal origin only. They apply to the cities alone. No Southern State has yet passed a law which provides for segregation, not only in the urban districts, but also in the rural. The separation of the two peoples in the schools and public conveyances has, as we have seen, been enforced by legislative enactments which operate throughout the whole extent of each State. They apply to the town and country alike, since their scope is general. But residential segregation is a local regulation in every instance of its adoption, simply because it can only be carried into effect where the two populations are already dense. So far this has been practicable in the Southern cities alone, where, as I have already pointed out, the negroes have always been more or less confined to their own quarter. It is not a difficult undertaking to enforce a segregation law applicable to both the white and black inhabitants of the towns, for its object is not to create a new condition, but rather to make permanent a condition that already exists. While some of the Southern States contain more black people than white, and while too the proportion in some of the counties in favour of the former is as three to one, still the rural whites and blacks are in general not very thickly settled over the face of the country. It would be practically impossible, even were it humane and in harmony with a sound economic policy, to compel all the negroes of the rural districts to group themselves in separate communities, for they would, in most cases, have to be uprooted to their heavy loss; and this would also be true of the rural whites, were the law also made applicable to them. Apart from individual hardships, it would, in the present age at least, disturb the whole system

of agricultural production and, in doing so, inflict far more damage than it would accomplish good from a purely social point of view.

To a certain degree, however, racial influences are at work in the rural districts to bring about there also a modified form of residential segregation. There is a natural tendency in all the large black communities in the country to grow by accessions from without as well as from within; while many of the negroes who are seated here and there as isolated families show a disposition to drift together into a loose grouping, which gradually assumes the character of a more or less compact village, or a long chain of farmhouses, if the site is one of those ridges of poor soil which lie back of so many of the Southern streams. The rural blacks are eager to acquire land, and, as it is still cheap and can be purchased on favourable terms as to time, they have, in many places, come into possession of extensive areas of ground adapted to the production of the staple crops of cotton and tobacco.

With the black population's ever-increasing tendency to form large and closely knit communities of their own in city and country alike, every branch of business that supplies their numerous wants is falling more and more into the hands of enterprising individuals of their own race. Even now the greater proportion of their patronage in the towns is conferred upon shops established and controlled by persons of their own colour. All their restaurants are managed by such persons. No white man or woman is ever seen taking a meal in these eating-houses, just as no black man or woman is ever observed taking a meal in the eating-houses of the white people. At every fourth or fifth crossing on the most crowded streets of the negro quarter, a chemist's or druggist's shop is found under the exclusive direction of black pharmacists, who look to their own race for their only profits. A like patronage sustains a large number of tailors', haberdashers', and shoemakers' shops. The blacks are also their own milliners, clothiers, and drapers. All their undertakers are persons of their own colour; no

white undertaker can count a single negro family among his customers. All their barbers are black. Only a few years ago the barber shops for the whites in every Southern City were occupied by negroes alone, who were generally noted for their intelligence and polished manners, as well as for their skill in their trade. With few exceptions, they have been driven away from even their oldest stands by Italian and Northern rivals; and, in order to earn a livelihood, have been compelled to re-establish themselves in the black quarter, where their profits are smaller and more precarious. The negro bootblacks have also gone down before a similar competition, and are rarely seen as formerly in places where white people congregate. They too have taken refuge in the black quarter.

There has, in recent years, been chartered a large number of negro banks, which are supported by the daily deposits of black patrons alone. The race too possesses many beneficial and insurance companies, which receive the bulk of its custom and enjoy, in consequence, a substantial prosperity. The number of negro builders, who have been trained at the best mechanical schools, is steadily increasing; and already they are obtaining most of the contracts for the construction of shops and dwelling-houses erected at the cost, and for the benefit, of persons of their own colour.

What is true of business life is also true of the professions. In all the Southern cities there are now many negro lawyers whose clientele is confined to persons of their own race. Almost the entire practice involving the interests of that race in the magistrates' courts is in their possession; and also the like practice in the probate and chancery courts; but in cases originating in, or appealed to, the higher tribunals they are generally found associated with white members of the bar. The bulk of the office business for the blacks is also in their hands.

Negroes are now proprietors of numerous newspapers of their own, and as editors are in the enjoyment of a high

degree of influence among the educated section of the black population. All the contributions to their journals are from negro pens, and the type is set by negro printers; while the list of subscribers is restricted to persons of that colour.

More numerous than the lawyers or the journalists are the negro doctors. As a rule, they are men of fair education, since the State Boards of Medical Examiners will only grant a licence in this profession to persons who have successfully passed an examination. They monopolise the general practice in the black community. Co-operating with the city authorities, they are doing a useful public work in improving the hygienic condition of the negro homes, by combating those terrible infectious diseases which have, in the past, preyed upon the bodies of their race and seriously lowered the rate of its natural increase. Most of the institutions for the advanced instruction of the blacks have separate departments for the training of nurses—a profession for which their women are particularly well adapted, not only by their natural disposition, but by a special bent transmitted from the period of slavery. In all the Southern cities they are found in the enjoyment of an easy livelihood through the patronage of persons of both races. The dentists who practise among the negroes are, without exception, of their own colour. The field is a profitable one, since they monopolise it. They too are required to pass an examination by State Boards, and are, therefore, in the possession of the necessary degree of proficiency.

From the preceding paragraphs it will be perceived that the negroes of the Southern States, in their religious organisations, in their schools, in their residential areas, in places of amusement, in public conveyances, and finally in business and in the professions, stand almost as much apart from the white people as if they made up a community occupying a different country.

Are there no points of personal contact? There are still at least three, all of which, however, are slowly declining in importance.

First, the relation of Employer and Employee. In all the Southern cities the heavy manual work about the wharves and in the railway yards, and also in the street drayage, is chiefly done by negroes. They are also engaged as porters by the owners of stores and warehouses where ponderous boxes and packages are to be constantly moved. Only a few are in the service of the municipalities, as all the political organisations invariably prefer white men, perhaps because they can be more confidently relied on as voters in the elections. The blacks, however, are employed in large numbers by white contractors in digging trenches for gas mains, or in erecting lines of electric wires. They are also employed by builders in excavating for the foundations of houses, and black bricklayers and plasterers take part in raising and completing the structure itself. Most of the hodmen are negroes. Negroes are also employed by the thousands in the tobacco factories, in the iron foundries, in the lumber mills, and in the establishments for the preparation of fertilisers; in short, wherever strength and endurance of arm, rather than discrimination of eye and delicacy of hand, are the first considerations. Outside of the furnace room no negro is to be found in the cotton factories, although it is in this branch of manufacture that the South has made the most extraordinary progress since the close of the Civil War. The reasons for their absence from the factories are clearly understood—not only is a high degree of skill and care required in the production of cloth, qualities in which the race, as a whole, is deficient, but in all the mills, black operatives would be brought into immediate association with white women. The certainty of this fact alone would, in itself, be sufficient to ensure their exclusion.

Passing from the cities to the rural districts, we find that large gangs of negroes, under the general direction of white men, are employed in keeping the beds of the railroads in good condition. Here they are now beginning to be confronted with the keen competition of foreign immigrants — more particularly with that of the Hungarians and Italians, who,

for some years, have been the principal labourers in the construction of all new lines of railway. Thousands of blacks are also employed in coal-mines—although here too their interests are suffering from the increasing rivalry of European working-men.

During the last two decades the tendency towards the subdivision of Southern lands has been hastened by the negroes' disinclination to till the fields under annual contracts for wages. As a body, they shrink from the regular and continuous labour which such long engagements always make necessary. Their preference is rather to rent a few hundred acres from the white proprietors, because they are thus able to retain their independence of action; indeed, the chief explanation of the extraordinary number who now cultivate the soil on what is known as the share system, is that, under this system, they have, taking the year as a whole, ample leisure to enjoy the sweets of complete idleness, or to indulge their love of excursions and other active amusements. It is due to this trait also that so many only seek work by the job—it assures them an income, but, at the same time, leaves long intervals for rest and diversion. The remarkable development of the vegetable and fruit interests of the Southern States has, in a measure, been due to this peculiarity, for these interests do not require the continuous attention of a large number of labourers. At certain seasons only, such a number is needed, and as the remuneration is high and the period of work short, the negroes come forward promptly to plant or to harvest, as the crop, at any particular time, may demand.

Secondly, the relation of Master and Servant. The large majority of the domestic servants in the Southern cities are still obtained from the negro quarter. The habit of being waited upon by black servants alone, which was transmitted from the past; the facility with which they can be procured; and the lack of adequate accommodations for white servants, who are accustomed to a higher degree of comfort—have been

powerful inducements for the white people to continue to employ negro servants in their homes. While excellent ones are still to be found, nevertheless, in the mass, they have been steadily falling off in efficiency. In the time of slavery the butlers, cooks, and chamber-maids were taken into the house at an early age, and patiently trained for the work which they were expected to perform. This is now impossible. When a black servant is engaged there is no positive assurance that he or she will remain beyond the day of the first payment of wages. No notice is ordinarily given by men or women of their intention to leave; returning every night, as a rule, to their homes in the negro quarter, they are able to withdraw from service thus abruptly, with no inconvenience to themselves.

This uncertainty in their hold on their servants has destroyed all disposition in their masters and mistresses to take trouble in making them accomplished in their calling. So harassing is the inefficiency of so many of the black domestics of the present day, so little regard do so many show for their own contracts, that the white families in the cities who have accumulated wealth are, to an increasing degree, engaging only white servants; and adequate provision for their accommodation is now made in most of the new houses erected on an expensive scale. White nurses particularly are becoming more numerous even among families of moderate means. In the rural districts the difficulty of obtaining black servants is now so great that the wives and daughters of the small farmers do all their own household work, while families residing there who are in possession of handsome fortunes either procure white servants, or spend the larger part of each year in the towns for the sake of the domestic conveniences.

Thirdly, the Sexual Relations. In the time of slavery, as the great number of mulattoes revealed, there prevailed a very extensive sexual commerce between the two races. The intimacy of their personal association during that period, and the submissiveness of the negroes, very naturally encouraged

immoral intercourse. Emancipation interrupted the progress of this evil, while segregation is working towards its practical eradication. Illicit cohabitation has, in the main, already ceased in the rural districts. There, a connection of this nature, whether permanent or temporary, being difficult to conceal, is quite sure to create a public scandal, to the irretrievable damage of the personal reputation of the white man involved in it. In the cities, where such intercourse is apt to be more casual, and is more easily veiled, and where also there moves about a more promiscuous and irresponsible body of white men, the number of mulattoes is still large enough to draw attention. Relatively, however, to what was to be observed there in the era of slavery, that number has shown a distinct falling off; and the decline grows more marked as this era recedes further into the past.

The general sentiment of the white community condemns, with ever-growing severity, all forms of miscegenation. There is not a State in the South which has not passed a law making it a criminal offence, punishable by long imprisonment, for a white man or woman to marry a black person; and this statute is enforced with such rigid fidelity that it is now practically never violated. The negroes of the Southern States are reverting slowly but surely to a physical type that closely resembles the general type of their African ancestors. This fact, by promoting their homogeneity, and further accentuating the racial difference between them and the whites, tends to increase the power of all those influences which are now springing from the operation of both the written and the unwritten laws of segregation.

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE.

U.S.A.

DISCUSSIONS

N.B.—The contributions under this heading refer to matters previously treated in the "Hibbert Journal." Reviews of books are not open to discussion. Criticism of any article will, as a rule, be limited to a single issue of the Journal. The discussion ends with a reply from the original writer.—*Ed.*

"SHALL WE SERVE GOD FOR NOUGHT ?

"TREITSCHKE AND HEGEL."

(*Hibbert Journal*, April 1915, p. 558.)

[AN Adelphian response addressed to my friend Mr E. F. Carritt in return for the gift of a copy of his paper in the April number of the *Hibbert Journal*, 1915.]

Your paper, my dear Carritt, read, re-read,
The while cold-curst I tossed all day a-bed,
Has truly been to me a twofold gain,
Quickening my soul and quieting my brain ;
May this rejoinder leave not quite so large
The debt, which Plato's self could scarce discharge.

But first, your title : let me freely own
The double title looks a wee bit—blown !
" Shall we serve God for nought ? " That were a quest
Our methods and our minds indeed to test ;
" Treitschke and Hegel " is no mystery,
But smacks of—sausage—made in Germany !

Why not plunge boldly to the crucial point ?
Why not divide the capon at the joint ?
Are Good and Evil strict co-ordinates
Between the which God's Universe oscillates ?
Or, coming down to human history,
Shall Christ deny the Christ that is to be ?
What of " Success " ? Is it one thing for all,
For " States," " the State," and " the Individual " ?
What of a " Failure " which for ever lives ?
Success is Life, and Life the verdict gives.

Rome, Hellas, Egypt, Babylonia,
 Live, though as States they long have had their day,
 And God in both, but more in Good than Ill,
 Has granted gradual vision of His Will ;
 Within the moving bounds of Time and Space
 What higher unit than the Human Race ?
 And would mankind, or would a man, be blest ?
Virtus ipsa beatitudo est.

Hegel and Treitschke, Prussians of the soul,
 Would keep God tethered to the Prussian goal,
 A very tragedy in place and tense,
 In thought, a comical inconsequence !
 You pay their thinking tribute far too high
 To set it starring in your Wisdom's sky ;
 They lie condemned by their own theorem :
 The Prussian State was good enough for them !

"Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht"
 Hegel from Schiller stole and, stealing, prickt—
 A way philosophers with poets have
 That ends by bringing Vision to its grave.
 The Poet sees and seizes each event
 As one example of the Last Judgment,
 And passes judgment on the Passing Show,
 Divining God's eternal Yes and No ;
 A Sage comes by and chops the paradox
 Of Vision into a thousand prosy blocks,
 Wherewith to build him tabernacles three,
 One for God, one for Nature, one for Me :
 "A System" ? Yes ;—but never Unity.

"To justify the ways of God to men"
 Is asking rather much of mortal pen !
 But granted, God requires a good Report,
 Some Rules must guide Procedure in the Court !
 Not to transfer to God's Eternity
 The Formulas of Space and Time and Me ;
 Not to pretend to find a flawless word
 Wherewith to solve the Universal Surd ;
 But knowing that God's whole Infinitude
 Contains all Forms of Being's every Mood,
 To recognise Omnipotence and Grace
 Present at every point of Time and Space.
 And Time and Space themselves as crystal prisms
 Shattering God's Light to "ologies" and "isms."

Should it be left to me, whose lifelong ken
 Has been but focussed on the world of men,
 To point, or prove, the metaphysic seed
 Of "Progress" in a world that moves indeed?
 If God be God for sooth, and Time and Space
 Mirrors wherein we dimly scan His Face,
 The while His Universe *sub specie*
Æternitatis perfect is and free,
 So that the Good, the Beautiful, are one
 In Truth, and Truth the Universal Sun:
 What element of Evil lives at all?
 And seeing the World-movement owns a fall,
 When Being to Becoming is translate,
 And Life evolves from changing state to state,
 How shall the Process which resumes the Whole
 Fail in the *raison d'être* of a Goal?
 How shall that Goal be otherwise exprest
 Than as the Sum of Good by God posset?
 How shall we doubt that the World's History
 Implies a Heavenly State that is to be,
 That is to be because it ever is,
 If God not forfeit His eternal Bliss?

Whether my thoughts with yours arrive and start,
 Accept these dim reflections in good part,
 As proof, or prayer, that, slight though these amends,
 God fructifies a service to His friends.

REGINALD W. MACAN,
Master of University College.

OXFORD.

"RÉCIT D'UN PROFESSEUR DE LOUVAIN."

(*Hibbert Journal*, January 1915, p. 271, and April 1915, p. 659.)

J'AVAIS un regret au sujet du récit des événements de Louvain que j'ai communiqué au *Hibbert Journal*.

Ce récit n'établissait pas l'innocence absolue des habitants de Louvain, il n'offrait pas non plus un tableau complet de leurs souffrances.

Ecrivant en décembre dernier, j'avais déjà, sans doute, ma conviction faite à ce sujet. Mais elle se basait en partie sur des renseignements de seconde main. Ayant quitté Louvain le 27 août au milieu du plus affreux désordre je n'avais pu tout apprendre de source certaine, encore moins tout voir, et je n'avais pas réussi depuis à recueillir des témoignages indubitables pour compléter les lacunes de mon information. Préoccupé de ne rien dire dont je n'eusse la certitude absolue, j'avais donc volontaire-

ment laissé des lacunes dans une narration dont je voulais faire un témoignage de la plus rigoureuse objectivité.

Or voici qu'au contraire le Rev. Arnold Weyman considère que mon récit n'est nullement calme et objectif. Il n'est pas loin de le trouver parfaitement infâme: "essentially dishonest, very unfair, perfectly libellous."

Là où je n'avais pas osé affirmer, par excès de scrupule, le Rev. W. croit que je me livre à de perfides insinuations, parce que je ne répète pas la légende que les voix allemandes ont colportée. Je lui pardonne volontiers. Son erreur est due à un sentiment patriotique, elle est due aussi aux lacunes de mon récit, et je ne suis pas fâché qu'il m'offre l'occasion de le compléter au moyen des renseignements que je possède maintenant et qui offrent les garanties de certitude les plus entières.

J'avais omis beaucoup de choses dans mon récit. Je ne savais pas que les Allemands avaient fusillé de nombreuses personnes parmi celles qu'ils avaient arrêtées au cours des journées tragiques. J'appris plus tard les tortures physiques et morales infligées pendant de longs jours à tous ces prisonniers: marches et contremarches, sans manger et sans boire, au point que des malheureux en sont un jour à se desaltérer aux gouttes d'eau qui découlent d'un parapluie; voyages prolongés en chemin de fer dans wagons où on les entasse debout et où leurs souffrances sont telles que quelques uns perdent la raison; brutalités incessantes; simulacres d'exécution répétés à plusieurs reprises. Tandis que j'étais arrêté sur la route de Tirlemont, j'ignorais qu'on arrêtait de même sur d'autres routes de nombreux prêtres, parmi lesquels le Recteur Magnifique de l'Université et plusieurs de mes vénérables collègues, qu'on les gardait pendant plusieurs jours en proie à toutes les avanies de soldatesque. J'ignorais l'histoire lamentable du M. P. Dupierreux fusillé parce qu'on avait trouvé dans sa poche un cornet de notes où, notant ses impressions pour son usage personnel, il avait fait allusion aux Huns et à Attila. J'appris depuis que les prisonniers avaient été traînés dans les rues de Cologne sous les huées et les crachats d'une populace fanatisée. Et mon récit ne dit rien non plus des scènes de pillage et d'orgie qui se sont déroulées pendant huit jours dans les ruines de la ville incendiée, la lie de la population se joignant à l'armée allemande. Je me borne à signaler ces choses que je ne puis développer. J'ajoute seulement qu'à aucun moment une enquête même sommaire n'accompagna les arrestations ni les exécutions. Parmi les victimes se trouvent les personnes les plus paisibles, que la moindre réflexion devait démontrer innocentes. De même les maisons incendiées étaient, pour la plupart, occupées par des personnes qu'on ne saurait sans absurdité accuser d'avoir attaqué les troupes allemandes.

Mais comment les événements ont-ils débuté?

L'hypothèse du Rev. W. n'est pas très consistante. Il imagine une conspiration organisée par le gouvernement et il nous dit que les principaux habitants se sont employés à arrêter les agressions des civils. Tantôt il parle d'une explosion de "furor teutonicus," tantôt il semble croire à une

répression calculée, destinée à “rappeler les Belges et leur gouvernement à la raison.”

Que les soldats allemands eussent l'esprit échauffé par des histoires d'atrocités belges, j'en suis convaincu comme lui. Ces histoires étaient-elles vraies? M. Waxweiler en a fait justice dans son admirable livre *La Belgique neutre et loyale* (Lausanne, Payot). En particulier, je pourrais, avec lui, noter que le *Vorwärts* a mis à néant la légende des yeux crevés. Dès lors le témoignage très indirect des deux Sœurs entendues par M. W. n'a pas grande portée.

Quant au récit attribué à Mgr. Coenraets (et pas Conrads), Vice Recteur de l'Université, celui-ci a lui-même fait insérer le 8 septembre dans les journaux hollandais un démenti formel où il disait: “J'ignore tout à fait par qui furent tirés les coups de feu que je n'ai entendus que de loin et qui n'étaient certainement pas dirigés sur les soldats qui m'accompagnaient. Il n'est pas à ma connaissance qu'un seul habitant de Louvain ait tiré.”

Pour ma part, je n'ai encore reçu aucune information établissant que les habitants de Louvain aient attaqué les troupes.

Quant aux militaires allemands dont M. W. a lu les récits, je préfère croire qu'ils ont été de bonne foi. Il est très facile d'expliquer leur erreur. Dans la journée du 25 on s'est battu aux environs de Louvain, le soir les Allemands essuyent un revers du côté de Malines, et des troupes se replient en désordre vers Louvain.

À ce moment une petite garnison occupe la ville. Il y a aussi des troupes qui arrivent de Liège, par la route et par le chemin de fer. Celles-ci, à peine arrivées, ont été expédiées pour la plupart dans la direction de Malines, mais il continue à arriver de nouvelles troupes. Il règne parmi les troupes une vive préoccupation au sujet du combat qui se poursuit à quelque distance. Tout à coup un cri retentit: “Die Franzosen sind da.” La panique se répand. Dans l'obscurité qui vient, c'est une confusion inexprimable.

Des soldats allemands se précipitent dans les maisons et de là ouvrent un feu nourri sur des troupes qu'ils prennent pour des Français. Celles-ci ripostent, et un combat très vif continue pendant quelque temps, Place de la Station et Place du Peuple.

Entretiens on s'aperçoit qu'il n'y a pas de Français. Mais un mot d'ordre circule parmi les hommes: “Es ist eine Verschwörung, Zivilisten haben geschossen.” Et leur rage se tourne contre les habitants. Ils envahissent les maisons, les scènes de massacre et d'incendie que j'ai racontées commencent à ce moment.

Telle est la vérité qui se dégage d'un certain nombre de témoignages tout à fait indubitables que je connais maintenant.

Il semble en outre que des confusions ont pu se produire plus tard encore. Il y a aussi des dépositions qui feraient croire qu'à certains endroits des soldats ont simulé une attaque.

Pour tout éclaircir, il faudrait mener sur place une enquête impartiale,

en donnant aux témoins pleine liberté de parler. Cela ne peut se faire pendant la guerre. Dès maintenant cependant l'ensemble des faits apparaît dans une lumière suffisante.

Le martyre cruel et injustifié d'une ville universitaire, le désastre infligé à une des principales Universités d'Europe sont des faits qui intéressent le monde scientifique. Les lecteurs du *Hibbert Journal* partageront cet avis, je pense, malgré le Rev. W.

Dois-je dire que je n'ai pas songé à attiser les haines anti-allemandes ? J'aimais sincèrement l'Allemagne. Malgré mes douleurs je ne pense pas éprouver de la haine, même maintenant.

Mais, c'est mon devoir de protester, quand je le puis, contre l'injustice dont souffre mon pays, contre le désastre que chaque jour aggrave et dont la culpabilité retombe, chaque jour plus lourdement, sur tous ceux qui retardent la réparation.

LE PROFESSEUR DE LOUVAIN.

"PROBLEMS OF CONFLICT."

(*Hibbert Journal*, April 1915, p. 497.)

THE most extreme pacifists could accept, with advantage to themselves, much of Evelyn Underhill's article (*Hibbert Journal*, April 1915). For it is quite true that we have indulged in "beautiful dreams of pacifism"; that we have taken too foreshortened a view of history, without sufficiently recognising how deep-rooted are the primitive passions of the race, and how they still survive even when evidence of them is hidden; and some of us have looked to peace as an end in itself, or hated war primarily for its waste of wealth, and its destruction of physical life and material well-being—as though these were the objects of life's highest strivings. And we can thank Evelyn Underhill for her reminder that stress and tension have their part in the life of the Eternal no less than harmony and peace.

Nevertheless, she has perhaps hardly understood the thought of those of us who are unable to lend our support even to this war. The present crisis has been a stern purging-time, and many of us have had to rediscover the ground of our belief; we realise now that no merely pacific attitude can avail us—nay more, that peace as an end in itself is not even desirable.

Human life is a complex of harmonies and disharmonies, and the sufferings and pleasures that accompany it are evil or good only by reason of their ultimate spiritual effects. Evelyn Underhill herself declares that the question about war's final rightness must be: "What is its effect on the national character?" We agree; but to judge of this we must look beyond the first months of self-forgotten enthusiasm and reawakened national consciousness, to the character that will be shown in the years to come, in the peace that follows the war, in the generations that will

succeed ours. And it is because we feel that, as Lowes Dickinson says, each war makes our peace a worse one, that the reaction which follows a time of patriotic fervour is worse than the apparent indifference before it; that the loss to the nations of many of their strongest and cleanest-blooded men, and their bravest and most loyal spirits, can only spell a season of race-degeneration and of lower ideals, that we still see in peace the essential condition for "the good life."

We may not accept war as a necessary part of human life, but we do not despair because the end of it is still beyond our vision. For among the many conflicting instincts and passions of which we are made, we find the Creative Love which alone and always has been the redeeming spirit in the world. It is there that we find the reconciliation of our own inward conflict; it is there that we believe the reconciliation of the world's struggles will be found.

Man does not want a life of passive equilibrium; he knows that struggle is essential to his growth and progress; but he demands a conflict that has in it an upward-tending purpose. His struggle is a harder and a longer one than the periodic conflicts between nation and nation—the world-old contest between the Divine within him and all the less-than-human elements which still survive as his heritage from primeval days. The material expression of this struggle is not war as we have known it in military history: a nation's real enemies are within itself—the "slum-life, prostitution, sweating, the ravages of hereditary disease," and all else which checks its spiritual growth, and thwarts the true life of its individual citizens.

The tragedy of to-day makes one wonder, in moments of doubt, whether we really have advanced at all; and yet, looking back over the centuries of history, we find evidence enough of a steady, though slow, advance. We find that the primitive passions, though they are with us still, are gradually surrendering their power, transformed to new services by the greater passion ("primitive" too, but becoming dominant over the others) of Creative Love. What this can achieve when it is the dominating motive of a life, the world has seen in Christ, and may conjecture from the thousand acts of love which are being performed to-day; what it will achieve when it is embodied in the life of "the Beloved Community," the world will see hereafter.

EFFIE RYLE.

BEDFORD COLLEGE, LONDON, N.W.

SURVEY OF RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.¹

PROFESSOR G. DAWES HICKS.

AN interesting volume, severely criticising what he considers to be metaphysical speculation on the part of those engaged in scientific investigation, comes to us from the pen of Dr Louis T. More, the Professor of Physics in the University of Cincinnati. The volume is entitled *The Limitations of Science* (New York : Holt & Co., 1915), and for its motto the well-known passage beginning "Hypotheses non fingo" from Newton is prefixed. Professor More maintains that whilst scientific laws are as positive and as objective as any portion of human knowledge can be, the hypotheses of science which aim at discovering the causes of phenomena and simulating the mechanism of natural forces have no claim to be regarded as more than personal opinions. These hypotheses are dependent upon postulates, and the postulates of science are always metaphysical in character, because initial conditions of space, time, and substance must be taken for granted, and these are not amenable to experimental verification. A simple primordial universe, crudely fictitious in character, and endowed at the start of its complicated career with some universal force, is presupposed, and then the existence of fictitious substances, atoms, deliberately conceived to be so small as to be below the limit of observation, is assumed. Hypotheses developed from postulates of this complexity evidently require, it is argued, to be scrutinised with care, and the very general belief that any hypothesis, whether false or not, is useful to science ought once for all to be abandoned. The hypotheses valuable for science are, the author thinks, those only which are known as laws. They are generalisations from such necessary postulates as that of the conservation of energy, or they are advanced as tentative laws when a certain number of phenomena can conveniently be classified. The difference between these legitimate hypotheses and the others is that they deal only with sensible matter and its attributes, and can thus be subjected to a rigid test; whereas all other hypotheses, which are put forward as explanations of natural processes, involve the creation of fictitious substances and attributes, and when they are found

¹ The Theological Survey is postponed till October.—ED.

to depart from facts they are not discarded but are merely modified by arbitrarily altering the fictitious substances on which they depend. Professor More condemns unreservedly, from this point of view, the electron theory of the atom and the theory of relativity. As regards the electron theory, considering it in the form in which it is advanced by Larmor and Lorentz, he argues that there is no more justification for conceiving of electricity as a substance than there is for so conceiving of any other property of matter, such as colour or temperature. The phrase, "to electrify matter," has a well-defined meaning, because we know by experience that a body when rubbed exhibits a force which was not evident previously. We also know by experience that if two different bodies be selected, each of which exhibits this electric force but of opposite characteristics, their mere contact reduces the force to zero. Were, then, electricity a substance, we should be reduced to the anomaly that the addition of substance to substance may result in less substance. On the other hand, experience teaches us that matter added to matter is always more matter, thus satisfying the prime requisite for substance. This difference, it is contended, between electricity and matter is sufficient to indicate why the term "electrified matter" is an intelligible idea, and why the term "materialised electricity" is not. With reference to the theory of relativity, as it is formulated by Einstein, Professor More points out that the postulate, "the velocity of light is an absolute constant," must be limited strictly to the velocity of light in immaterial space, because in material media that velocity is subject to all the variations which influence the velocity of sound and other types of motion. To speak, however, of velocity in an absolutely quiescent space, which is distinguished from vacuous space only by the fact that it is the seat of an entity called electro-magnetic energy and contains a light vector, is to make the term velocity altogether unmeaning in any ordinary sense of the word. Besides, the assumption of the absolutely constant velocity of light contradicts the principle of relativity, that absolute rest or motion is not to be assumed. Further, when Einstein contends that our idea of time is defined by synchronism or the simultaneous occurrence of an event and the position of the hour-hand of a clock at a certain position, he is confusing the idea of time with our method of measuring it quantitatively. If we had no adequate idea of time as the succession of events, we should have no conception of what simultaneous occurrences are nor of how to measure time. Finally, it is argued that even when Einstein's assumptions be granted, we get no more than a theory which is perfectly logical so long as it is applied to abstract systems moving with a constant velocity in a straight line. But there is no means of applying to the theory the test of experience.

Attention should here be drawn to a very remarkable and suggestive article in *Science Progress* (April 1915), by Dr James Johnstone, of the University of Liverpool, dealing with the question, "Is the Organism a Thermo-dynamic Mechanism?" Starting by formulating, and illustrating in an interesting manner, the two laws of thermo-dynamics, those, namely,

of the conservation and of the dissipation of energy, Dr Johnstone points out that, since according to the second law energy is being continually degraded, the universe is tending towards a limit which would be the cessation of all phenomena—universal physical death. And yet it is clear that we cannot extend this deduction *a priori* to the universe as a whole. For in the lapses of duration that lie in the past the limit to the fall of available energy must have been attained if the second law be universally true. But we look upon a universe in which natural phenomena still occur. There appears, therefore, to be but one way out of this *impasse*: somewhere in the universe there must be a restoration of available energy. Dr Johnstone maintains that what we are thus logically compelled to seek may be found in living organisms. When in inorganic systems potential passes into kinetic energy, the tendency is always the same—that is, the final form of the transforming energy is low-temperature heat, which becoming uniformly distributed throughout its environment also becomes uniformly dissipated. In these organic systems in which potential energy passes into the kinetic form—that is, in the animal—there is no such tendency, for the sensori-motor system is such that the kinetic energy resulting from the processes of metabolism can be directed. In those organic systems in which potential energy accumulates—that is, in the plant organism—stable chemical compounds of high energy-value are formed as the result of the life-process. Thus in organic systems generally the tendency of their energy-transformations is opposed to that which characterises inorganic systems. But, then, looked at from the purely mechanical point of view, the occurrence of living substance as the expression of a reversal in sign of the second law of thermo-dynamics would be as improbable as that all the men in London might commit suicide, independently of each other, on the same day. “The cloven hoof of Bergsonism,” Dr Johnstone admits, is in this argument; but, approached from the standpoint of the second law of thermo-dynamics, the speculation of Bergson may not, he thinks, appear to the man of science so fantastic after all. In an article on “Bergson and Science” (*Phil. R.*, May 1915) Mr Lewis E. Akeley tries to show that science may possibly have something to learn from a modern philosophy such as that of Bergson. To familiar concepts, such as “life,” “materiality,” “duration,” Bergson has given new meanings, and science, too, has played havoc with the finality of human concepts. So, again, before the days of research in radio-activity, some physicists seemed to believe that the great laws of nature had all been discovered, and that there was nothing to look forward to but greater precision in the statement of them. But if a chance discovery in one small department of physical research can so complicate the “scheme of things,” what assurance can there be that the mechanism lying at the back of nature’s scenes is not infinitely complex, that any one of a number of phases of that infinite complexity might have been discovered first? In another field—in that, namely, of the evolution of the forms of life—it looks as though science will be compelled to acknowledge the presence and activity of a creative

power. An adequate explanation of the development of a complex organ like the eye has never been forthcoming from those biologists who rely exclusively upon the theory of natural selection. The philosophy of Bergson represents not a restriction, but an extension of intellectual effort. Bergson seeks to apply intellectual methods to what is otherwise incomprehensible intuition, and thus to gain some control over this faculty. And science is for him just the pursuit of power, power in controlling that which is present in the world.

Mr H. A. Prichard, dealing with "Mr Bertrand Russell on our Knowledge of the External World" (*Mind*, April 1915), examines in detail the chief positions set forth in Mr Russell's recent work. (a) As regards the doctrine that the individual, so far as his sense-data are concerned, lives in a private world, which contains a private space, Mr Prichard will have none of it. He contends that the realities which are capable of being spatially related are not *appearances* to someone, but *bodies*. No one thinks, or could think, that an appearance to me could be, say, to the left of, or near to, another. Moreover, there is no sense in speaking of a plurality of spaces at all, and the reason is that given by Kant, that "we can represent to ourselves only one space, and if we speak of many spaces we mean thereby only parts of one and the same unique space." Again, if there cannot be such a thing as *a* space, in distinction from the one all-embracing space, there cannot obviously be such a thing as a *private* space. (b) According to Mr Russell, besides the spaces private to individuals, there is another space, the space of perspectives, or, as he later calls it, physical space. These perspectives, *i.e.* systems of appearances which are appearances to no one, each contain their own space, and are therefore infinite. We thus get what seems to Mr Prichard the amazing result that a number of systems of realities, each spatially infinite, are at finite distances from one another. But if what the individual perceives is a space private to himself, then, even granting that he somehow manages to become aware of the private spaces of others, what could lead him even to suspect the existence of any other space? (c) "A thing" of common sense is defined by Mr Russell as the class, or the whole class, of its appearances. This view, argues Mr Prichard, is exposed to the objection which Berkeley quotes against himself: "After all, it sounds very harsh to say, we eat and drink ideas, and are clothed with ideas." If for "ideas" there be substituted "series of appearances," this objection applies in the present case. If we thought, as Mr Russell thinks, that what we see is an appearance, the statement that a thing *presents* a certain appearance to us would lose all meaning. Mr Russell is bound to find a characteristic of certain appearances which will render them such that, as a group, they, though not a body, will have the properties of a body. But the task is impossible. The mere fact that any group of appearances which may be selected is *a* group of appearances, apart from what constitutes it a group of a particular sort, is enough to destroy its claim to be a substitute for a body.

Two books by Mr Clement C. J. Webb call for notice. The one, *Studies in the History of Natural Theology* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1915), contains the substance of three courses of lectures delivered by the author in Oxford. The first course was a general introduction to the subject; the second dealt with the Natural Theology of Plato as expounded in the tenth book of the *Laws*; and the third with mediæval Natural Theology as represented by St Anselm, Abelard, St Thomas Aquinas, Raymond of Sebonde, Pietro Pomponazzi, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. In the Introduction the relation between religion and philosophy is incidentally discussed, and it is maintained that to philosophy the religious experience, like every other form of experience, supplies data. A philosophy which did not reflect as freely upon religious experience as upon any other, or one which attended only to religious experience, would be an incomplete philosophy which did not fully understand its business. In dealing with Plato, Mr Webb maintains, as against Zeller, that there is little or no ground for the view that the famous reference in the tenth book of the *Laws* to an evil World-Soul beside the good is not Platonic. The thought, he argues, must have lain close at hand that the evil element in nature was traceable to the activity of a soul—of a soul inspired by *ἄνοια* rather than by *νοῦς*—to which all that was disorderly could be referred, as to the good soul all that was orderly. Indeed, Mr Webb seems to think that a respectable case can be made out for the tenability of what he takes to have been the Platonic conception. The recognition of an evil will or of evil wills in the world by which our environment is injuriously affected would, he argues, while not affording any assistance in answering the ultimate question of the origin of evil, yet relieve any additional difficulty due to the assumption that, apart from the moral evil explicable in so far as its possibility is involved in the existence of human free-will, the environment of humanity must be attributed wholly if at all to God, and in no degree to the operation of finite wills other than human. The other work of Mr Webb's to which I alluded is the little volume entitled *A History of Philosophy* in the "Home University Library" (London: Williams & Norgate, 1915). Here Mr Webb had before him a hopelessly impossible task—to summarise, namely, the development of philosophical thought from Thales to William James in a shilling manual. It simply cannot be done; and, although the little volume is well written and frequently contains observations that will arouse reflection, a gallop like this through the centuries can hardly be said to be a satisfactory mode of approaching philosophical study. The chapter on "Kant and his Contemporaries," for example, seems to me to lack even a reference to the really important things. A translation by Alfred C. Mason of the lectures delivered at the University of Copenhagen during the autumn of 1902 on *Modern Philosophers* and of *Lectures on Bergson*, delivered in 1912, by Professor Harald Höffding, has just been published (London: Macmillan, 1915). The volume is a welcome supplement to the author's *History of Modern Philosophy*, which stopped short with the year 1880. In addition

to a careful and precise exposition of the leading ideas in contemporary systems, it contains much helpful and judicious criticism. In reference to Bergson, Professor Höffding's criticism is mainly directed against the violent antithesis between intelligence and intuition. It would have been, he urges, an immense advantage, from the point of view of clearness, had Bergson expressed himself in more precise and determinate fashion with regard to the relation between intuition as the necessary condition of all psychical activity (or rather its first result) and the intuition which must constitute the summit and culmination of the work of thought, being as it is the supreme union of instinct and intelligence. Bergson employs the same word for the two things, and confusion is thus inevitable.

An extremely thoughtful and independent piece of work is presented in the essay on *Political Ideals: their Nature and Development* (Oxford University Press, 1915) by Mr C. Delisle Burns. To understand the present in order to direct the future, it is needful, the author contends, to grasp not only what great men did and how common men lived, but also what all men hoped for. One cannot understand the meaning of what actually happened unless one appreciates what men wanted to happen. We can discover what extinct animals once existed on the earth by the study of fossils, and there are fossils left by past ideals in the midst of the common earth of present custom. These fossils are to be found in language. Many a word which was once the body of an enthusiasm, the shell of a passion, has become only a commonplace. Thus, even a word like Liberty has not that vigorous life in it which it once had, except perhaps in the mouth of some enthusiast who has not yet become petrified into a politician. Mr Burns, then, in a series of interesting and stimulating chapters, discusses those elements of Athenian Liberty living in the present, the Roman Order which lies behind our modern system of government, the Unity of Mankind which was the ideal of the Middle Ages, the Independence of States which was the ideal of the Renaissance, the Revolutionary ideal of the Rights of Man, the ideal of Nationalism, Modern Imperialism, Individualism, and Socialism. The criticism which Mr Burns offers is in all cases relevant and acute, and the small book deserves to be widely read and pondered over. The attitude adopted by the author is, he tells us, individualistic, if that only implies the denial of any social soul or higher unity in the form of a super-person, but it is not individualistic if that implies that there could be an individual without a society. He does not suppose that human individuals are distinct in the same way as are bodies in space; but their union does not seem to him to be that of subordination to anything higher or nobler or more real.

G. DAWES HICKS.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

A SOCIAL SURVEY.

THE war still dominates the thoughts if not the actions of most of us, and the number of books in English dealing with some phase or other of that many-headed subject has long passed four figures. Although it may be that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, many will be profoundly grateful to certain French publishers who are said to have announced that they will issue no books about the war! All that the overtasked reviewer can hope to do is to notice briefly a selection of the sanest and most useful. One of the most judicial statements of the case between us and Germany is *The Meaning of the War for Germany and Great Britain: An Attempt at Synthesis*, by Canon Sanday (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. 6d. net). It is an impartial estimate of Germany's past contribution to scholarship and science, and a condemnation of her recent actions, with the expression of a confident hope that her present obsessions will pass away and the old Germany of Bach and Beethoven, Lessing and Goethe, Helmholtz and Virchow, Ranke and Mommsen be restored. No less candid and helpful is Professor J. H. Muirhead's *German Philosophy in Relation to the War* (Murray, 2s. 6d. net), issued by way of protest against certain blatant and violent attempts to discredit the whole movement of German thought, however little it has to do with the present war. It is a clear and concise summary (1) of the obligations of philosophy, and through it of civilisation, to the series of great thinkers from Kant to Hegel; (2) of the chief influences which have led to the present falsification of those great men's ideals. Professor Muirhead well points out that, although materialism has most securely established itself in Germany, and has had its most fatal consequences there, it is not confined to Germany. Indeed, Haeckel and Nietzsche, for example, have had as great a circulation in English-speaking countries as in their own. *Germany in the Nineteenth Century*, edited by Professor C. H. Herford (Longmans, Green & Co., 6s. net), was first published in 1912, in the days when it was still possible to believe that "the best way to promote international goodwill was to dispel the cloud of suspicion by the spread of sound knowledge." In response to a demand on both sides of the Atlantic, it now appears in a third edition. It is an account, somewhat more favourable than would now be possible, but still substantially accurate, of Germany's work in theology, philosophy,

education, literature, music, and of her political and economic development. It is refreshing to think that a work like this, the joint product of competent and impartial scholars, should be so much in request. A similar attempt, made shortly before the war, from the other side of the North Sea, to appraise British institutions is *Die politische Bildung in England*, by Dr Ernst Schultze (Leipzig: Teubner, 1 Mark). The points on which Dr Schultze lays stress are the national sense of duty, unwillingness to yield to panic, the faculty of self-criticism, the general belief in good citizenship combined with the fixed determination not to yield servile obedience to authority. Professor W. P. Paterson edits a useful volume written *ad hoc*, *German Culture* (T. C. & E. C. Jack, 2s. 6d. net), describing religion, philosophy, history, politics, science, literature, art, education, music, as developed in Germany. The chapters on these subjects, all written by experts in their own departments, are a most successful attempt to give with considerable detail an account of what Germany has done in these various fields of human activity.

France in Danger, by Paul Vergnet, translated by Beatrice Barstow (Murray, 2s. 6d. net), was first published in France two years ago, and predicted the catastrophe which has now come to pass. M. Vergnet traces the aggressive spirit, which in recent years has taken possession of Germany, to the activities of the Pan-German League and its numerous subsidiary societies. The substantial accuracy of his statements was cynically admitted by the official organ of the Pan-German League. Of more than usual interest is *J'accuse*, by a German (Lausanne: Payot, 4 francs). The anonymous author, whose *bona fides* is attested by Dr Anton Suter of Lausanne, hates Prussian militarism and all its works. In his opinion—and this is in agreement with testimony from other quarters—the head of the militarist faction was the Crown Prince, whose efforts were assisted by a horde of professors, teachers, and journalists. The conclusion is that Germany, backed by Austria, provoked the war, for which Great Britain and France were not prepared, and which they did not even foresee.

Professor J. A. Thomson's second Galton Lecture appears in the April *Eugenics Review* under the title "Eugenics and the War." "Let us not seek," he says, "to conceal the fact that war, *biologically regarded*, means wastage and a reversal of eugenic or rational selection, since it prunes off a disproportionately large number of those whom the race can least afford to lose." In *Evolution and the War* (Murray, 2s. 6d. net) Dr Chalmers Mitchell seeks to show the fallacy of the notion that war is an example of "the law of struggle." He aptly recalls Darwin's statement in the first edition of the *Origin of Species*, "I use the term struggle for existence in a large and metaphorical sense, including the dependence of one being on another." The struggle for existence, then, has no resemblance to human warfare, nor is man subject to the laws of the unconscious, by which his conduct is not to be judged, but "by its harmony with a real and external not-self that man has built up through the ages."

The Healing of Nations, and the Hidden Sources of their Strife, by

Edward Carpenter (London : G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 2s. net), accepts the general view that Germany precipitated the war, and that the Allies must continue it until German militarism is put out of court. But it points out that Prussia has merely carried out with greater brutality and rigour pernicious principles which other states have practised. The author's hope for the future is that the peoples who have to pay with their lives for war will rise and put a stop to the pompous fooling of diplomacy, when they have freed themselves from class domination. A similar point of view is expressed as a conclusion to *The Unmaking of Europe*, by P. W. Wilson (Nisbet, 3s. 6d. net), a most spirited and readable narrative of the first portion of the war, with special reference to its moral bearings rather than to mere strategic detail. "The time has come for the people to make it dangerous for the rulers to instigate and enlarge the crimes which to-day fill millions of homes with sorrow and despair." An interesting and appropriate reprint is a translation (first published in 1903), by Miss Campbell Smith, of Kant's essay on *Perpetual Peace*, which dates from 1795. "No treaty of peace shall be regarded as valid, if made with the secret reservation of material for a future war. No State having an independent existence, whether it be great or small, shall be acquired by another through inheritance, exchange, purchase, or donation. Standing armies shall be abolished in course of time. No national debt shall be contracted for purposes of external action. No State shall forcibly interfere with the constitution and administration of another. No State at war with another shall countenance breaches of capitulation or the employment of assassins or poisoners. Punitive wars must be absolutely forbidden." Perhaps the Powers, whether belligerent or neutral, might be invited to consider these and similar ideas of the philosopher of Königsberg when the time comes to make peace. If the voice of Kant seems too remote for the average man, there are mentors in our own day who ought to find a hearing. One of the sanest and most impartial utterances on the present situation is *The Road to Peace*, by Dr C. W. Eliot (Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin Co.), who, while doing ample justice to all that is good in modern Germany, hopes and expects, for the sake of freedom and civilisation, that the Allies will win. The root-causes of European misunderstandings, he believes, are secret diplomacy, the competition in armaments, conscription, the monstrous superstition of the divine right of kings, the passion for world empire, cherished at different times by various European States. The present war can only be justified if it is a war against war and if its outcome is the substitution for the present unstable European system of a Federal Council of Europe. Mr Roosevelt, in *America and the World War* (London : John Murray, 5s. net), makes a vigorous plea for national service (only for defensive purposes) and for "a great world agreement among all the civilised military powers to *back righteousness by force*," without which power in reserve he considers that Hague conventions are a farcical waste of time and energy. Sir Robert Laidlaw, in the April *Contemporary*, makes an able plea for the inter-

national control of armaments, a topic which should also be discussed by the Powers after the war. On the other hand, Sir George Toulmin, in the May number of the same review, subjects the idea of "the United States of Europe," a cant phrase which has long been on the lips of many anti-militarists, to a searching examination. The idea is anything but new, and, sad to relate, it hardly appears that Europe as a whole is prepared to accept it and to abide by it. In this same number of the *Contemporary* an able and interesting article by Dr Marion Phillips discusses "The Women's International." The conference (therein described) of social democratic women, including Germans, which met at Berne at the end of March, demanded "a peace that recognises the right of peoples and nations, both large and small, to independence and self-government; that enforces no humiliating and insupportable conditions upon any country, that requires expiation of the wrong inflicted on Belgium, thus clearing the way for the peaceful, friendly co-operation of the nations."

A concise but comprehensive study of internal administration is *An Introduction to the Study of Government*, by Dr L. H. Holt (New York : Macmillan Co., 8s. 6d. net), which deals with the nature and purpose of government, constitutions (the constitutions of France, Germany, and the United States are given in appendices), the legislative, the executive, the judiciary, the electorate, the government of dependencies, and other relevant themes. *The New Statesman* special supplement (8th May) on "State and Municipal Enterprise" is a candid statement from the Fabian point of view of "the experience and potentialities of the organisation of industry by the Government, whether local or central, municipal or national, State or federal." This supplement, like its predecessors, has an amazing amount of information concentrated in a perfectly lucid form. *Political Thought in England, from Herbert Spencer to the Present Day*, by Ernest Barker (Williams & Norgate, 1s. net), covers a great variety of topics in a short space. The best part of the book is its examination of Norman-Angellism, which, while doing full justice to it, Mr Barker rejects chiefly on the ground that its argument is merely economic and not moral.

There is at present a demand for books dealing with the development of countries as such. One of the most amazing books, alike from its comprehensiveness, lucidity, balance, and candour, which it has been the present reviewer's good fortune to read is *A History of Persia*, by Lt.-Col. P. M. Sykes (Macmillan, £2, 10s. net), the fruit of twenty-one years' residence and travel in Persia, and study of its chequered history from the earliest times to 1906. The geography (a most important factor in racial development), the religion, literature, language, arts, architecture of the country, its military leaders, its manners and customs, its relations with other States in ancient and modern times, are all fully and succinctly described. Every aid, in the shape of a full bibliography and index, magnificent maps, and a most varied series of interesting illustrations, is given to the reader, who is left wondering at the prodigious industry which alone could have produced such a book. Specially valuable also, though

on a small scale, is Mr R. C. K. Ensor's *Belgium* (Williams & Norgate, 1s. net), a discriminating study by one who knows both the past and the recent history of the country, of its political subjection and struggle for independence, the winning of a constitution, the art, literature, and social conditions of a people who from the sociological point of view are perhaps the most interesting in Europe. Many will have failed to realise, what Mr Ensor points out, that Belgium is the only Continental State, with the exception of Switzerland, which has had the privilege of unbroken personal freedom since 1831. The growth of what virtually amounts to a new nationality is implied in *Canadian Essays and Addresses* (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net), by Dr Peterson, the Principal of McGill University, Montreal, who demands that his adopted country should have a navy of its own, and be directly represented upon the Council of Imperial Defence. Another view of Canadian conditions is expressed in *The New Slavery* (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net), by Mr H. P. Scott, who maintains that the Dominion has got into the grip of trusts, against which there are no countervailing checks.

SOCIAL INVESTIGATION AND SOCIAL SERVICE.

A most useful manual for the thoughtful social servant is *The Measurement of Social Phenomena*, by Dr A. L. Bowley (P. S. King, 3s. 6d. net), who explains the classification of persons by area and by income; what is meant by family income; the fallacies inherent in many generalisations about wealth, wages, income, population; and certain newer statistical methods. Some striking results of these methods are to be found in *Livelihood and Poverty*, by Dr A. L. Bowley and A. R. Burnett-Hurst, with introduction by R. H. Tawney (G. Bell & Sons, 3s. 6d. net). A great part of the poverty revealed in four selected towns with widely differing industrial conditions is "not intermittent but permanent, not accidental or due to exceptional misfortune, but a regular feature of the industries of the towns concerned. It can hardly be too emphatically stated that of all the causes of primary poverty which have been brought to our notice, low wages are by far the most important. We would go further and say that to raise the wages of the worst-paid workers is the most pressing social task with which the country is confronted to-day." A similar condition of affairs is to be found in the United States, according to Dr Hollander, in *The Abolition of Poverty* (New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 75 cents net). The writer strongly urges that "the essential causes of poverty are determinable and its considerable presence unnecessary." *First Principles of Production*, by J. Taylor Peddie (Longmans, 6s. net), is a plea which all merchants and manufacturers ought to take to heart, for the application of science to industry. Included in the book is an abridgment of Sir Norman Lockyer's address to the British Association in 1903, "The Influence of Brain Power on History and Industry." The sad reflection is that, although there is abundance of original brain power in

the United Kingdom, it has not been applied as it ought to have been to either industry or agriculture.

Mr Havelock Ellis' remarkable study of the anthropological and psychological differences between the sexes, *Man and Woman* (London and New York: Walter Scott Publishing Co., 6s. net), which first appeared in 1894, is now issued in a revised and enlarged fifth edition. "The hope of our future civilisation," says Mr Ellis, "lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and feminine elements in life. The broader and more varied character of modern civilisation seems to render this more possible than did the narrow basis of classic civilisation, and there is much evidence around us that a twin movement of this kind is in progress." Specific testimony in the latter direction will be found in *Women in Public Life* (vol. lvi., *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Greenmount Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland; or London: P. S. King & Son). *Painless Childbirth in Twilight Sleep*, by Hanna Rion (London: Werner Laurie, 6s. net), describes what the author calls "a tested and perfect method of painless childbirth." If this method does all that the author claims for it—and this is a matter for medical experts to decide—one-half of the human race would be relieved of its most dread ordeal.

Information about the Peace Service of the Society of Friends, which has taken the form of an ambulance unit; a war victims' relief committee, at work in Holland and France; and an emergency committee for helping aliens in the British Islands, may be found in successive numbers of *The Friend* (London: Headley Bros., weekly, 1d.). Like all social work undertaken by the Friends, it is thorough, sympathetic, and discriminating. French measures for relief of distress caused by the war are described in "Notre Assistance de Guerre" (*Charity Organisation Review*, April; Longmans, 6d.); and German (for conserving supplies of food and raw materials), in the March Board of Trade *Labour Gazette* (obtainable from the agencies of Mr Fisher Unwin).

R. P. FARLEY.

(*British Institute of Social Service.*)

REVIEWS

Evolution and the War.—By P. Chalmers Mitchell.—John Murray, 1915.

It is a very widely held opinion that war plays a necessary and essential part in evolution. Every species, it is said, produces more offspring than the conditions of life on this planet will allow to reach maturity, and hence the struggle for existence among individuals and the survival of the fittest by a natural selection. The struggle has not always, nor indeed often, taken the form of "tooth and claw," but none the less it has meant the ruthless use by a favoured type of its advantage for the detriment or destruction of its competitors. Cruel as this struggle may be, and terribly wasteful, it has nevertheless, it appears, been so far successful that it is almost always in the end a higher type which is established than that which is displaced. This law of life knows no limit to its reign. It applies to the races of mankind and to nations and to the groups and communities within nations.

This idea has become a philosophy of life. It has found its most pronounced expression in what we may, without any political or sociological intention, describe as the German theory of the war. As a philosophical theory it is not confined to German philosophers, but it has taken root in the mind of the modern German people with almost the force of a religious faith. As an instance we have the popular writings of von Bernhardi. "War," he says, "gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the very nature of things." We have the idea popularised in Wagner's *Siegfried*. The hero who has forged the sword and slain the dragon, at once turns his victorious weapon on the dwarf who has nurtured him through his helpless, orphaned infancy. It is true that in the music-drama some concession is made to our outraged conscience by the revelation of the poison treachery, but the real justification of the slaughter is, and is meant to be, that Siegfried is a hero and Mimi is a dwarf.

It is this theory of war as a biological necessity that Dr Chalmers Mitchell has in this book set himself to criticise and refute. It will be generally agreed that no one could be fitter for the task, since no one knows more completely by first-hand study the scientific facts on which the great

generalisation is based. The refutation also gains in force from the fact that it comes not from an idealist philosopher, but from a "hard-shell Darwinian evolutionist, a lover of the scalpel and microscope, and of patient empirical observation, who dislikes all forms of supernaturalism and does not shrink from the implications even of the phrase that thought is a secretion of the brain as bile is a secretion of the liver."

I do not propose to touch on the interesting scientific facts and principles which Dr Mitchell has brought forward to show how false this whole theory of the biological purpose or function of war is. It is of his metaphysical theory I wish to speak, for Dr Mitchell is fully under the influence of the tendency, so remarkable a feature of science to-day, to pursue physics into metaphysics. He not only recognises a philosophical question in the problem of life and consciousness, but the fascination of scientific investigation itself is for him in large measure the light it throws on that question.

The conclusion Dr Mitchell reaches is that in man we find an entirely new fact, new not in the sense that its origin is supernatural or miraculous, but in the sense that it has raised human action to a different plane from that of any of the creatures whose common origin man shares. This specially human fact is what Kant named the moral law. Dr Mitchell quotes the well-known passage: "Two things fill my mind with ever renewed wonder and awe the more often and deeper I dwell on them—the starry vault above me, and the moral law within me." But he dissents from Kant's application of those last two words "within me." It is this making the moral law resident within the individual which is responsible, he thinks, for the German philosophical justification of the conduct of the war to-day. The nation says of itself what Kant declared the individual man could say, "I am responsible only to myself; I am alone; I am free; I am lord of myself." In Dr Mitchell's view the moral law is as external to man as the starry vault. "It is not in man, inborn or innate, but is enshrined in his traditions, in his customs, in his literature and his religion. Its creation and sustenance are the crowning glory of man, and his consciousness of it puts him in a high place above the animal world."

This new possibility in man of acting on the plane of this wider and higher reality, and developing his life in accordance with its dictates, is due to the fact that he has become possessed of a peculiar quality indicated in phrases such as "consciousness" and "sense of freedom," a quality which constitutes a vital and overmastering distinction between man and beast.

What is the nature of this peculiar quality, and how has man acquired it? Dr Mitchell has no dogmatic answer to these questions. He offers some analogies to help us, but he clearly thinks that any full and satisfactory answer is beyond our attainment. He is more concerned to insist on the fact than to dilate on the theory. But he is decided in his rejection of each of the two competing theories, mechanism and vitalism. In this I should like to be able to say that I agree with him, and indeed so far as I can follow his own metaphysical theory I do, but my agreement is only at

the price of disagreeing *in toto* with his interpretation of the vitalism of Bergson. I will explain what I mean, and in doing so shall have the pleasure of trying to convict Dr Mitchell of a much closer agreement with M. Bergson than he is likely to believe or admit.

Bergson's vitalism, as I have argued elsewhere, and as readers of this journal may satisfy themselves if they will refer to the article in the April number, "Life and Matter at War," is a philosophical theory and not in the strict sense a biological theory at all. M. Bergson may be, and no doubt is, in complete sympathy with the vitalistic as distinct from the mechanistic hypothesis, but the conception of the *élan vital* is a metaphysical doctrine, intended to throw light on the ultimate nature of reality. The *élan vital* is regarded as a principle of movement or change with the character of a true duration, which means that for it the past does not perish or cease but is carried forward in an ever active creative present. It is not my purpose to expound this theory nor to defend it, but simply to state it, in order to show how different it is from a simple biological doctrine, such as, for example, the *entelechy* doctrine of Driesch.

What then is Dr Mitchell's thesis? It is that in "consciousness" and "sense of freedom" man has a quality which has raised him immeasurably above the brute. I entirely agree, but this also is Bergson's doctrine. This peculiarity of man is a special mode of activity which M. Bergson names intelligence. It is a mode of activity different in kind from the torpor of vegetable life and the instinct of animal life. It is no doubt a potentiality wherever we meet life, but only in man has it reached perfection and become the predominant feature; everywhere else it is a mere glimmering. No one who will read the second chapter of *Évolution créatrice* can remain in any doubt whatever on this point. Yet Dr Mitchell quotes a passage from the Huxley Memorial Lecture, in which M. Bergson points to the nature of the activity of the amoeba to illustrate the principle of life, and interprets it to mean that M. Bergson attributes to the amoeba the intelligence we meet with in man. That there shall be no mistake as to his meaning, he sets side by side with this quotation Mr E. Heron-Allen's contention that the Foraminifera, a group of Protozoa with shells of beautiful and varied structure, are creatures possessed of intelligence, who perform purposive actions such as we ourselves perform. But Mr Heron-Allen makes no distinction between instinctive and intelligent action. In a recent lecture on the Foraminifera, I heard him express amazement that the great naturalist, Henri Fabre, should deny intelligence to the insects. M. Bergson, we know, not only denies intelligence to the insects, but probably would deny even instinct to the Protozoa, at least in anything resembling the developed mode of activity which we meet with in the insects. This is enough to show how completely Dr Mitchell has missed the significance of the Bergson doctrine, in presenting it as the antithesis of his own. In man we meet with a mode of activity different in kind from the modes of activity we meet in other forms of life; it is implicit, it is true, in the principle of life itself, but

nowhere does it find expression to anything like the extent in which it dominates the whole sphere of human action. This is intellect. It does, as Dr Mitchell has so convincingly shown, completely alter the whole direction of human evolution. It has introduced man to a spiritual world.

This leads me to say a word on Dr Mitchell's metaphysical theory of our relation to ultimate reality. "About ultimate reality we know nothing, for we can think and know only in terms of ourselves." "The fundamental paradox of metaphysics is that the moment part of reality enters into us and becomes known, it ceases to be real." "This immortal has put on mortality" (p. 7). Here again Dr Mitchell is indebted to Kant. It is the notion of the thing in itself, in the existence of which Dr Mitchell expresses his firm belief at the same time that he offers the most absolute demonstration of its unknowability. May I suggest to him that a further study of Bergson might lead him to a metaphysical basis not only more logical but far more in agreement with science, a theory which seems indeed to be almost the application to philosophy of a generalisation found necessary in science? Try and imagine how much would remain of physical science if it were possible to throw serious doubt on the law of the conservation of energy. Yet this law is not a generalisation of discovered facts but a way of thinking about reality. So far as any facts or any relations between facts are concerned, all we know is that a particular form of energy exists or does not exist, and for all ordinary purposes we so express ourselves. But the notion of existing and not existing will not work in science. So we have had to replace it with the notion of a reality which remains constant in quantity but passes from one form to another. This does not mean that there is an unknowable something we may call energy in itself. It means only that no form of energy—light, heat, electricity—is absolute, but that the presence of one form is the absence of another. So too ultimate reality is not unknowable, for it is immediately present to us in experience, and to talk of its existence is unmeaning, for it cannot not-exist. What is not absolute is the mode in which we apprehend it, and we can only say, as in the case of energy, that the presence of one form is the absence of another. For our human outlook and sphere of action there are two orders of reality—the duration or psychical order we call life, and the material order we call science; reality is not a third thing distinct from both and having no order.

I cannot close this notice without expressing my admiration for the clear and forcible exposition Dr Mitchell has given us of the true Darwinian doctrine, and for the remarkable evidence he has brought together to show that the Darwinian theory not only does not suppose but positively disproves the view that war between nations is a part of the process of the natural selection which has produced the evolution of higher types. The book is a delight to read.

H. WILDON CARR.

Kinship and Social Organisation.—By W. H. R. Rivers, M.D., F.R.S.,
Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge.—London: Constable & Co.,
1914.—Pp. vii + 96.

MOST men who have orderly ways of thinking, when they have read a few of the books that pass nowadays as expositions of sociology, are inclined to deny that sociology can ever be scientific. The conclusion is hasty, but certainly very many of the writers about the subject have done their best to encourage it. For their work suggests that the nature of sociology is such that the final results of its study must be either a mere crowded collection of observed facts, or else the easy stringing together of details by rather careless generalisation. Here, however, is a book concerning a most important branch of sociological study which is as definite, as clear, and as scientific as any book about any subject could be. The reason is twofold. At the very outset the aim of the argument is defined, and never once are its limits overstepped, while the method adopted, though it is as old as science itself, is absolutely new in its successful application to sociological problems. It is, in fact, the very definite adherence to scientific method, even more than the careful original research that has gone to its making, that gives to this book a special value, and to its results a noteworthy importance.

The book consists of three short lectures, the purpose of which is: "to demonstrate the close connection which exists between methods of denoting relationship or kinship and forms of social organisation, including those based on different varieties of the institution of marriage." If a connection of dependence can be proved, we shall, of course, by a study of terms and systems of relationship, be able to go far towards a reconstruction of the social institutions of which they are the direct outcome. So the conception underlying the whole argument is that here is a sphere of social life in which the principle of determinism holds with rigorous exactitude. We ought to be able to say, when we find certain characteristics: "Here there is or has been a certain institution." And so far as the lectures go they thoroughly justify this contention.

The start is made from the classificatory system of denoting relationship. McLennan's view that the terms it uses are mere forms of address and modes of salutation is definitely disproved, and thereafter the aim is to show what really are the necessary conditions of terms of relationship. Professor Kroeber holds them to be purely linguistic and psychological, but, dissenting from this, Dr Rivers builds up a strong argument in favour of the position that the determining factors are social in nature. He takes first the custom of cross-cousin marriage and works out the definite consequences that it would have upon combinations of relationship. Then comes the appeal to fact. It is shown that in several parts of Melanesia, in some of which cross-cousin marriage is still found, the terms of relationship used are precisely those that would follow from this form of marriage, while, apart from the existence of cross-cousin marriage, the appeal to psychological similarity breaks down.

Then the argument proceeds in the same way to further details. It shows how certain varieties of classificatory terminology are exactly as they would be, supposing the existence of definite social customs. Here is where we get the evidence for the institution, in some places, of marriage with own granddaughter or with the daughter's daughter of the brother, and, in other places, for marriage between persons having the status of grandmother and grandson. In the latter case the conclusion is of the nature of a prediction, for no direct evidence for the actual existence of this extraordinary form of marriage was available at the time the lectures were delivered. Should such evidence be forthcoming—and Dr Rivers certainly suggests that it very well may be,—it is clear that the value of this method of argument will receive striking confirmation.

In all of the cases brought forward—and considering the limitations of the lectures there are many—the classificatory system appears to be associated with the dual organisation of society. The general conclusion, therefore, is that this system indicates the existence as its basis of some form of clan organisation, and particularly of the separation of communities into two exogamous groups. Details of classificatory terminology will be determined largely by the replacement of regulation of marriage through clan exogamy by regulation through relations of kinship. And just as the classificatory system is based on the clan as social unit, so, it is argued, our own "descriptive" terms take their rise from the family as unit, while the Semitic and Sudanese terminology, together with that of which traces are still to be found in many parts of Europe, indicate a social organisation based upon the "extended family." There are thus three large groups into which terms of relationship fall. In every case the terms used are to be traced to social institutions from which they rise, and this applies to the many varieties within each group as well as to the groups themselves.

All this, as Dr Rivers points out, helps to make clear the proper place of psychology in relation to sociology. For the failure to explain terminology of relationship on a psychological basis is merely an illustration of what holds throughout the whole of sociology. That psychological factors are important is admitted, but at least for the present, when we have social facts to deal with, it is to antecedent or accompanying social conditions that we must look for our explanation. Accepting the root principle that social facts are definitely determined by social conditions, we must endeavour to work out what, under certain supposed circumstances, would happen in connection with a given problem. Then we must compare our deductions with the facts so far as that is possible, and modify and develop the hypothesis as any scientist working in any other realm would do. In that way at length we may be able to reconstruct the social history of the peoples in whose life we are interested.

Dr Rivers has made good his method, and that is the main thing. In this book he has shown that it may be applied with striking success to the elucidation of problems of the terminology of relationship. It is greatly

to be desired that many others will work along the same lines at other questions, so that sociology may come to be an ordered body of doctrine against which none can cast the reproach that it is unscientific.

F. C. BARTLETT.

ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The Theory of Beauty.—By E. F. Carritt.—London: Methuen, 1914.

THIS book is a very welcome sign of the growing interest in this country in æsthetics. At a time when experimental inquiries into the psychology of æsthetic experience almost monopolise the attention given to æsthetics as such, it is refreshing to find an author recognising that, quite apart from empirical psychology, there is a theory of beauty which belongs to pure philosophy. Mr Carritt's book takes this position, and we only regret that he has not more clearly defined the metaphysical assumptions upon which his variant of Croce's æsthetic rests. He has thought it wiser to let his ghosts "slumber uneasily in the surrounding shadows," but it is to be hoped that in a future book he will follow Kant's example and exhibit the general scheme of philosophy of which his æsthetic can be but a part.

Mr Carritt adopts a semi-historical procedure. He takes a number of leading theories of beauty—the hedonistic, the "realistic-typical," the emotionalist, the expressionist, and so on, and examines these as presented by their leading exponents. We thus get Plato, Tolstoy, and Ruskin together in one chapter, while in another Plato keeps company with Aristotle and the eighteenth century. This method has its advantages, but it requires a bigger book than Mr Carritt's present volume to utilise them to the full. Nevertheless, in his three hundred pages Mr Carritt draws upon an astonishing number of authorities, and his detailed recognition of the doctrines to be found in Coleridge, Wordsworth, and other poets and essayists in criticism is a valuable feature of his book. It is strange, however, that he does not quote Mr Balfour; and Francis Thompson's *Carmen Genesis*, which is curiously in line with Croce's doctrine, appears to be unknown to him. It may be noted in passing, also, that in a later chapter of the *Ascent of Mount Carmel* St John of the Cross largely undoes the passage cited by Mr Carritt from von Hügel's *Mystical Element in Religion*.

Mr Carritt very clearly distinguishes the two inconsistent theories in Plato's philosophy of the beautiful, and his exposition will be found a useful supplement to the treatment in Dr Bosanquet's *History of Æsthetic*. But we regret that he disclaims any concern with the "apparent" affiliation between Plato's metaphysic and his æsthetic, and in this connection the important psychological interpretation offered in Part II. of Mr Stewart's *Plato's Doctrine of Ideas* should, we think, have received some attention.

The doctrine of *κάθαρσις* is excellently treated. Its development in subsequent ages is traced and criticised, and an attempt is made to interpret it in line with Croce's general theory. No more than his predecessors, however, does Mr Carritt clearly distinguish the two aspects, one positive, the other negative, of Aristotle's famous doctrine. On the positive side, tragedy, "music," and the beautiful in general afford proper exercise and training for the emotions. They do this by presenting worthy, noble, and elevated objects for passionate contemplation. On the negative side, unhealthy accumulations of emotional forces are purged by the beautiful, and, as Mr Carritt truly recognises, pity and fear are not the only emotions amenable to catharsis. Indeed, Aristotle seems rather to have instanced these, not exclusively but as examples, and his doctrine should always be read, it seems to us, in conjunction with Browning's *Abt Vogler*.

Mr Carritt devotes a careful chapter to Kant, with whom in a short concluding paragraph he suggestively couples the name of Coleridge. But he does not seem to be quite so sympathetic towards the *Critique of Judgment* as might have been expected, and justice is hardly done to Kant's great attempt to find in beauty the meeting-place for the otherwise irreconcilable worlds of phenomena and noumena. We suspect that Croce comes nearer to Kant than sometimes appears at first sight, and the relationship is worth elucidating. Does Mr Carritt know Dr Macmillan's *Crowning Phase of the Critical Philosophy*? That work just hints at the connection between Kant and Croce. Moreover, the two philosophers share a common error in their hostility to apperceptive knowledge and the selection of content by the artist. Kant repudiates it in treating of sublimity, and Croce utterly rejects doctrines of selection of content unless the content be already "expressions," and therefore (on his premisses) unique, beautiful, and incomparable.

Mr Carritt examines the notion of the sublime at length, and finally concurs in Croce's judgment that it is a concept of no philosophic value; "everything is sublime which ever has been or shall be so called." We remain unconvinced, and suspect that a process of reasoning similar to that by which Mr Carritt convicts the writers on sublimity of chaotic inconsistencies and disagreement would dispose in like manner of the concept of the beautiful. Mr Carritt himself does not appear to be altogether satisfied with a summary rejection of the sublime, for he attempts to explain its illegitimate importance by a theory of his own. Beauties, he urges, differ in "depth"; and when the expressive activity conquers for free contemplation obscure and mastering impulses which at first repel æsthetic treatment, then the resulting beauty has a rich depth which we experience as the sublime. This may be compared with Kant's dictum that before beauty we are quiet, whereas the sublime moves us. And if someone avers that from a distance the Bernese Oberland is exquisitely beautiful but not sublime, whereas in the midst of its peaks the impression is distinctly one of sublimity rather than of beauty, would

Mr Carritt's theory explain this? And would he substitute the word "beautiful" for "sublime" when Kant says that war has something sublime in it? But this chapter of his will repay close study.

Theories of *Einfühlung* receive somewhat scanty attention in the book. This is perhaps not to be regretted, as empathy has certainly been overdone lately, especially in the exaggerated importance assigned to motor and organic sensations in æsthetic experience. The "germ of truth" which Mr Carritt finds in it seems to have been anticipated by Coleridge (*e.g.* the passage quoted from the poet on p. 120). Dr Macmillan gives the doctrine a different turn in discussing the ethical teleology of Kant.

At the present time, however, what most readers will find more immediately interesting in this book is the exposition and criticism of Croce. Mr Carritt believes there is more truth in the *Estetica* than in any other philosophy of beauty that he has read. This enthusiastic verdict does not prevent him from criticising Croce in some important respects, but he remains faithful to him in defining beauty as expression and nothing more, and he even goes further in a remarkable footnote on page 287.

We have to ask Mr Carritt, then, as of Croce, precisely what is meant by intuition and expression. He does not accept Croce's complete identification of intuition and expression. Indeed, he scrutinises and criticises this with much patience and skill. Nevertheless, he does not seem to us to make clear exactly what it is that differentiates intuition from other psychological data. If Croce's real meaning is, as Mr Carritt seems disposed to think, that intuition is "appetite, propensity, will" (p. 188), we want to know why an alternative term is necessary, and in what sense a tint of sky, this brook, this rain, and this cup of water are equally intuitions. If intuition is ultimate and indefinable, how is it that the examples are in some cases precisely particularised—this brook, this glass of water; and in other cases vaguely described as crude emotionality, appetite, propensity, will?

The ambiguous use of the term "expression" is one of the principal difficulties in Croce's æsthetic, but it is not wholly cleared up by Mr Carritt. He himself comes to the conclusion that the "expression of any feeling is beautiful" (p. 287, footnote). If expression here is Croce's spiritual synthesis, then in the nature of things we cannot get at it, and Mr Carritt's position is like the mystic's, impregnable and unintelligible *qua* unknowable. But if expression be some apprehensible and external permanent, then to say that such expression of any feeling is beautiful seems to belie the facts. If someone treads on my corn, an emotional complex arises in my mind. If this is expressed in an inner spiritual synthesis and ends there, there is nothing more to say. But if I express my pain by swearing, does Mr Carritt seriously believe that that expression is beautiful? Even if I use gutter speech? Mr Carritt tells us that he formerly thought an intuition of some *value* was necessary to the artistic impulse. Apparently he has abandoned this relatively safe position for

the new doctrine that the expression of any feeling is beautiful. And if there are ugly or unsuccessful expressions of feeling, what criterion does he offer? Croce is outdone. He at least limits the beautiful to successful expression (interior or exterior he leaves in doubt), but Mr Carritt's final position seems to us the negation of æsthetics as a branch of philosophy. Is this why he commits himself to it in a footnote only?

On the other hand, besides rejecting Croce's theory of the identity between intuition and expression, Mr Carritt explicitly accepts the fact of natural beauty. Moreover, he seems to regard natural beauty as the intentional "expression" of some artist. He very rightly associates this view with that of Kant. We wish, however, that he had also recognised Mr Balfour's work in this connection. Both in the Romanes Lecture of 1909 and in his Gifford Lectures last year Mr Balfour required "a mystical supplement to the theory of beauty"; and the importance of this for the philosophy of religion as well as for æsthetics is very great. In conjunction with Mr Balfour's work as in line with Mr Carritt's standpoint, Francis Thompson's *Carmen Genesis* is a striking explication of the mystical supplement and of the æsthetic process from within.

Expression is for Mr Carritt an indefinable, inexplicable, spiritual activity. Since, *ex hypothesi*, the theory of beauty is the theory of expression, we are entitled to ask whether this inexplicable activity is ever manifest. If so, does it take recognisable forms? If so, it is the forms with which æsthetics has to deal, and it is surely no real answer to the question, "What constitutes a beautiful form?" to say that it is an expression of any feeling.

Mr Carritt does not claim, however, that his solution is entirely satisfactory even to himself. This does not diminish the value and importance of his work, and what he feels with regard to its composition the reviewer does and the reader will also feel from its perusal, "the better for the investigation and an undiminished appetite for its pursuit." Mr Carritt will desire no greater praise.

ALBERT A. COCK.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

Albrecht Ritschl and his School.—By Robert Mackintosh, M.A., D.D.—
London: Chapman & Hall, 1915.

Facts and Values, A Study of the Ritschlian Method.—By Guy Halliday,
M.A., B.D.—London: Christophers, 1914.

It is evident from the appearance of these two volumes that the interest in the Ritschlian school has not altogether passed, even although in its native land it has been thrown into the shade by the religious-historical method. The first of these volumes appears in the series *The Great Christian Theologies*, and a precursor of it was Dr Selbie's *Schleiermacher*.

The author of it is a scholar and thinker of a well-established reputation, which this volume will sustain. The second volume is by a clergyman of the Church of England, and appears to be the first-fruits of his authorship. It shows a breadth of outlook which is not too common in Anglican writers. It is, however, interesting to note that the last two books on Ritschlianism which have come under my notice previous to the two volumes now under review have also come from the same Church, *i.e.* Edghill's *Truth and Fact* (1910), and Mozley's *Ritschlianism* (1909), and are also proofs of this wider interest, although the first of them is written from a rather narrow theological standpoint. All these volumes can be commended as worthy of study.

Dr Mackintosh has supplied what all the other volumes on Ritschlianism, including my own, lack—the biographical background. His second chapter is a sketch of Ritschl's life; and one wishes the author had from the son's *Life* drawn a little more material to make us more familiar with the personality, which throws not a little light on the theology. The third chapter deals with Ritschl's labours in New Testament criticism and Early Church history, which have the personal interest that they involved an abandonment of the school of Baur, and even a personal breach with him. Ritschl's *magnum opus* on justification is discussed in three chapters, entitled "History of Doctrine," "Biblical Theology," and "Dogmatic Theology." A careful analysis of the work, and an estimate of its worth, are given. The seventh chapter is in some respects the most interesting, as it deals with the philosophical basis of Ritschl's theology. We return to Ritschl's works in an account of his *History of Pietism*, which has received much less attention, but deserves study as a revelation both of the strength and the weakness of his own religious position. A very brief account of the school and its development is given in the ninth chapter. As the first chapter attempts an estimate of Ritschl's significance and value as a theologian, so the last chapter suggests the lessons to be learned from Ritschl and his school, and sketches a modified Ritschlianism as meeting a need of the hour.

Mr Halliday's book is a much slighter effort. It does include a brief biographical sketch, but it is almost altogether confined to an intelligent and sympathetic, and yet scarcely adequate, discussion of the main features of the Ritschlian theology, which follows, in my judgment, a much less logical order than that which I adopted. Thus, while the fifth chapter deals with "Revelation and Miracles," the ninth brings us back to "The Starting-point of Religion," which is preceded in the eighth chapter, and not followed as it should be, by "The Value Judgments." "Christology" in the thirteenth chapter follows "The Church and its Membership" in the twelfth. Ritschl's Idea of God is so affected by the use he makes of the conception of the Kingdom of God that it is a serious mistake of method to deal with the first before and apart from the second. This is the main defect that I find in the book.

Having given this general account of the two volumes, I may refer to

some details in which the writers express dissent from the views on the subject I have expressed. I do this not merely in self-justification, but because these points are themselves of interest. One complaint I have to make: it would be more satisfactory if exact references were given when a criticism is offered; and this demand neither of the writers has generally met. Mr Halliday (p. 45) refers to my inference from Herrmann's view of Revelation, in his pamphlet on the subject, that Christ becomes only "the permanent possibility," apparently to indicate his dissent from it. I do not suggest that Herrmann does not regard Jesus as the objective reality of revelation, but only desire to show what his exaggeration of a true idea, if logically pressed, would involve. As far as I can remember, I have nowhere stated that Ritschl's epistemology, although intruded at a later stage of his thinking, has not injuriously affected his whole thought, as Mr Halliday's reference to my view (p. 89) would suggest. On the preceding page there is a statement which seems to me an exaggeration. Ritschl does not deny "that the intellect enters into religious judgments at all" (p. 84); what he does deny is that religious judgments are concerned with the speculative exercise of the intellect, while admitting that in these the intellect is exercised to satisfy a practical interest. A similar overstatement occurs on page 20. Ritschl did not "reject the reasoning function *in toto* as a mode of approaching reality," nor was he reduced to "feeling and willing" as his bases. What he taught was that reasoning in religion is conditioned by feeling and willing. Mr Halliday on page 174 accepts my suggestion as to the difference of Kaftan and Ritschl on the subject of value judgments; Dr Mackintosh in page 170 dissents from this suggestion, and refers to Kaftan's rejection of *γνώσις* in his book on *The Truth of the Christian Religion* (Eng. Trs.), i. p. 14. But I do not use the word *γνώσις* to describe Kaftan's view in contrast to Ritschl's as *πίστις* in the sense in which Kaftan rejects *γνώσις*. Admitting that the association of the terms may be misleading, yet the contrast is roughly represented by them, as the following sentence from Kaftan shows. Religious judgments are theoretical propositions "so essentially, that the estimate of the value of the world in connection with religious faith because it is attached to the idea of God is composed of the theoretical propositions of objective significance, which are derived from or based on the knowledge of God" (*Das Wesen der Christentums*, p. 49). Dr Mackintosh on page 183 is doubtful of my suggestion of a Christian metaphysic, and asks: "Shall we be asked next to construct a Christian logic?" As I have used the term metaphysic for the world-view, the general interpretation of the Universe, it is not at all to be placed on the same footing as logic, psychology, or epistemology. As a Scotsman replying to another I may do it in Scottish fashion by asking a question. If Christ has the value and significance Christian faith assigns Him, must not the world-view be determined thereby for Christian theology? Again, at page 248 Dr Mackintosh questions my criticism of the Ritschlians for their concern about metaphysical questions. I myself hold that Christian

theology cannot be indifferent to these questions; but my criticism is based on the absolute separation from metaphysics they insist on. It is their inconsistency I censure. Dr Mackintosh (p. 158) dissents from my description of Ritschl's analysis of religion as "a pathology and not a biology," and suggests that Ritschl is not pathological enough. I quite agree that Ritschl does not adequately recognise the disturbance of man's relation to God by sin, and the necessity of religion as redemptive. But the reference to James's book is quite irrelevant as a criticism of my view, since Ritschl's concern is not about sin as it affects the relation to God, but about man's relation to nature; and it is this I am criticising as a false point of view. At page 165 my criticism is again challenged; but Ritschl in his description does not profess to define the ideal of religion, as Dr Mackintosh's words seem to suggest, but to detect the common tendency of religions. Mr Halliday's justification of Ritschl (pp. 92-104) is irrelevant, as Ritschl is not dealing only with the starting-point, but with the common tendency—what all religions, the most developed as well as the most primitive, are aiming at. Other points of difference are not of sufficient importance to claim notice. It is very gratifying to me to find that both writers accept on most questions the interpretation which I ventured to give of Ritschl in opposition to the prevalent misrepresentation of him in Great Britain, and disagree from it only on minor matters. Dr Mackintosh on p. 155 ascribes to me the title of Dr Orr's book. Why does Mr Halliday always drop an "r" from Herrmann's name? Both writers seem not to have seen the much fuller treatment I have given to the theory of value judgments in my book, *The Christian Certainty amid the Modern Perplexity*. But all criticism I offer is quite insignificant in comparison with the hearty commendation I can give both volumes.

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

NEW COLLEGE, HAMPSTEAD.

Jewish Life in Modern Times.—By Israel Cohen.—London :
Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1914.—xiii + 374.

It is no exaggeration to say that in many quarters the Jews are thought of as a sort of mixed multitude of Abrahams, Isaacs, and Jacobs, Moseses and Davids, Samuels and Solomons; wearing long, flowing garments and speaking Hebrew among themselves. Ignorance of this kind is only paralleled by the conception of them as a tribe of Shylocks with hooked noses. To some extent the ignorance is excusable. No one handy book on the Jews has been hitherto available, and people who know their Old Testament are apt to forget that time brings many changes in its march. If such excuse there was, it can hold good no longer, for Mr Cohen's book furnishes all that is necessary for a complete understanding of the Jew and his life and work. The author is well qualified for his task. He has studied Jewish life at first hand and in its reflection in Jewish literature;

born in England, he has also had more than glimpses of Jewish life on the Continent. He possesses, besides, the pen of a ready writer, and he tells his story with knowledge, warmth, and sympathy.

But it is not of the Jewish religion that he writes, nor of the trend of Jewish history. His aim has been to depict the Jews of to-day in all the lands of the Diaspora—their numbers and dispersion; their family life and morality; their communal and philanthropic organisations; their callings and their disabilities; their synagogues and their schools; and, lastly, their contributions to the culture and progress of the world. So well has Mr Cohen accomplished his task that those who turn to his pages will find a picture in which every detail has been noted and placed in its proper perspective.

From the very outset he makes the distinction between the Jew of the East and the Jew of the West. The first term may be taken to include roughly the Jew of Eastern Europe and the Orient; the second, the Jew of Western Europe, America, and the British Dominions beyond the seas. Both types have much in common—are they not both Jews?—but they also differ in many ways: in their religious outlook, their manner of life, their political condition. Mr Cohen has set forth the differences truly and without exaggeration. For a thorough comprehension of the modern Jew, however, it is needful to have in mind an historic contrast side by side with the geographical one—the contrast between the pre-emancipation era and that which followed it. Roughly, the nineteenth century first brought political liberation to the Jews, though it did not come until 1858 in England and 1870 in Germany, while in Russia and Rumania they do not yet possess what is generally regarded by the best public opinion of our day as one of the elementary rights of man—full citizenship.

Throughout Mr Cohen's book is mainly descriptive; there is no general attempt to probe beneath the surface of things. Yet it would be wrong to say that he has no thesis. Certain modern tendencies are producing disquieting results in Jewry, and our author boldly faces both the causes and their effects. Three corroding influences are at work; two are internal and one external, but both sets are intertwined. On the one hand, the declining birth-rate among Jews has reached a point which raises a large social problem. Natural multiplication is therefore deterred. But there is a leakage as well, due to a mighty and continuous wave of apostasy. Bad as this is, the evil is accentuated by the onslaughts of anti-Semitism, that Protean force, "diabolical in its ingenuity, ruthless in its assault, the offspring of ignorance, envy, and traditional superstition." Mr Cohen's eloquent description of the sufferings of Jews due to this cause cannot but move fair-minded men. When, however, he asserts that anti-Semitism "has ventured to raise its serpent head in England," we believe that his commendable zeal has led him astray somewhat. That it is not entirely unknown in England is not quite the case, but the innate sense of fair-play in the English people is surely sufficient safeguard against any lasting or violent influence. One cannot help thinking of the rise of an

educated democracy in this country. Mr Cohen has been long absent from these shores,¹ or he would assuredly have heard of the Workers' Educational Association. Can anyone connect moral or religious or national hatred with an organisation such as this? As regards Continental countries, his statement of the case is but too true.

What is the suggested remedy? Restore Palestine to Jewish settlement; let the first faint beginnings of Jewish life in the Holy Land, successful as they have been hitherto, be facilitated and encouraged. In an age when the world is well disposed to small nationalities the case for a Jewish settlement in Palestine (which means, by the way, not that *all* Jews, but that Jews should settle there) ought not to fall upon deaf ears. Moreover, an ethical experiment of far-reaching consequences may be tried. In these troubled times people are asking whether Christianity has not been something of a failure in its influence on the State. In peace as in war, in slum dwellings and prostitution, as in the merciless harrowing of Belgium and the sinking of unarmed merchant ships without warning to their crews, the effective influence of Christian teaching and the protest of the Christian conscience are sadly to be missed. Many, indeed, question whether Christianity is able to furnish the highest moral and social foundation for the economics and politics of modern States. But Judaism has never had a chance in modern times of showing what it can do in this direction. Of course, it may prove as great a failure as its daughter religion. But the fine qualities of the Jew—his sobriety, his industry, his thrift, his moderation, his genius for religion, his devotion to the things of the spirit (qualities which are adequately dealt with in the book before us)—surely they hold out great promise for the future of any Jewish commonwealth that may arise. Possibly the problem will become real before long, and those who wish to grasp it in all its bearings cannot do better than turn to the pages of this exceedingly useful book. Twelve interesting illustrations adorn the letterpress, and the statistical and bibliographical lists at the end will be found suggestive.

M. EPSTEIN.

LONDON.

¹ He is at present a civil prisoner of war in Ruhleben.

The Reconciliation of Races and Religions.—By T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt., D.D., Oxford.—London: A. & C. Black, 1915.—Pp. xx+216.

A PATHETIC interest attaches to this book in that it is the last product of its author's gifted pen, which for so many years was never idle, even when increasing bodily infirmities seemed to invite the mind to rest. Dr Cheyne is known and admired in the world of scholars as a great critic, one who brought to his subject all the subtlety and keenness of the German intellect combined with the lucidity and clarity of the best English thought, and it

is as one of the most devoted explorers of the sources and evolution of the literature of the Old Testament that his fame will go down to posterity.

Unfortunately, that fame will be dimmed by a persistence, which became ultimately an obsession, in an untenable theory—the North Arabian (“wrongly called,” he says himself in this book, “the Jerahmeel”) theory of the origin and religion of Israel—a theory, derived from Winckler, which, whatever its chief promulgator in England may have said, found “Jerahmeel” everywhere underlying the text of the Old Testament, even, for example, in such words as Belial and Michael;¹ and this obsession compelled scholars to look askance at his later work, however brilliant his conjectures and clever his emendations.

Dr Cheyne had a peculiarly open mind in regard to everything that is “orthodox,” and one of his characteristics was too great a readiness to throw over the obvious and the accustomed for some new idea, however novel or far-fetched it might be. This being the case, it would perhaps have been wiser if he had confined himself to the sphere in which he was most qualified to shine, and in which we are all ready to follow him, within limits—that of Old Testament criticism; for his temperament was not adapted to undertake the criticism of the New Testament, nor to plumb the mysteries of the Christian faith. “We are all Modernists nowadays,” he exclaims, meaning, as I understand him, all thinkers and students, and in this the present writer entirely agrees with him; but that does not imply agreeing with the revolutionary conclusions at which he arrives in this his last gift to the world. I hope I am a Modernist myself, and that I have as open a mind as should belong to every true student and thinker, but I find this book painful reading, and I cannot but say so. It is painful especially to one who looked upon its author as a revered teacher and master, and one of the most eloquent unfolders of the secrets of the Old Testament.

The aim which Dr Cheyne set before himself in this book is indeed a noble one—nothing less than to find the reconciliation of races in a synthesis of all the great religions of mankind. He commences by describing what he calls “the jewels of the Faiths,” beginning with the predecessors of Baha’ullah, *i.e.* the Bāb, Sufism, and Sheykh Ahmad, and passes on through Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, and Mohammedanism to Judaism and Christianity. As an example of what we are to look for in the way of jewels, of this latter he says: “First of all one may mention that wonderful picture of the divine-human Saviour, which, full of mystery as it is, is capable of attracting to its Hero a fervent and loving loyalty, and melting the hardest heart. We have also a portrait (implicit in the Synoptic Gospels)—the product of nineteenth-century criticism—of the same Jesus

¹ That is to say, not merely that the god Jerahmeel became degraded on the one hand to Belial, the evil one, and on the other hand to Michael the Archangel, which is a very possible and not unusual process, but that the actual words “Belial” and “Michael” are to be considered as enfolding the name of a being derived from an underlying and implicit Jerahmeel. See *The Two Religions of Israel*, pp. 61–63. And this is only an illustrative example.

Christ; and yet, who could affirm that he really was the same, or that a subtle aroma had not passed away from the Life of lives? In this repainted portrait we have no longer a Divine man, but simply a great and good Teacher and a noble Reformer. This portrait, too, is in its way impressive, and capable of lifting men above their baser selves, but it would obviously be impossible to take this great Teacher and Reformer for the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind." It may be said that this is apparently Dr Cheyne's own view-point, in this his latest exposition of his faith. Another jewel of Christianity is "the mysticism of Paul," and another, "among Catholic Christians," the emphasis laid on "the feminine element in the manifestation of the Deity." "This too," he says, "is a gem of purest ray." As regards the jewels to be discovered in the other great religions mentioned above, we may leave the reader to find them for himself. It is on their synthesis as exemplified in Bahaism that the reconciliation of races and religions is to be wrought out.

The teaching of Bahaism, as enunciated by Abdul Baha, is thus summarised by Dr Cheyne: "The love of God and the love of humanity—which Abdul Baha boldly says is the love of God—is the only thing that greatly matters"; and, "if Abdul Baha be our guide, all religions are essentially one and the same, and all human societies are linked by a covenant of brotherhood." But the first article, so to say, is only an echo of St John, and the second can only be accepted with limitations, and, so far as it is true, is a truism. It is certainly not sufficient to induce us to accept Abdul Baha as a new "Avatar," and as such, superseding all his predecessors, including Christ.

More than half the book is occupied by Parts II. and III., in which Dr Cheyne gives very complete "biographical and historical" notices of the founders and forerunners of the Bahai faith, for in this faith he discovers the latest and apparently, as far as the present "Age" is concerned, the final revelation of the Deity, in the person of Abdul Baha, and his predecessor the Bāb—a title meaning "Gate" (to the Divine).

Part IV. is descriptive of Abdul Baha as the "Ambassador to Humanity"; and Part V. contains "a series of illustrative studies bearing on Comparative Religion."

To put it as briefly as possible, Dr Cheyne's expression of his faith as he stood on the threshold of Eternity seems to have been that the incommunicable Godhead manifests itself to men under a succession of Avatars—to use the Hindu word—each adapted to the age in which He appears. Among these Christ takes his place with Socrates, Zoroaster and Gautama Buddha preceding, and Paul, Mohammed, and the new Bahai teachers following, all in the one line of succession. The earthly life of Jesus is evaporated into a pure myth, after the fashion of Drews; everything we are told about him is doubtful except apparently the fact that there was such a person, who appeared as a real Avatar. "It is doubtful if he ever said 'Blessed are the meek.'" The Crucifixion is unhistorical, and of course the Resurrection goes with it. Comparing and contrasting the

principles of the great religions together, the author concludes: "Hard as it must be for the adherents of such different principles to understand each other, it is not, I venture to think, impossible. And as at once an Anglican Christian and an adopted Brahmaist, I make the attempt to bring East and West together."¹

It is, as I have said, a noble aim—what are we, as Modernists, to say to it? We cannot but admire the absolute sincerity of the author, and his faith in the Unseen; but we are constrained to add that we are not attracted by this method of attempting the reconciliation of races and religions. The best scholars, as I understand their teaching, do not thus emasculate the contents of the Christian faith, nor allow the life of its Founder to evaporate till nothing is left of him but a good man of whom little is known except that he appeared to enshrine in himself something more than ordinary men of that Divine Light which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," even as Socrates and others did before him and Mohammed after him, and which has shone forth for us in the twentieth century in the person of the Bahai leader. (In this connection we might remember how Matthew Arnold pointed out, in reference to the Synoptic portrait of Jesus, that "he ever transcended the efforts of his disciples to understand him.") Not thus can we consent to derogate from the uniqueness and Divine personality of our Master.

Dr Cheyne gives many quotations from the Bhagavad-Gita, the Fathers, and the Koran, and we can see how he is following a line of thought of which we can trace the beginnings in his Bampton Lectures on the Psalms; but assuredly no impartial reader can fail to admit the inferiority of any or all of these to the teaching of the prophets of the Old Testament, to say nothing of that of the writers of the New Testament.

Dr Cheyne seems to take a special delight in the fact that Abdul Baha gave him the new name of Ruḥāni, *i.e.* "spiritual," and even hailed him as a greater than St Paul; but "spiritual" does not imply a divorce from reality, nor a shrouding of religion in an impenetrable mysticism!

It is sad to be compelled to write in this critical strain of the great critic and exegete, and one feels that, as with his "Jerahmeel" theory, he will find few to follow him; but it is necessary to do so for the sake of those who may be led astray by the magic of his name, no less than by that of his pen.

As regards the manifesto by the Society of Friends which is printed as an introduction to the book, one can only say that, situated as we are in the midst of the greatest war in history, and one in which we are entirely satisfied of the righteousness of our cause, it is in many respects a very wrong-headed document, which, however, was only to be expected from its compilers; and the best excuse we can make for Dr Cheyne in the line he

¹ In this attitude of mind Dr Cheyne reminds us of the gnostics, and the syncretism of all religions aimed at by them. As of some of them, it may be said of him: "One man would often seek invitation into a number of cults, and would endeavour, with the aid of philosophical categories, to combine their teaching, into a single system," *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, vol. vi. p. 232.

appears to take, as for Lord Haldane, Professor Pigou, and others, is that, like them, he was so steeped in the spirit of Göttingen and other centres of German "Kultur" that he could not realise, even after the crimes committed in Belgium and Northern France, what modern Germany under the influence of Kaiserism has become.

Enough! Dr Cheyne has passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace": and in the bosom of the Father whom he truly, though we believe mistakenly, sought to know, we leave him. To Him, and to the Christ whom he really, though unintentionally, dishonoured, we pray, in the words of the great Victorian poet, "God accept him, Christ receive him."

H. J. DUKINFIELD ASTLEY.

EAST RUDHAM, NORFOLK.

Huxley Memorial Lectures to the University of Birmingham [1904-1912].

—With Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S.—Cornish Brothers, Ltd., Birmingham, 1914.

DESIROUS of perpetuating the memory of the celebrated biologist's association with Birmingham, a former governor of the university and an admirer of the scientist "gave an endowment for the perpetual provision of an annual Lecture on some theme which might have interested Huxley." The "association" mentioned refers to three official visits which Huxley paid to the Midland metropolis, viz. on the occasion of the presentation of a statue of Joseph Priestley in 1874; the laying of the foundation stone of Mason College; and the opening of this institution in 1880, when he delivered the inaugural address on "Science and Culture."

The condition of the endowment—"some theme which might have interested Huxley"—admits of a wide variety of lectures; for he was a scientist *par excellence*, an educationist, a man of letters, a philosopher, and something of a theologian all in one. "What scientific question," asks Bergson, "what philosophic problem, is there which did not interest that luminous intellect—one of the broadest and most comprehensive the nineteenth-century England produced, fertile in great intellects as it was?" Of the eight lectures delivered during the period (1904-1912) the present volume includes five, and, as might be expected, they exhibit diversity in theme and treatment, and in such a collection anything like a central principle or a sense of wholeness is out of the question, and indeed could not have been at all intended. While deliverances of this order are sometimes not free from mere talk, and are often of only ephemeral significance, it is pleasing to have these lectures gathered into permanent form. With the exception perhaps of the last lecture, that by Professor Joly on "Pleochroic Haloes," the whole book should be well within the orbit of the intelligent reader. Readers of the *Hibbert Journal* will here meet Professor Bergson's familiar article, "Life and Consciousness," which appeared in the decennial number, October 1911. Sir Michael Foster's contribution—the

first in the series—on “The Work and Influence of T. H. Huxley,” despite the fact that much of it by now is public property, should interest all lovers of Huxley’s works. It deals with the “ways, views, and aims” of Huxley from the standpoint of a personal friend. Sir Michael Foster hints that Huxley’s controversies with the Church was a tactical error on his part. He was also mistaken in the advocacy of Bible-reading for schools, for, denying as he did the dogmas of the Church and many of the teachings of the Bible, his paradoxical position caused him no end of embarrassment. What Huxley taught with all the passion of his soul was that natural knowledge and obedience to the laws of nature constitute the safe and only guide to life and conduct.

Professor E. B. Poulton, discussing in the second lecture Huxley’s relation to the theory of natural selection, says one or two things which will be new to the ordinary reader. “Although no one fought so nobly, and against such odds, in its favour, although no one had ever fought the battle of science with such success, he was never a convinced believer in the theory (natural selection) he defended from unfair attack” (p. 45). He was an anatomist and palæontologist rather than a student of the living organism in relation to its environment. It is apparently a fact that he knew nothing of Darwin’s theory when *The Origin of Species* was first put in his hands. This sounds odd in the light of the famous review of three and a half columns in *The Times* on the appearance of the epoch-making work.

Bergson’s lecture on “Life and Consciousness” will call for further study. It has all the lucid, vivacious, and metaphorical power which is now associated with anything that comes from the hands of the French *savant*. “What are we?” he asks. “What are we doing here? Whence do we come and whither do we go?” Any answers to such questions must be sought inductively along “lines of facts,” and their certainty will be cumulatively probable, and not mathematically demonstrable. According to this method, Bergson concludes that consciousness is both memory and anticipation. Its main character is that of choice, especially choice of action. To what extent does consciousness cover the domain of life? The answer is, as far as the limits of movement and activity extend. Consciousness “makes use” of matter through “explosives.” The common origin of both is an impulse—*élan vital*—which expresses itself in the two forms of consciousness, instinct and intelligence. “I doubt,” he says, “that the evolution of life will ever be explained by a mere combination of mechanical forces.”

An elaborate but interesting contribution is that of Professor P. Gardner on “Rationalism and Science in relation to Social Movements.” In brief, the theme is to inquire into the “parts belonging respectively to rationalism and science in modern civilisation and progress.” Rationalism is for the lecturer’s purpose explained to be “the adoption of certain fixed principles from which the course of our action may be deduced or argued out.” Science is “the regular methodic knowledge of man in the past and the present ;

the investigation not of ethical principles but of consequences of events, and of the results of action" (p. 55). The primal ideas at the root of civilisation arise unbidden from the depths of the soul, from the region of subconsciousness. These affect firstly the will and the emotions; but for their full enunciation they must be rationalised or intellectualised, and for this latter purpose three orders of workers are required—prophets, philosophers and men of letters, and finally scientists.

In humanistic fashion Professor Gardner pleads for a more complete organisation, a better endowment of the studies of which man is the subject-matter; such studies as (1) the historic group, philology, archæology, etc., (2) the psychological group, the new psychology, religious psychology, etc., (3) the sociological group.

In the introduction Sir Oliver Lodge defends Huxley against the charge of materialism.

JAMES EVANS.

BIRMINGHAM.

Is Conscience an Emotion?—Three Lectures on Recent Ethical Theories.

—By Hastings Rashdall, D.Litt., D.C.L., LL.D., F.B.A.—London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1915.

THIS little volume contains the three lectures which Dr Rashdall delivered in 1913 at the Leland Stanford Junior University under the Raymond F. West foundation. They consist of a vigorous polemic against every type of "emotionalist" ethical theory. Dr Rashdall is one of those who never build so well as when they have a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other; he is never so vivacious as when he is slaying either a high churchman or a denier of the objectivity of moral judgments. These lectures are interesting and singularly lucid. It is a pity that so many misprints, some of which turn the author's meaning upside down, should have been allowed to remain; and we are startled to find a reference to Professor Herbert Spencer.

The first lecture is directed against the Moral Sense theory represented by Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, and repeats the arguments of the chapter on the same subject in the author's *Theory of Good and Evil*. He appears to approach more closely to the position of Cudworth and Clarke than in his earlier work by insisting on the analogy between moral and mathematical intuitions. "If the notion of duty is as inexpugnable a notion of the human mind as the notion of quantity or cause or substance or the like, we have every reason that we can possibly have for believing in its objective validity—every reason that we possess for confidence in the validity of those other categories" (p. 39).

The second lecture is the most important, for in it Dr Rashdall deals with the views of Professor Westermarck and Dr M'Dougall. Anthropology is the "trump card" of the emotionalists. Dr Rashdall admits that most or possibly all savage morality can be explained on the basis of

instinct, emotion, and custom, but he contends that this does not affect the fact of the existence of the idea of duty in more developed minds, nor has it any bearing upon the validity of that idea. The author has no difficulty in pointing out inconsistencies in Professor Westermarck's account of the moral consciousness. He fastens on the admission that a moral emotion has a "certain flavour of generality," and argues that here we have an indication of the rational element in moral judgment. "Wherever we see this tendency to look at conduct from an impartial, an impersonal, a universal standpoint, we see the operation of Reason in ethics."

The third lecture, which deals with the question whether the Good can be regarded as satisfaction, is chiefly occupied with a criticism of Professor James. Some interesting remarks on the practical consequences of ethical theory deserve attention. Dr Rashdall denies that there is any more agreement in ethical opinion than in theological, and he suggests that the future will see a still sharper cleavage in moral standpoints. The fundamental difference is between those who do and those who do not believe in the objective validity of the idea of duty. Dr Rashdall's book, though somewhat slight and popular in form, is a vigorous and effective reply to criticisms on his position.

W. R. MATTHEWS.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

S. Bernardino of Siena.—By A. G. Ferrers Howell.—London : Methuen & Co., 1914.

I CAN very strongly recommend this book to all students of the Mediæval Church ; the more so, because it throws light upon a chapter which seldom receives sufficient attention—the story of the later Friars. Goethe said that nobody knew Italy until he had seen Sicily ; and, with something of the same truth, we may say that St Francis cannot be understood until we know something of the vicissitudes of his Order during the two centuries which followed his death. Mr Howell's first chapter is taken up with these two centuries ; and it inevitably challenges comparison with Dr Lea's treatment of the same story in the third volume of his *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*. Mr Howell takes a view far more favourable to the average friar than Dr Lea did, and has evidently far less sympathy with the Spirituals—or, as he frequently calls them, the Zealots. I confess that I am here on the side of Dr Lea, and that some of the excuses which Mr Howell finds for the majority seem to me to involve a tacit condemnation of their position. But the author takes great pains to present the facts on both sides ; and nobody who is seriously interested in the subject can afford to neglect his presentation.

After describing the gradual transformation of the Franciscan Order, Mr Howell passes on to describe its reform ; and all the rest of the book

is concentrated upon the real protagonist of that reform—St Bernardino. His life, his work, and his surviving writings are carefully studied in succession. The whole presents a very illuminating picture of Church life in the fifteenth century; it helps us to understand the orthodox, the humanist, and the heretic; and Mr Howell's impartiality supplies arguments to partisans on all these sides.

There are few more picturesque pages in religious history than St Bernardino's revival-sermons in the great piazza of a city like Siena, attended by almost the whole population. Benedetto the Shearman, who took them down in shorthand and wrote them out in full every night, after his hard day's work, has indeed earned the gratitude of posterity. We have here a living portrait not only of the saint, but of his audience, whom he constantly brings into the play; we see even the unlucky dog who strayed into the crowd and raised untimely howls, until the audience had driven him off with kicks and curses. Moreover, Mr Howell has made a careful and much-needed study of the saint's Latin sermons, and of those which were written down in Latin, from memory, by a Paduan lawyer who had heard St Bernardino deliver them in Italian. Mr Howell's analysis, though sometimes dry in its minuteness, is always valuable and scholarly: there are few chapters of so small a compass which present so full a study of the religious mentality of the fifteenth century.

Scholarship, indeed, is the author's strong point. Here and there we might wish for a lighter touch; in other places we might be glad to turn away for a while from this single figure, and to see more of his contemporaries or of his political and religious background. But Mr Howell's lines, if sometimes dry and hard, are always firm; he has read all his documents (as Gibbon puts it) "pen in hand"; and those who have had most occasion to cover some part of the same ground will most clearly recognise his diligence and accuracy, and will be most grateful for so true a piece of work. The illustrations, it may be added, are good; and the index is admirable.

G. G. COULTON.

GREAT SHELFORD, CAMBRIDGE.

INDEX.

ARTICLES.

- AMERICA'S BONDAGE TO THE GERMAN SPIRIT, 801.
- BELGIUM, THE SOUL OF, 233.
- BUDDHIST UNIVERSITY, AN ANCIENT, 175.
- CARLYLE'S GERMANS, 592.
- CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR MOVEMENT, THE, 630.
- CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, THE METHOD OF, 620.
- CITIZEN, THE SUPREME DUTY OF THE, AT THE PRESENT CRISIS, 1.
- CIVILISATION, THE UNITY OF, 341.
- CONFLICT, PROBLEMS OF, 497.
- DISCORD, THE PRESENT, UNITY BENEATH, 697.
- EUGENICS, THE SCIENTIFIC CLAIMS OF, 355.
- FIGHTING, WHY WE ARE, 50.
- FIGHTING, WHY WE ARE. A REPLY, 331.
- FORCE, THE MORAL SANCTION OF, 717.
- GERMAN "KULTUR," TWO STUDIES OF, 511 and 521.
- GERMAN PHILOSOPHY AND THE PRESENT CRISIS, 89.
- GERMANS, TARTARS, AND A CHINESE PATRIOT, 400.
- GERMANY, MODERN, LITERATURE AND POLITICS IN, 82.
- GOD AS THE COMMON WILL, 155.
- GOETHE'S FRIENDSHIP WITH LAVATER, 190.
- GÖTTINGEN IN THE SIXTIES, 284.
- GOLDEN RULE, THE, AND ITS APPLICATION TO PRESENT CONDITIONS, 859.
- GOthic RUIN AND RECONSTRUCTION, 546.
- INSCRIPTIONS, SOME, 830.
- JEWS, THE, THROUGH ROMAN SPECTACLES, 301.
- LABOUR MOVEMENT, THE RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN THE, 382.

LIFE AND MATTER AT WAR, 465.

LIFE AND MIND, A PHYSIOLOGIST'S VIEW OF, 367.

LOUVAIN, NARRATIVE OF A PROFESSOR OF (in French and English), 271.

MECHANISM, DIABOLISM, AND THE WAR, 29.

MEREDITH AND HIS FIGHTING MEN, 314.

MIND AND MATTER: A HYLOZOISTIC VIEW, 604.

NOUGHT, SHALL WE SERVE GOD FOR? 558.

PACIFICISM, THOUGHTS ON, 410.

POPULATION, RELIGIOUS BELIEF AS AFFECTING THE GROWTH OF, 138.

RACE SEGREGATION IN THE UNITED STATES, 867.

SCENES, BEHIND THE, 815.

SCOUTS, THE BOY, 643.

SLAVOPHILE CREED, THE, 243.

SOCIALIST THEORY, GERMAN, AND WAR, 573.

THINGS, THE TYRANNY OF MERE, 476.

UTOPIANS, MODERN, IN CONFLICT, 124.

WAR, AND HOW TO MEET IT: THE VIEW OF BRITISH THINKERS, 765.

WAR, A SPIRITUAL BALANCE-SHEET OF THE, 731.

WAR, CHRIST'S SANCTION AS WELL AS CONDEMNATION OF, 839.

WAR, ON THE MEANING OF THE, 533.

WAR PHILOSOPHY, HINDU AND CHRISTIAN, 747.

WAR, THE, AND THE THEORY OF THE STATE, 781.

WAR, THE ETHICS OF, 22.

WAR, THOUGHTS ON THE, 68.

WHAT NEXT? 261.

"WILL TO POWER," THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE, 102.

Anon., Narrative of a Professor of Louvain (in French and English), 271.

Beadnell, C. Marsh, Field-Surgeon, Mind and Matter: a Hylozoistic View, 604.

Bergson, Henri, Prof., Life and Matter at War, 465.

Blunt, A. W. F., Rev., A Study of German "Kultur," 521.

Booth, Meyrick, B.Sc., Ph.D., Religious Belief as affecting the Growth of Population, 138.

Brereton, Cloudesley, A Spiritual Balance-Sheet of the War, 731.

Bruce, Philip Alexander, LL.D., Race Segregation in the United States, 867.

Carpenter, J. Estlin, D.D., Rev. Principal, An Ancient Buddhist University, 175.

- Carritt, E. F., M.A.*, "Shall we Serve God for Nought?" Treitschke and Hegel, 558.
- Clark, Francis E., D.D., LL.D., Rev.*, The Christian Endeavour Movement, 630.
- Crooker, Joseph H., Rev.*, America's Bondage to the German Spirit, 801.
- Diggle, J. W., D.D., Right Rev., Lord Bishop of Carlisle*, The Ethics of War, 22.
- Gardner, Percy, Litt.D., F.B.A., Prof.*, A Study of German "Kultur," 511.
- Gibb, John, D.D., Rev. Prof.*, Goethe's Friendship with Lavater, 190.
- Haw, George*, The Religious Revival in the Labour Movement, 382.
- Hicks, G. Dawes, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., Prof.*, German Philosophy and the Present Crisis, 89.
- Holland, Bernard, C.B.*, Some Inscriptions, 830.
- Jacks, L. P., M.A., D.D., LL.D., Rev.*, Mechanism, Diabolism, and the War, 29.
The Tyranny of Mere Things, 476.
- Jones, Sir Henry, LL.D., F.B.A.*, Why We are Fighting, 50.
- Keene, A., Colonel*, War, and How to Meet it: the Views of some Great British Thinkers, 765.
- Keyserling, Count Hermann*, On the Meaning of the War, 533.
- King, Maude Egerton*, Gothic Ruin and Reconstruction, 546.
- Lyttelton, Hon. E., M.A., Headmaster of Eton*, What Next? 261.
- Madden, Eva*, Behind the Scenes, 815.
- Marriott, J. A. R., M.A.*, The War and the Theory of the State, 781.
- Marriott, J. W.*, Modern Utopians in Conflict, 124.
- Marvin, F. S., M.A.*, The Unity of Civilisation, 341.
- Mitra, S. M.*, War Philosophy, Hindu and Christian, 1500 B.C. and 1915 A.D., 747.
- Moffatt, James, D.Litt., Rev. Prof.*, George Meredith and his Fighting Men, 314.
- More, Louis T., Prof.*, The Scientific Claims of Eugenics, 355.
- Murray, Gilbert, M.A., LL.D., Prof.*, Thoughts on the War, 68.
- Noël, L.*, The Abbé, The Soul of Belgium, 233.
- Overstreet, H. A., Prof.*, God as the Common Will, 155.
- Paton, D. Noel, Prof.*, A Physiologist's View of Life and Mind, 367.
- Powell, G. H.*, Thoughts on Pacificism, 410.
- Price, Cecil, Captain*, The Boy Scouts, 643.
- Roberts, Field-Marshal Earl*, The Supreme Duty of the Citizen at the Present Crisis, 1.
- Robieson, H. W.*, German Socialist Theory and War, 573.
- Rolleston, T. W., M.A.*, Literature and Politics in Modern Germany, 82.
- Salter, William Mackintire*, The Philosopher of the "Will to Power," 102.
- Sloan, J. M.*, Carlyle's Germans, 592.
- Smith, Norman, M.A., Prof.*, The Moral Sanction of Force, 717.
- Snell, Laird Wingate, Rev.*, The Method of Christian Science, 620.

- Sonnenschein, E. A., Prof.*, The Golden Rule and its Application to Present Conditions, 859.
- Strong, Herbert, LL.D., Prof.*, The Jews as viewed through Roman Spectacles, 301.
- Sully, James, M.A., LL.D., Prof.*, Göttingen in the Sixties, 284.
- Troubetzkoy, Eugène, Prince*, Unity beneath the Present Discord, 697.
- Underhill, Evelyn*, Problems of Conflict, 497.
- Vinogradoff, Paul, Prof.*, The Slavophile Creed, 243.
- Willmore, Edward*, Why We are Fighting. A Reply, 331.
- Wilson, D. A.*, Germans and Tartars and a Chinese Patriot, 400.
- Wilson, J. M., D.D., Rev.*, Canon of Worcester, Christ's Sanction as well as Condemnation of War, 839.

DISCUSSIONS.

- Bethell, E. H.*, "What Next?" II., 655.
- Darwin, Major Leonard*, "Science and Eugenics," 657.
- Davey, Robert*, "The Higher Anthropology," 209.
- Evans, James, M.A., Rev.*, "Post-Modernism," II., 205.
- Handley, Hubert, Rev.*, "A Broad Church Disruption," 208.
- Hill, J. Arthur, M.A.*, "Changing Religion," 206.
- Lyttelton, Hon. E.*, "What Next?" I., 655.
- Macan, Reginald W. (Master of University College, Oxford)*, "Shall we Serve God for Nought?" 887.
- McLaren, Eva H.*, "Protestantism and the Birth-Rate," 658.
- Moore, Charles H., Prof.*, "The Significance of Death," 209.
- Pooler, L. A., Rev. Archdeacon*, "Post-Modernism," I., 203.
- Professeur de Louvain, Le*, "Récit d'un Professeur de Louvain," 889.
- Ryle, Effie*, "Problems of Conduct," 892.
- Weyman, Arnold, Rev.*, "Narrative of a Professor of Louvain," 659.

REVIEWS.

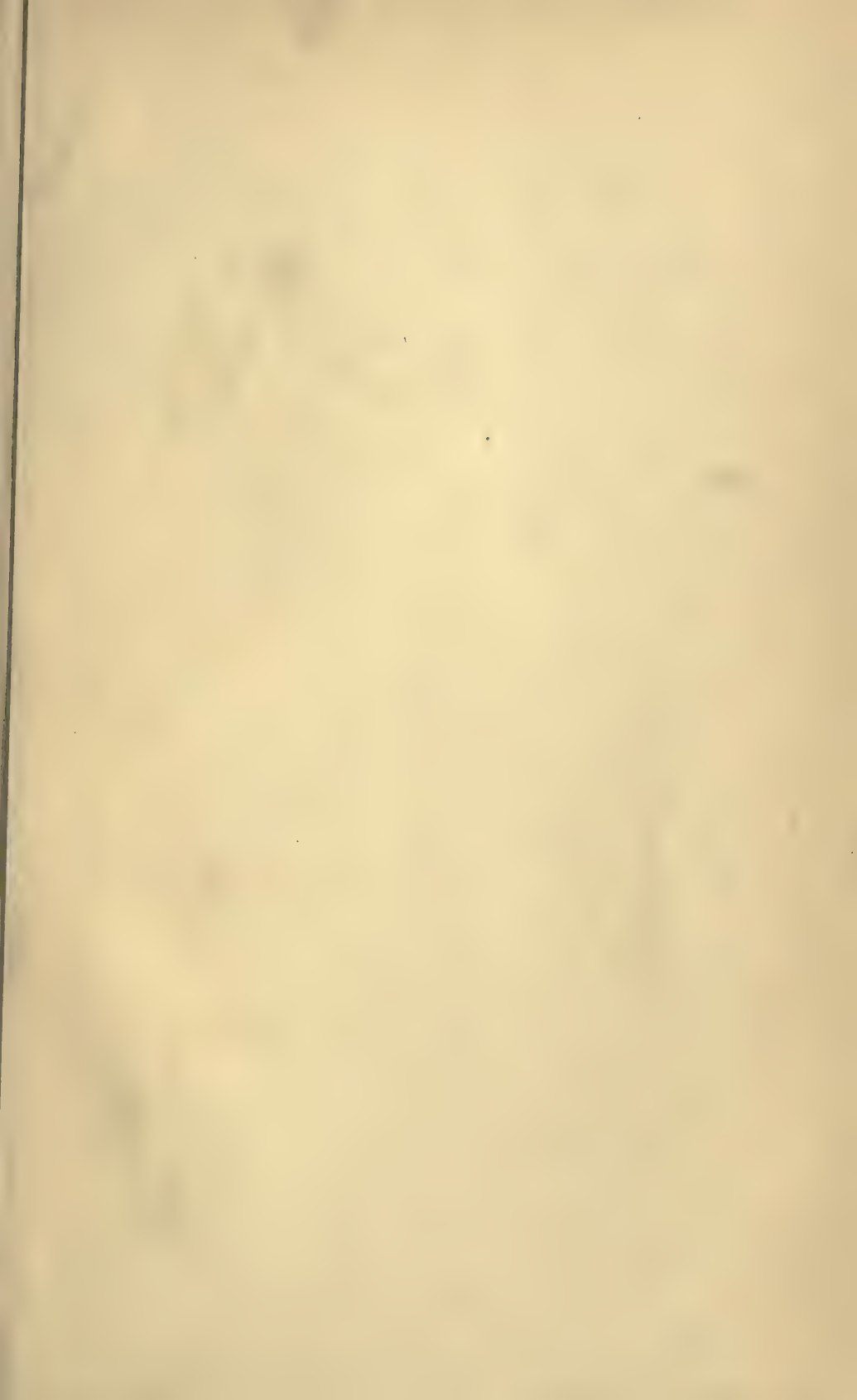
- Astley, H. J. Dukinfield, D.D., Rev.*—T. K. Cheyne, The Reconciliation of Races and Religions, 920.
- Barbour, G. F., D.Phil.*—Alberto Torres, Le Problème Mondial: Études de Politique Internationale, 231.
- Bartlett, F. C., B.A.*—W. H. R. Rivers, Kinship and Social Organisation, 910.
- Bosanquet, Bernard, M.A., LL.D., F.B.A.*—Benedetto Croce, The Philosophy of the Practical, 217.

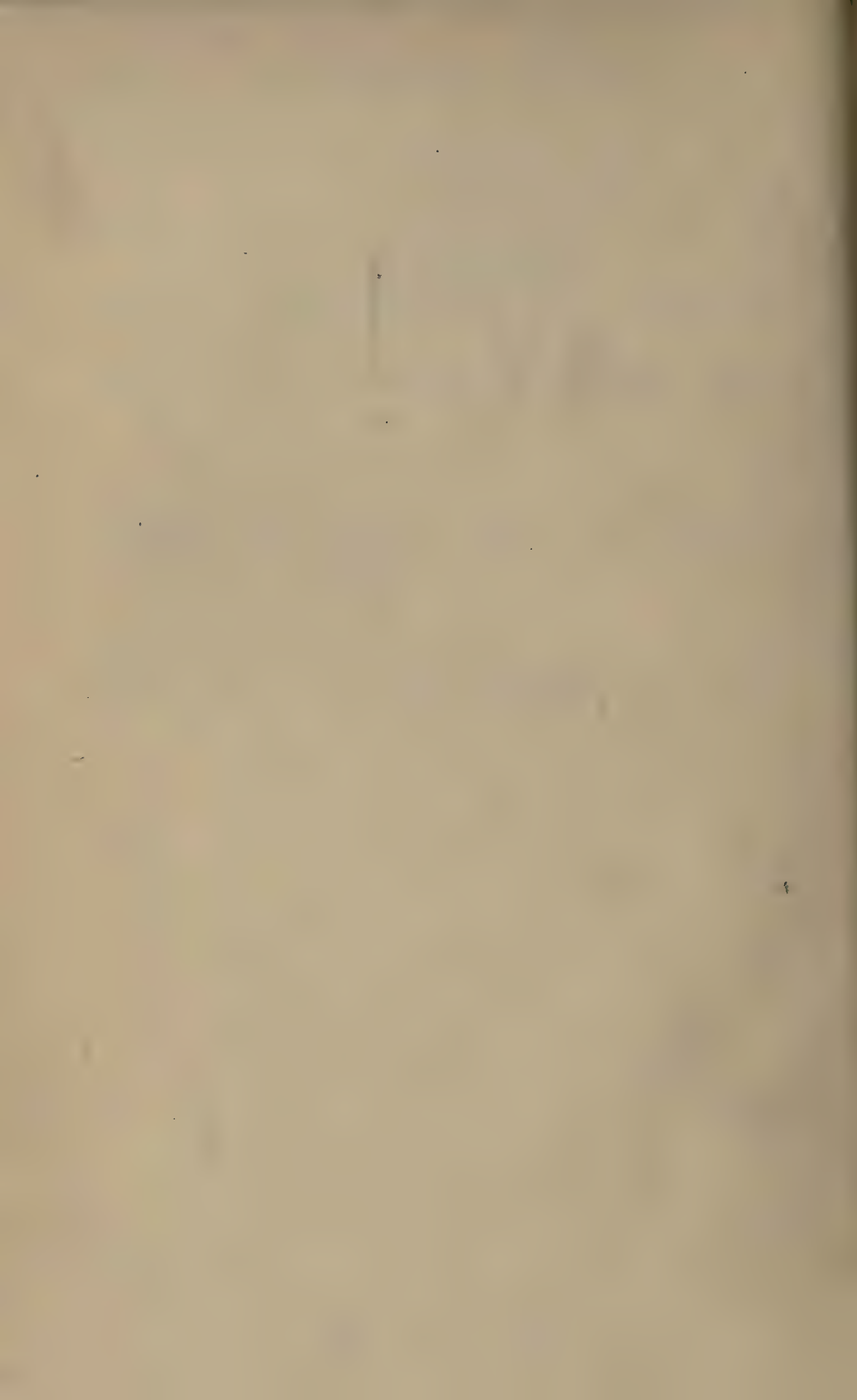
- Broad, C. D., M.A.*—H. Wildon Carr, *The Philosophy of Change*, 448.
- Carr, H. Wildon, D.Litt.*—James Johnstone, *The Philosophy of Biology*, 443.
- P. Chalmers Mitchell, *Evolution and War*, 906.
- Casartelli, L. C., Right Rev., Bishop of Salford.*—James Hope Moulton, *Early Zoroastrianism*, 221.
- Cheyne, T. K., D.D., F.B.A., Rev. Canon.*—D. S. Margoliouth, *The Early Development of Moham-medanism*, 216.
- Salvatore Minocchi, *Il Pantheon: Origini del Cristianesimo*, 456.
- Cock, Albert A., B.A.*—E. F. Carritt, *The Theory of Beauty*, 912.
- Cook, Stanley A., M.A.*—C. H. W. Johns, *The Relations between the Laws of Babylonia and the Laws of the Hebrew Peoples*, 695.
- Coulton, G. G., M.A.*—A. G. Ferrers Howell, *S. Bernardino of Siena*, 927.
- Davies, Meredith, M.A., B.D., Rev.*—Rudolf Eucken, *Can we Still be Christians?* 211.
- Epstein, M., Ph.D.*—Israel Cohen, *Jewish Life in Modern Times*, 918.
- Evans, James, M.A., Rev.*—Sir Oliver Lodge, *Editor, Huxley Memorial Lectures*, 924.
- Garvie, Alfred E., D.D., Rev. Principal.*—Robert Mackintosh, *Albrecht Ritschl and his School; and Guy Halliday, Facts and Values, A Study of the Ritschlian Method*, 915.
- W. B. Selbie, *The Life of Andrew Martin Fairbairn*, 681.
- Granger, Frank, D.Litt., Prof.*—J. M. Lloyd Thomas, *The Immorality of Non-Resistance*, 687.
- Griffith, O. W., B.Sc.*—Hans Driesch, *The Problem of Individuality, and The History and Theory of Vitalism*, 438.
- Hill, J. Arthur, M.A.*—Maurice Maeterlinck, *The Unknown Guest*, 460.
- Marvin, F. S., M.A.*—Josiah Royce, *War and Insurance*, 685.
- Matthews, W. R., M.A., B.D., Rev.*—Hastings Rashdall, *Is Conscience an Emotion?* 926.
- Oakeley, Hilda D., M.A.*—Graham Wallas, *The Great Society: a Psychological Analysis*, 435.
- Owen, M. B., B.A., B.D., Rev. Prof.*—A. B. Tollington, *Clement of Alexandria: a Study in Christian Liberalism; and John Patrick, Clement of Alexandria*, 457.
- Sackville, Lady Margaret.*—E. F. B. Fell, *The Foundations of Liberty*, 228.
- Stewart, J. A., M.A., Prof.*—Howard V. Knox, *The Philosophy of William James*, 677.

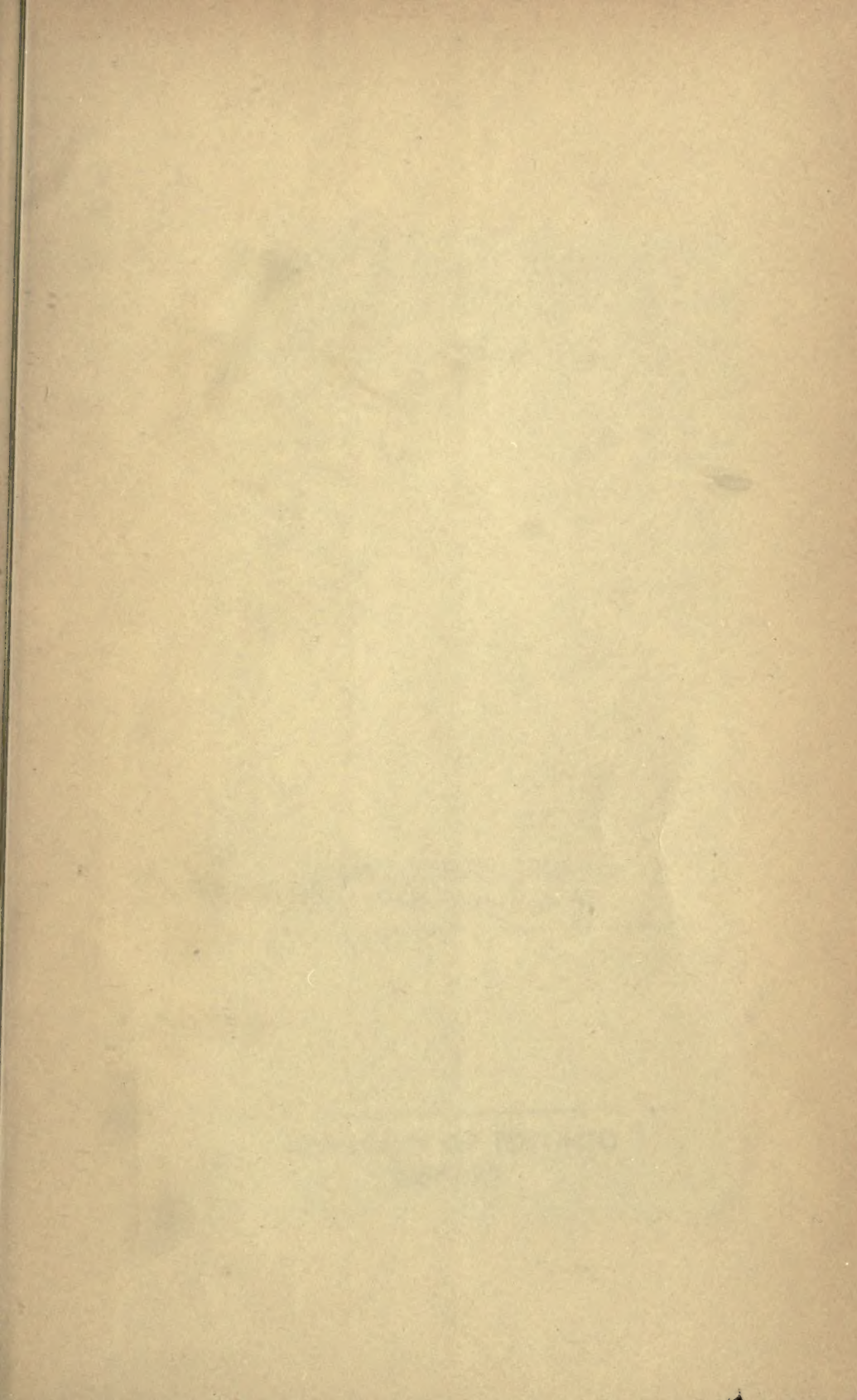
- Thompson, J. M., M.A., Rev.*—Benjamin W. Bacon, Christianity Old and New, 226.
W. F. Cobb, Mysticism and the Creed, 223.
A. C. Headlam, The Miracles of the New Testament, 691.
- Walker, James.*—George Tyrrell, Essays on Faith and Immortality, 462.
- Wood, Joseph, Rev.*—F. G. Peabody, The Christian Life in the Modern World, 688.
- Wolf, A., M.A., D.Litt.*—C. D. Broad, Perception, Physics, and Reality, 452.
-

SURVEYS OF RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE AND OF SOCIAL SERVICE.

- Farley, R. P.*, Social Service, 429, 672, 900.
- Hicks, G. Dawes, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., Prof.*, Philosophy, 417, 662, 894.
- Moffatt, J., D.D., Rev. Prof.*, Theology, 424, 668.







BL

1

H5

v.13

The Hibbert journal

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY**

